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THE
BRITISH ANGLER'S MANUAL,

OR,

The Art of Angling

IN

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

The Principal Rivers, Lakes, and Trout Streams,

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM ;

WITH INSTRUCTIONS IN FLY-FISHING, TROLLING, AND ANGLING AT THE
BOTTOM, AND MORE PARTICULARLY FOR THE TROUT.

By T. C. HOFLAND, Esq.

NEW EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED

By E. JESSE, Esq.

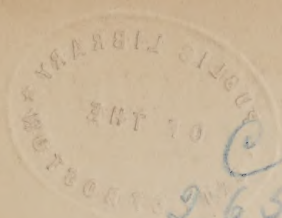
Author of "*Gleanings in Natural History*," "*An Angler's Rarities*," &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AND WOOD,
CHIEFLY FROM ORIGINAL PICTURES AND DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:

H. G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

I HAVE often thought that there are few enjoyments greater in this world than that of fishing from the banks of some clear and rapid stream on a balmy day, and now and then reposing by its margin, with an entertaining book, listening to the song of birds, or watching gay insects as they flit around, unconscious of danger from the restless swallow, or the joyous willow wren. As an old angler I look back on these peaceful days with infinite satisfaction, and peruse descriptions of rivers along which I have wan-

dered in my more youthful years with unmixed delight.

With these feelings I undertook the task of editing a new edition of Mr. Hofland's "Angler," a work which, whether for practical information or pleasing detail, has not, perhaps, been exceeded by any similar one since the days of the good father, Izaak Walton. Mr. Hofland was not only a practical angler and a true lover of nature, but he has given engravings of scenery, painted by and described by himself, in a masterly manner, and from these combined materials his work is composed. His love of nature is, indeed, conspicuous throughout the volume, and this forms one of its greatest charms.

Izaak Walton's descriptions of his favourite river are almost confined to one locality; while Mr. Hofland wanders through England, Wales, and Scotland, plying his rod in each river in succession with unmitigated ardour, and trans-

ferring to his portfolio the scenery which struck his fancy or excited his admiration. And then those snug village inns, the haunts of honest anglers, how well has our author described them ! Cleanliness, civility, and good cheer are generally to be found in them ; for the angler, placid, mild, and contented himself, is always a welcome and a favoured guest.

Mr. Hofland's work is now again before the public, with a few corrections which local changes had rendered necessary. Some notes and remarks have been added, and a few fresh hints given to anglers, which the Editor is sure will be well received by his brethren of the rod and line. He has had a pleasing task to perform, if it were only in following Mr. Hofland to some scenes of poetry and romance, and to others of calmness, peace, and seclusion. He is now, alas ! no more : but he has left behind him a standard work, which will be read as long

as a salmon rises in the Tweed, or a trout in the Thames.

Blameless his life, his love of nature true,
Simple his pleasures, and his sorrows few,
There rests the angler 'neath the peaceful shade
(And while upon the bank his rod is laid)
Painting the scenes wherein he loved to dwell,
The aged tree—the hut—the wooded dell !
Idle the pencil now — the rod is still —
Alike to him all change of joy or ill :
Angler ! one sigh to Hofland thou must give,
Though he is dead, the author long shall live.

EDWARD JESSE.

Richmond, Nov. 1847.

MEMOIR

OF

THE LATE T. C. HOFLAND, Esq.

FOR all true brothers and disciples of the "gentle craft," some record of the personal history and character of a most devoted, enthusiastic, and I may add distinguished, member of their fraternity, cannot fail, it is believed, to possess an interest; while to a large circle of friends, who knew and appreciated his talents and his worth, it will, I am sure, not prove unacceptable. I have, therefore, gladly availed myself of the privilege accorded me by the courtesy of the publisher of this new and improved edition of "The British Angler's Manual," to introduce it here. Although it must be expected that a work of this description will be chiefly interesting to the angler, yet it may be presumed that the beauty of its illustrations, and the liveliness of its style, will commend it to the favour of the general reader. I may thus indulge a hope that this slight sketch will meet the eye of many friends, who will understand and sympathise with the feeling that prompts me to pay such tribute of respect as is in my power to a memory justly dear to me, and of which I have so much reason to be proud.

Thomas Christopher Hofland was born in the year 1777, at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire. His father was a manufacturer of cotton machinery, on an extensive scale, and being a man of considerable scientific acquirements, and of great natural abilities, prosecuted his business with much

success, and made various important improvements in the mechanical construction of the articles he manufactured. In the year 1790 he removed to London, where, having at that time comparatively little competition to encounter in the branch of trade in which he was engaged, he had every reason to believe he should reap the reward of his ingenuity and enterprise in the acquisition of a handsome independence. Sanguine in this expectation, he deemed it unnecessary that the subject of this memoir—an only child—should embrace either trade or profession. The young heir, who had early evinced a vivacious and pleasure-loving disposition, as it may be supposed, offered no remonstrance on this account, but entered freely into the amusements and excitements most attractive to his age and temperament. Elegant in person, and engaging in manners, profusely supplied with means by his indulgent parent, he found ready access to those circles of society where his tastes and qualifications had best opportunity of cultivation and developement. At the age of nineteen he was noted among young men of his own class and circumstances as excelling in all athletic exercises and field sports. As a leaper, or runner, few durst enter the lists with him; and he was also distinguished as a bold rider and “a crack shot.” But even at this early age his favourite pastime was angling, which he pursued with equal ardour, though inferior skill, to that which he acquired in after years. An old and very dear friend, who was his contemporary, favoured me not long ago with the perusal of a letter dated from North Wales, which described, in a truly Waltonian spirit, the delight he experienced when, on his first fly-fishing expedition, he succeeded in capturing a trout of a pound and a-half weight. It is doubtful whether the greatest feats accomplished by “the master” in after years, afforded such unmixed gratification as that felt by “the tyro” on this occasion. But to proceed. In the midst of the alluring, but dangerous career I have described, the fabric of prosperity which the elder Hofland had built up with so much skill and pains—but had not, unfortunately, sustained with corresponding prudence—tottered, and, after some vain,

chief struggles for retrieval, fell to the ground. He had entered largely into speculations unconnected with his legitimate occupations; had been the dupe, and became the victim, of unprincipled adventurers. He was totally ruined, and at a period when age and increasing infirmity rendered all hope of redemption vain. He retired with his afflicted wife to the village of Kew, where they resided for the short remnant of their lives, engaged in humbler avocations than before, but sustaining adversity nobly, and bearing to the last characters unstained and irreproachable. But what, at the juncture I have described, was the situation of the indulged son and expectant heir to ample fortune? Surely one of the most trying in which a human being could be placed,—thrown upon the world, with the habits, tastes, manners, and feelings of a gentleman, without means and without profession. To his fond parents his position was the bitterest aggravation of their altered fortunes; and to his honour be it recorded, that the gay and dashing young man, thus suddenly arrested in a career of pleasure, which he, having the opportunity of its enjoyments, could have resisted, added not to their sorrows by selfish or querulous repinings; but, abandoning at once the gaities and pleasures in which he had no longer a right to indulge, began calmly to consider in what way he could best earn for himself a respectable subsistence.

Always an ardent lover of nature (what true brother of the angle is not?), and possessing some skill as an amateur painter, he resolved to adopt that art as a profession; and, to that end, placed himself under the tuition of Rathbone, an artist of eminence at that time. From him he received about three months' instruction, which was as much as his scanty means, derived from the sale of his horse, guns, and other luxuries, enabled him to command, and was all that he at any period of his life received. He devoted himself to the practice of the profession he had chosen with the earnestness and enthusiasm which were a portion of his nature, and his progress was rapid; so much so that in two years he produced a picture, which was well hung, and sold in the Royal Academy. For some time afterwards

he was less fortunate in obtaining admission for his works to the walls of the Academy, and he was compelled to resort to the resource of most unassisted young artists—that of teaching for a livelihood. His gentlemanly manners, as well as his professional skill, rendered his services desirable to many schools and families in the neighbourhood of Kew, where he resided, and his time was profitably employed. I have often heard him recur to this period of his life as one of great happiness; happiness derived from the consciousness of honourable effort, of daily increasing power in his beautiful art, and in wandering by the delightful banks of the Thames, which furnished alike materials for his pencil and opportunity for indulgence in his favourite sport. He had parted with his horse, “his dog, and his gun,” but his fishing-tackle had been held sacred, and diligently was it employed, to the signal discomfiture of the roach, dace, and barbel of “Thames’ silver tide.” At the time of which I write the continental war was raging: Napoleon was at the height of his power, and rumours were current that the ambitious Corsican would have the temerity to brave the lion in his lair, and attempt the invasion even of England itself. At this period numerous volunteer regiments were formed in various parts of the kingdom, and the young artist, entering into the prevailing military spirit, joined a corps in Surrey, known as the “King’s Own.” His activity, soldier-like deportment, and strict attention to duty, soon attracted observation, and he passed rapidly from grade to grade, until he attained that of Captain. While in this situation he had the honour of being noticed by George the Third, from whom he received a commission to execute a series of botanical drawings, and by whom he was afterwards offered the appointment of draughtsman to an expedition about to sail on a voyage of discovery; but this, though an enterprise wholly consonant with his adventurous spirit, he declined, out of regard to the feelings of his mother, who could not be prevailed upon to contemplate his departure but with dread and aversion.

In 1803 he removed from Kew to Derby, where he

had a prospect of superior patronage, and where, indeed, he did establish himself in a highly lucrative teaching connexion. He was, however, after three years' residence in Derby, induced by circumstances to go to Doncaster, where he devoted himself wholly to painting. The "Leeds gallery" (the first provincial exhibition of paintings, save that of Bath, established in England) was at that time instituted, and Mr. Hofland contributed no fewer than eight pictures, all of which were much admired, and, what was more to the purpose, all sold. Elated with success he set off for the lakes of Cumberland, the sublime scenery of which made an impression upon his mind never to be effaced. They were ever afterwards the favourite subjects of his pencil, and I will venture to assert that no other artist has so faithfully depicted their varied and romantic beauties. As Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, are termed "the lake poets," so may Hofland be justly named "the lake painter." It was about this time, at the beautiful village of Knaresborough, that occurred, what may truly be termed the most fortunate event of his existence. It was here he first met the admirable woman who was his faithful and attached partner through life. This is not the place in which I may properly pay a tribute of respect and affection worthy her exalted worth; yet, closely interwoven as is her history with that of the subject of this memoir, something may be allowed me. Not the least valuable quality of human excellence is its imperishable nature. The influence of genius and of virtue survives the grave; and when the world is called upon to mourn the loss of the gifted and the good, it has consolation in the knowledge that the creations of their genius remain to delight, and the example of their virtues to improve, it. Indeed, the hope of this immortal usefulness must ever be the chief incentive to human effort. The trials, the self-sacrifices, the heart-rendings and disappointments, which are the frequent lot of those who labour for the benefit of their kind, could never be repaid but through the consciousness that they were working and enduring for posterity. The diffusive and sublime philanthropy by which such minds are actuated

is perhaps one of the rarest, as it is unquestionably one of the noblest, developements of moral greatness. Through its agency, almost every great advance the world has made in social or political improvement has been accomplished. The most magnificent systems of policy, the highest triumphs of art, have had their origin in enthusiastic, self-sacrificing individual effort. We who rejoice in the fruits should not forget the sowers of the seed; they demand the gratitude of the posterity for which they laboured and suffered, and in the emulative influence of their example rest the best hopes of the future. There are, of course, various degrees of power in this class of minds. The great regenerators of nations, the founders of faiths, and the builders up of systems, are its highest point; but not less beautiful, not less worthy our admiration and our love, are its humbler manifestations. Mrs. Hofland was undoubtedly a member of the class I have described. Her long life was spent in active intellectual exertion; how successfully, the numerous beautiful fictions that bear her name sufficiently testify; and she has bequeathed an example of moral beauty to the world of every quality that can exalt and dignify the name of woman, such as has never been surpassed, and rarely equalled. Those who had the happiness of knowing her will feel as I do, that by me the language of eulogy applied to Mrs. Hofland can never be exaggerated, and never out of place; while the general reader will, I trust, pardon a digression prompted by gratitude and affection.

A few years after his marriage, Mr. Hofland settled in London, and, though called upon for a time to endure his share of the difficulties common to young artists, he was, upon the whole, successful. His exhibited pictures were favourably noticed, and he had influential patrons, among the earliest of whom may be mentioned the Countess De Grey, Lord Coventry, and Sir George Beaumont, all decided connoisseurs. In 1812 he obtained the British Gallery's prize of one hundred guineas, for the best landscape,—"A Storm off the coast of Scarborough," which was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford. About this time, too,

he produced his large picture of "Richmond Hill" (in the possession of G. Alnutt, Esq., one of his most liberal patrons), which has been generally allowed to be the finest of the many works extant illustrative of that beautiful locality. At this period his prospects were in the highest degree encouraging, when he was unfortunately induced to enter into an engagement with the late Duke of Marlborough to furnish a series of views for a work descriptive of his grace's princely estate of White Knights. He was for nearly three years engaged in making the necessary sketches, and had become responsible to the engravers, printer, and others engaged in the work—a most expensive one,—trusting, of course, with the utmost confidence, to the duke's fulfilment of his engagements. *They never were fulfilled!* It is not my wish to make any comment upon the conduct of the "noble patron" on this occasion,—the facts speak for themselves. Not only was the poor artist deprived of the just reward of his labours, but saddled with a heavy—to him a tremendous—responsibility, towards meeting which, all that was available were about fifty copies of the book, which were sold at a great sacrifice. I should mention, that Mrs. Holland had also contributed her time and talents to the work, having written the whole of the letterpress, including a charming poem in the Spenserian measure, which has been greatly admired. Many men of more than ordinary nerve would have sunk under this unexpected, and at the time overwhelming, calamity; but, strengthened by the affectionate and hopeful counsels of his wife, as well as by her practical assistance, he looked the difficulty boldly in the face, and eventually surmounted it, though at the cost of years of toil, privation, and suffering to both. Every shilling of the noble duke's debt was paid by the artist's toil and the literary labours of his wife,—a fact I am proud to record here, as a noble instance of determined perseverance and high integrity. It was undoubtedly during this trying period that the seeds of that disease were sown, which was a source of almost constant suffering through the rest of his life, and to which, I have high medical authority for asserting, may fairly be at-

tributed an irritability of temper and impatience of contradiction which frequently marred the otherwise generous and social qualities of his nature.

During Mr. Hosland's long residence in London, he established his reputation as a landscape painter of a high order, and his works were eagerly sought after. Among his most influential and steady patrons were the late Lords De Tabley, Carysfort, and Northwick; the Hon. Mr. Howard, of Greystoke; Henry Hoole, Esq., of Sheffield; and William Chillingworth, Esq., of Twickenham; the latter of whom possesses a number of his finest works.

Mr. Hosland, in conjunction with Mr. Linton and a few other brother artists, projected and established the now flourishing Society of British Artists; to which, through all the circumstances of danger and difficulty that marked its early career, he adhered with unshaken fidelity. He undertook its most responsible offices when others shrunk from the charge, and for its sake resigned the honours of "the Academy," when unquestionably within his reach. The most delightful occupation of his later life was the preparation of "The British Angler's Manual." This was indeed to him a "labour of love;" and, to use his own words, "he felt young again while retracing the scenes of his youth and manhood, dear to him alike as artist and angler." It was the enviable fortune of Mr. Hosland to possess a partner not only tender and affectionate, but one who sympathised entirely with his pursuits. She was ever ready to encourage his piscatory expeditions, and always exhibited as much pride and pleasure in his success as he himself could have experienced. The following little poem, which I find among her unpublished MSS. will serve to shew how warmly she entered into the spirit of her husband's favourite pastime:—

SONNET ON ANGLING.

What is the conqueror's most triumphant joy

Compared to his who brings from lake or stream
The valorous trout,—carp, cunning, old, and coy,—

Or pike, voracious,—perch, with golden gleam,—

Or dace of living silver? What a theme,
On which the sire may lesson his proud boy,
And friendship listen till day's parting beam
Close on the pleasant toil, the loved employ!
Thence rise no revelries to vice akin,
No vulgar joys unmeet for souls refined,
The angler's art and energies may win
Alike the polished and the manly mind;
The one delight I ween where man ne'er found
Source for repentant sigh, or sorrow's slightest wound.

B. H.

The unfortunate failure of the original publisher of this work was a source of deep mortification to its author at the time, as it not only deprived him of the pecuniary recompense he had reason to expect he should derive from it, but cast a shadow over his future prospects. To the last hour of his life he reverted to it with interest, and with hope that some benefit might accrue from it to those who should come after him. Would that he could have lived to hail its reappearance under its present favourable auspices! But it did not so please the Almighty Disposer of events.

In 1840, Mr. Hofland realised a design he had long entertained, and which it is to be regretted he had not earlier carried out. He visited Italy, having received a commission from the late Earl of Egremont (who was not only his generous patron, but his attached friend) to paint a number of pictures, to be selected from sketches he might make. His health was very feeble at the time of his leaving England, and the heat of the Italian climate materially aggravated the symptoms under which he laboured; so that the delight he experienced in the glorious scenery of that "delicious land," and in the immortal treasures of art revealed to him at Rome and Florence, was marred by constant suffering, and a dread which often oppressed him that he should not live to return to his native land. Under these severe disadvantages, however, he laboured hard: it was a literal striving of the spirit with the body, and a successful one. In the course of the

nine months he remained in Italy he made upwards of a hundred beautiful and highly finished sketches, from which, on his return home, as many as twelve were selected for pictures by the Earl of Egremont, but of which he only lived to complete five. The sketches are now in my possession, and are acknowledged by all who have seen them to be, considering the circumstances under which they were made, marvellous evidences of enthusiastic effort and endurance.

On his return from Italy he removed from Hammersmith, where he had for some few years resided, to Richmond, a spot to which he had ever been passionately attached. Here, whenever intervals of illness would allow, he pursued, with undiminished ardour, his "loved employ" of angling. But the time too soon arrived when he was compelled to relinquish this and every other occupation but that of preparing himself for the end which he felt approaching. In 1842, by the advice of his physician, Dr. Grant, of Richmond (whose unremitting and skilful attention, and great personal kindness, has placed all connected with his patient under a deep debt of gratitude), as a last resort, he went to Leamington, where he was attended by the celebrated Dr. Jephson, of that place, who did for him all that could be done ; but all was vain. His disease (which was cancer in the stomach) had obtained too firm a footing to yield to medical treatment ; and a few weeks after reaching Leamington he expired in the arms of his afflicted wife, who, for many days previous to his death, he could never bear from his side, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Of the reputation to which the subject of this memoir is entitled as an artist this is not the place fully to inquire. His works may, I believe, be safely left to the judgment of all who can appreciate purity of style, truthfulness to nature, and the poetry of pastoral life. As an angler, in which character he has perhaps the greatest claim to the interest of the readers of this volume, the mass of information collected in the work will sufficiently attest his skill and enthusiasm. His personal character cannot be better described than in the words of

his widow:—"I can truly say, that his own injuries and sufferings gave to my husband a sense of the value of integrity, and the necessity of prudence, in a very high degree. I can safely assert that, for more than twenty years, his strict sense of the obligations of justice never were exceeded. Most hospitable by nature, and possessing the knowledge and taste to make that virtue efficient for enjoyment, he yet denied himself the pleasure of receiving the friends he loved, the society he admired, rather than run the risk of being deficient in his payments. It might yet be truly said, that he had for the *poor* man's wants as ready a shilling as 'my Uncle Toby,' as many in every place where we have resided will gladly testify. Perpetual returns of acute pain rendered his temper petulant; but, though he often scolded, he never scandalised. From the tale of calumny he ever turned indignant, and never repeated, even to me, any circumstance which reflected on the conduct of others, even when strictly true; and he had a love and pleasure in the improvement and welfare of his brother artists I have never seen equalled in any other person."

To such a tribute from such a source nothing need be added, and with it I conclude, assured that, to many who knew him, whatever may tend to recall an old friend pleasantly to their recollection will be welcome, while, to the general reader, I can only hope that this slight memoir will not prove wholly uninteresting or uninteresting.

THOMAS R. HOFLAND.



VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

IN submitting to the public a new Treatise on the Art of Angling, when so many have been ably written on the subject, I feel called upon to offer my reasons for adding to the number. The best apology I can give is an ardent love for the art, and a desire to communicate to my brothers of the angle the result of more than thirty years' practice in the principal rivers, lakes, and trout-streams of Great Britain.

A landscape painter, to become intimate with the varieties of Nature, must travel much, for the purpose of storing his mind and sketch-book with images of all that is sublime, beautiful, or picturesque in landscape. Strongly impressed with this conviction, I have been led, from a desire of improvement in my profession, to visit, from time to time, the finest scenery in the United Kingdom ; and, during my summer excursions, the fly-rod has generally accompanied the sketching-stool, so that I have been alike "armed for either field." Under these circumstances, I became acquainted with our principal rivers, lakes, and trout-streams, and have tried my skill in most of them at all times and seasons, but principally in the art of angling for trout. The kind of knowledge thus gained will, I trust, in connexion with my professional observations, render me a useful guide alike to the amateur painter and the lover of angling.

My general residence on the banks of the Thames has given me many opportunities of observing and comparing the various modes of angling practised in that noble river ; and all the remarks on Thames fishing are the results of

experience, as I have visited every favourite resort of the angler, from London to Reading.

In my account of the different fishing-stations, I have endeavoured to lead the tourist to the most beautiful scenery on the banks of the streams described, to the best points for angling, and to the most comfortable inns for entertainment. In this part of the work, I flatter myself, much original information will be found, as I am not acquainted with any author who has conducted the angler to the numerous trout-streams in the northern counties, or to the grand and romantic lake scenery of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and the Highlands of Scotland. The excellent Walton, and his instructive and entertaining pupil, Cotton, have, indeed, made us intimately acquainted with the delightful Dove; and other writers have described the Thames, the Lea, and various waters in the vicinity of London, where the angler may exercise his art; but a guide to the TOURIST was still wanting, and I trust the opportunities given to me, as an artist, of visiting most parts of Great Britain, combined with many years' practical experience, have enabled me *to become that guide.*

The embellishments of the work consist of views selected from stations where the sport to be found on the river or lake may give to the angler an additional interest in the scene ; with accurate delineations of the various kinds of fish, a numerous list of artificial flies, and of the baits and materials used in angling.

The art of fly-fishing is treated in a manner entirely new, so that the tyro may speedily acquire a knowledge of the most killing flies and their seasons, and may either make them himself, or have them made to pattern ; as every fly recommended in the list is engraved, named, and numbered,—a mode not generally adopted by writers on the subject, and the neglect of which has been a serious inconvenience to the inexperienced angler.

In the instructions on the art of trolling I am indebted to some of my brothers of the angle (who have made it their particular and almost exclusive practice) for much valuable information, which I have combined with my own practical knowledge, and have described the rivers, lakes, and ponds where jack and pike most abound.

I have now a pleasant duty to perform, that

of returning my grateful thanks to those kind friends who assisted me in the progress of my work.

To Sir Francis Chantrey I am indebted for a sketch, drawn by himself, from which the wood-cut of a sluice on the river Test is taken ; to William Linton, Esq., for the loan of the picture of Whitewell, from which the steel plate is engraved ; to George Hilditch, Esq., for the picture from which the wood-cut of the carp and tench is engraved ; to Captain Richardson, for his method of making artificial flies, recommended in the seventeenth chapter, and to Lister Parker, Esq., for an account of Whitewell, a favourite resort of north-country anglers.

Having thus briefly submitted my plans and pretensions to the reader, I have, in conclusion, to solicit his candour, and to deprecate the severity of criticism, as an artist whose indispensable studies occupy the chief part of his life, may plead for some indulgence as to deficiency in elegance of style and accuracy of composition. It will make me most happy, and suffice to reward my labour, if, in leading the reader to those scenes which I have frequented with such pure

delight, I can impart a portion of the pleasure I have myself experienced, and thus tend to the improvement or amusement of the BRITISH ANGLER.

T. C. HOFLAND.

*Bradmore House, Hammersmith,
May 1, 1839.*

INTRODUCTION.

SACRED and profane history alike prove the antiquity of angling; the Book of Job and the prophet Amos speak of fish-hooks as well-known implements in the hands of ancient anglers; and Plutarch gives us a scene between the Queen of Egypt and her infatuated lover, which proves that Mark Antony, whatever might have been his personal accomplishments, was a very indifferent brother of the angle. Nor was this employment then held to be cruel (and thence unjustifiable), for He who "went about doing good" chose the greater number of his apostles from amongst fishermen; and, on one occasion, said expressly to a disciple, "Go thou to the sea and cast an hook, and take the first fish that cometh," which may surely be considered a sufficient answer to those whose extreme and somewhat morbid sensibility may have been awakened by the poetic vituperations of Lord Byron, or the exaggerated descriptions of the clever Horace Smith.

Past times and present, equally prove that learned and good men—those pre-eminently distinguished for amenity of temper and piety of life—have been lovers of the art of angling. The amiable and excellent Izaak Walton thus speaks of those he deemed most remark-

able:—"I might here enlarge, by telling you that commendation our learned Perkins bestows on angling, and how dear a lover and great a practiser of it our learned Dr. Whittaker was, as, indeed, many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two men, who lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of angling.

"The first is Dr. Nowel, sometime Dean of the cathedral church of St. Paul's, London, 1550, where his monument stands yet undefaced. A man that, after the reformation of Elizabeth (not that of Henry the Eighth), was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then parliament and convocation, both chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a catechism for public use; such a one as should stand for a rule of faith and manners to their posterity; and the good old man, knowing that God leads us not to Heaven by many, nor by hard questions, like an honest angler, made that good, plain, and unperplexed catechism, which is printed with our good old service-book. I say, this good man was a dear lover, and constant practiser of angling, as any age can produce; and his custom was, to spend, besides his fixed hours for prayer, those hours which, by command of the church, were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians: I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in angling; and also (for I have conversed with those who have conversed with him) to bestow a tenth part

of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught, saying, often, that ‘Charity gave life to religion.’

“My next, and last example shall be, that undervaluer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, a man with whom I have often fished and conversed; a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind: this man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it; this man was also a most dear lover and a frequent practiser of the art of angling, of which he would say, ‘’Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent,’ for angling was, after tedious study, ‘a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness,’ and ‘that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.’”

Thus wrote the venerable Walton, and in our own day we may instance Sir Humphry Davy, who, notwithstanding the importance and variety of his scientific investigations, was also the author of “*Salmonia* ;” Archdeacon Paley, who, in reply to an inquiry after the progress of one of those immortal works, now so universally estimated, said, “it would be continued so soon as the fishing season was over;” Sir F. Chantrey, Sir Anthony Carlisle, Professor Wilson, and the late

Sir John Soane, and many others ; for, indeed, the catalogue is far too long for insertion of all the distinguished men of our times who pursue the gentle art.

The studious man, of whatever profession, although perfectly conscious of the necessity of air and exercise to the preservation of health, has seldom sufficient resolution to tear himself from his accustomed pursuits, without some powerful stimulus to action, and, therefore, any pleasurable recreation that may induce exercise, and lead the sedentary to the enjoyment of a pure air, breathing over woods, meadows, and waters, cannot fail to be beneficial. I am not acquainted with any amusement in which this advantage can be enjoyed without considerable alloy, except the diversion of angling. The hunter enjoys all the benefits of air and exercise, it is true, and the elasticity of his spirits gives a charm to the sound of the horn, and the cry of the hounds ; but, in the ardour of pursuit, he is impelled forward over hedge and ditch, to the imminent peril of his life ; and, after having triumphed over the wily fox, or timid hare, he frequently returns from the chase so exhausted with fatigue, that he is tempted to recruit his spirits by intemperance at the table. This mode of recreation is evidently unfit for the studious, and can only be adopted by men of robust frame, who have passed much of their early life in field sports, or athletic exercises, calculated to produce extraordinary hardihood of constitution : the same objections will apply to shooting, though certainly not in an equal degree.

Few poets and painters have been fox-hunters, but

many have been anglers: the witty, companionable, and gentle Gay, and the imaginative and philosophic Thomson, have often tried their art to "tempt the tenant of the brook;" and, in our own day (as already noticed), the unequalled sculptor, the distinguished architect, and many of the "Sons of Song," delight in that quiet, yet interesting sport, which calls for vigilance and observation, and procures exercise and excitement, without necessarily inducing fatigue beyond the demands of health and safety.

Poets and painters may, indeed, more especially, enjoy many delightful hours of recreation in pursuit of the finny tribes, and, at the same time, gather materials for their future studies. The angler rises with the sun, and, therefore, has frequent opportunities of beholding the various beautiful phenomena which attend the advent of that glorious orb; he hastens with buoyant spirits to his favourite stream, wending his way through flowery meadows, or to some lone mountain glen, where the congregated waters of the hills find a devious passage through rocks and woods, to the calm bosom of the expansive lake. All the varieties of light and shade, of form and colour, are presented to his view, amidst a succession of sublime, pastoral, or romantic scenery; and the botanist, mineralogist, and entomologist, may find ample room for observation on the borders of a mountain stream.

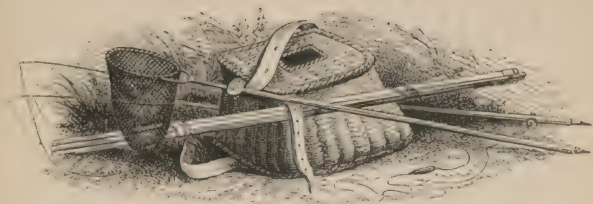
The amusing study of entomology is necessary to a skilful fly-fisher, who ought to be acquainted with all the various insects and flies applicable to his art, and be

able to produce a close imitation of them. The following lines, by Gay, give a lively picture of this part of the angler's labours :—

“ He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw,
When, if an insect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size ;
Then round the hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds ;
So just the colours shine through every part,
That nature seems to live again in art.”

Thomson has also given a captivating interest to the insect tribes ; and I believe there are few lovers of nature who will not find amusement and instruction in contemplating these minute but most wonderful productions of the Creator.

Walton has very justly styled angling “the contemplative man's recreation ;” for the practice of it is, indeed, eminently calculated to still the stormy passions of the breast, and lead to the calm and tranquil pleasures arising from frequent meditation on the beauties of nature. This delightful old author has so skilfully defended his favourite art against the sneers of ignorance and prejudice, that it would be presumptuous in me to enlarge on the subject ; and I shall, therefore, be content to observe, that I believe the art of angling to be an innocent, entertaining, and a healthful pursuit, and calculated to be equally useful and amusing to men of studious habits and sedentary occupations.



CHAPTER I.

ON THE MATERIALS USED IN ANGLING.

IT is impossible to become a successful angler, without such a complete and well-arranged assortment of tackle as will enable you to be prepared for all times, seasons, and circumstances; and a true brother of the craft will find much to amuse him in the exercise of his ingenuity in making and repairing lines, flies, &c., and in the orderly disposition of the materials of his art: of which the following is a list:—

Rods for salmon-fishing, trolling, spinning the minnow and bleak, fly-fishing, and angling at the bottom.

Lines of hair, silkworm gut, Indian weed, plaited silk and hair, and patent line for trolling.

Winches, or reels, for running tackle.

Hooks for trolling, on wire or gyp, for the gorge, the snap, &c.

Bleak and minnow tackle, and baiting-neededles, of various sizes.

Hooks tied on gut, from No. 4 to No. 12.

Hooks tied on hair, from No. 10 to No. 13.

Loose hooks of all sizes.

Paternosters for perch-fishing.

Shoemakers' wax, and sewing silk.

Floats of various sizes, and caps for floats.

Split shot and plummets, for taking the depths of the water.

Disgorger, clearing-ring, and drag.

Landing-net, a gaff, and kettle for live bait.

Gentle-box, and bags for worms.

A fishing-basket, creel, or game pouch.

A pair of pliers, a pair of scissors, and a penknife.

A book of artificial flies.

A book of general tackle.

A book containing materials for making artificial flies, the necessary contents of which will be described under the article on fly-making.*

* Mr. Coleman, No. 4 Haymarket, makes very useful knives for anglers. There is a short hammer at one end to kill fish, a saw at the back of the blade to rub through the scales when the fish is to be crimped, and a sharp blade for crimping: a disgorger might be added to run down the shaft for taking hooks from the mouths of pike when spinning.—ED.

RODS.

Choice rods are of the utmost consequence to the angler's success, and various instructions have been given, by different authors, for selecting proper kinds of wood for the purpose, and the method of making them; but as excellent rods of every description are now to be purchased in almost every part of the United Kingdom, I will only recommend those made by Mr. Edmondson of Liverpool, and those who try his rods will thank me for having done so.

The joints of his rods always fit securely. They are perfectly straight when put together, and spring equally in all parts, from the butt to the top, when bent.

That which is commonly termed "a general rod," will be found most useful to the traveller who has not an opportunity of carrying more than one with him at a time, it being so contrived that it may be used either for fly-fishing, trolling, or bottom-fishing, as the butt of the rod is bored and contains several spare tops, *i.e.* one for the fly, one for spinning the minnow, one for the float, and another for trolling—the whole being conveniently packed up in a canvass bag.

Although this kind of rod will be found highly serviceable on many occasions, I would by no means recommend the use of it when you have an opportunity of employing separate and appropriate rods for the differ-

ent kinds of angling. The rods used exclusively for fly-fishing should be as light as possible, consistent with strength, and if for throwing with one hand, not more than from twelve to fourteen feet long, and if with both hands, not more than from sixteen to eighteen feet. Indeed, a rod shorter than either of these would be found very convenient in a narrow, closely wooded stream, where it is frequently necessary to force your fly with a short line under overhanging bushes.

I am acquainted with some excellent anglers in the north of England, who cannot be persuaded to use any other fly-rod than one composed of two pieces only, and spliced in the middle ; but this is inconvenient to carry, and the jointed rods are now brought to such perfection, that I feel assured they will answer every purpose of the spliced rods, besides being much more portable. The Irish fly-rods are screwed together at each joint, and are much more elastic than the English rods.

THE TROLLING-ROD

Should be very strong, and not less than twelve nor more than sixteen feet in length, with large rings upon it, that the line may run freely. A new ring has lately been invented, which does not cut the line.

The rod for spinning a minnow, or bleak, should be of bamboo cane, and from eighteen to twenty feet long, with a tolerably stiff top ; the rings should be placed

at a moderate distance from each other, and be of the middle size.

The *barbel rod*, for angling with the ledger bait, should have a stiff top, and be about eleven or twelve feet in length; but for float-fishing it must be much lighter and something longer.

The rod for roach and dace should be of bamboo cane, and if for bank-fishing, from eighteen to twenty feet long; but if for angling from a punt, not more than eleven or twelve feet. It must be very light, perfectly taper, and of a proper degree of elasticity, as the angler's success in roach and dace-fishing will depend upon his dexterity and quickness in striking when he has a bite. Many anglers never fish without running-tackle, that they may be always prepared to encounter a large fish; but they must not hope to meet with the same sport in roach and dace-fishing as those do who use a light rod without rings, and a short line, when the chance of striking your fish is much more certain.

LINES.

The best lines for running-tackle are composed of silk and hair, of different degrees of strength and thickness, according to the purpose for which they are intended. For salmon-fishing, a strong winch or pirn, large enough to contain from eighty to one hundred yards of line, is requisite, and for trout, a brass reel,

containing from thirty to forty yards of line, gradually tapering to a few hairs at the end, where a foot link of gut containing the flies is to be fixed.*

Silkworm gut-lines are from two to four yards, and are used as lengths to be added to the line on the reel, either for fly or bottom-fishing.

Lines for trolling are of several kinds, some of twisted silk, and others of silk and hair, but that now sold by the tackle-makers, called India rubber-line, is by far the best and strongest. A strong reel and from forty to sixty yards of line are requisite.

A winch, or reel, is used for running-tackle, and is generally made of brass, but I have seen them in Scotland made of wood, where they are called pirns; the multiplying reel was formerly much used, but from its liability to be out of order, a plain reel, without a stop, is now generally preferred. Reels are of various sizes, containing from twenty to one hundred yards of line.

Hooks for trolling will be described in the chapter on trolling.

Bleak and minnow tackle are of endless variety in form and contrivance, almost every experienced angler having his own peculiar plan. Some of the best of these will be described in the chapter on trout-fishing.

The paternoster is a line used for perch-fishing, made of strong gut, and should be connected with a

* These lines, "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," are now much exploded by good anglers.

running-line by a fine steel swivel. It contains three hooks, the size Nos. 7, 8, or 9, placed at equal distances from each other; the first near the bottom, where a small plummet of lead is fixed to sink the line, and the others each from eighteen inches to two feet apart. The hooks are so contrived by swivels as to revolve round the line, and thereby give play to the live minnows with which they are to be baited.

FLOATS.

Much care and judgment are required in adapting your float to the various streams, or waters, in which you angle. A deep and rapid river will require a float that will carry from sixteen to twenty of No. 4 shot. If the stream be deep and the current gentle, a float carrying one half that number of shot will be sufficiently heavy, and when the water is perfectly still, a very light quill-float, carrying two of No. 6 shot, should be used; and I may remark here, that the smaller your float, the fewer the number of shot, and the finer your bottom-tackle, the greater will be your success.

The tip-capped float is the best for pond-fishing and for gentle streams, as the line is confined at each end of the float by a cap, which enables you to strike a fish with greater precision than with a plugged float, which has a wire ring at the bottom for the line to run through.

In shotting the line, I prefer a number of small shot

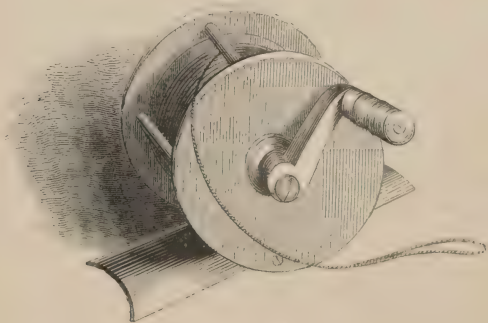
to a few large ones, as they make less disturbance in the water.

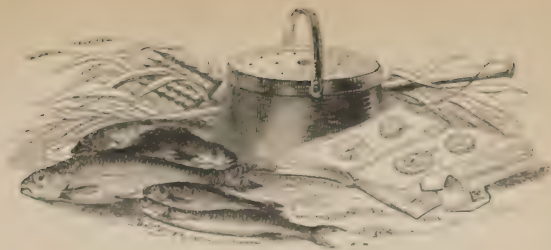
Your line must be shotted, till not more than the cap of your float is seen above the water, unless it should be very rough from wind or a rapid current; in which case something more of the float must swim above water.

The porcupine quill is a favourite float with some anglers, but, for a moderate stream, I prefer a swan's quill.

THE LANDING-NET AND GAFF.

The landing-net may be purchased so contrived as to unscrew from a socket in the handle (which should be four or five feet long), and a gaff, or hook, for landing salmon, pike, and large trout, may also be bought to screw into the same socket, and both the net and gaff may be carried in your basket, or creel, till you reach the river side.





CHAPTER II.

BAITS.

THE most universal natural bait used in angling is the worm. It may be employed successfully for every kind of fresh-water fish, with the exception of the pike and the char, and even the pike may, I believe, be sometimes taken with a large lob-worm.

THE LOB-WORM, OR DEW-WORM,

Is in season from the beginning of May till September, and may be taken with a candle and lantern, at night, on any common or green where the grass is short, and will be found an excellent bait for salmon, trout, barbel, and eels; it is also used as ground-bait for barbel-fishing. There are several sorts of lob-worms, the best of which is the squirrel-tail; it has a red head, a streak down the back, and a broad flat

Note.—Worm-fishing is perfectly unnecessary, as well as cruel. Minnows, real or artificial, gentles and cadis worms (which die the moment the hook passes through them), and graves, for barbel, are excellent substitutes for worms. It is time that the use of them should be abandoned.—ED.

tail. The small maiden lob, without a ring, is the best bait for trout.

THE MARSH-WORM

Is smaller than the lob-worm, and of a paler colour, with a broad flat tail. It is an excellent bait for trout, when well scoured, and two of them may be used on one hook.

THE BRANDLING

Has been a great favourite with all writers on angling, but my experience does not confirm all that has been said in its favour. I very much prefer a red worm for the purposes for which the brandling is recommended. The brandling is streaked from head to tail in round ringlets, alternately red and yellow, and is found in old dunghills, but chiefly where various kinds of dung are mixed together, and in decayed tanners' bark. It is considered a fine bait for trout, perch, and eels.

THE LITTLE GILT-TAIL, OR TAG-WORM,

Is of a pale yellow towards the tail, and knotted like the dunghill red worm, and found in old horse-dung.

THE RED WORM.

This worm is small and of a bright red; it is found in old manure heaps, in decayed tanners' bark, and on the borders of old drains. It is impossible to speak

too highly of the value of this worm to the angler, as almost every kind of fresh-water fish will take it eagerly. I have taken trout, in small bright streams, in the months of July and August, with a single red worm and single hair, when no other mode would take a fish. It is the only sure bait for a gudgeon; also an excellent bait for perch; and, when the water is coloured by a fresh, it is equally good for roach and dace. I strongly recommend my brothers of the angle never to visit the Thames or the Lea without being well stored with red worms, or the small blood-worm.

THE SEGG-WORM

Is commonly found in the hollow parts of seggs, near the roots; he has a black head and a whitish body, and is a good bait to fish with where seggs grow.

THE PEACOCK RED, OR BLACK-HEADED RED WORM,

Is found under cow-dung or horse-dung, three parts dried, in the fields, from the latter end of April until the beginning of August, but chiefly under cow-dung. He is also found under stones in the bed of a river, and is a good trout-worm.

HOW TO BAIT HOOKS WITH WORMS.

To bait with a single worm, enter the point of the hook a little below the head, threading it carefully,

without breaking or bruising it, to within a quarter of an inch of the tail, and the shank of the hook must be well covered with the worm.

To bait with two worms on a hook, enter your hook at the head of the first worm and bring it out at the middle, and then draw it over the arming of your hook on to the line; then enter the hook at the middle of the second worm, and bring it up to within one quarter of an inch of the head; draw down the first worm till it meet the second, and your bait will then travel freely on the bottom.

The common mode, with Thames anglers, of baiting a hook for barbel or eels, with a single lob-worm, is to enter the point of the hook at the head, and to bring it carefully down to within a quarter of an inch of the tail; and if the worm be very large, a part of it may be drawn above the arming of the hook on to the line.

TO SCOUR AND PRESERVE WORMS.

An angler should be always provided with well-scoured worms, as they are more lively, bright, and tough, than when first taken from the earth. There are various modes recommended for scouring worms, but clean moss alone will answer every purpose required. Moss may be easily procured in almost every part of the country, and, in London, may be purchased in Covent Garden: it should be well washed and squeezed till nearly dry, and then placed in an earthen

pan to receive the worms, which will be ready for use in four or five days. Great care must be taken to keep the moss sweet and clean, by changing it every three or four days, or by well washing it; and if any of the worms are found to be in a sickly state, or dead, they must be removed, or they will destroy the sweetness of the moss, and thereby greatly injure the healthy worms.

GENTLES, OR MAGGOTS.

The gentle is a universal bait, and will take any kind of fresh-water fish, save salmon, pike, and char. Perch and gudgeon will sometimes take a gentle, but Mr. Jesse* has made a great mistake in his "Thames Fishing," where he says, "the bait for a gudgeon should be gentles," for, unquestionably, the only sure bait for a gudgeon is a well-scoured red worm; but for trout, grayling, barbel, chub, roach, dace, and bleak, there is not a more killing bait than the gentle. Carp, tench, and bream, will also take this bait, but not so freely as a red worm.

The later in the season, the greater will be your success with the gentle, and from October to Christmas no other bait need be used for the grayling.

TO BREED AND PRESERVE GENTLES, OR MAGGOTS.

Take a piece of bullock's liver, and score it with a knife, and suspend it by a stick over a tub, or barrel,

* Mr. Jesse thinks otherwise.

full of dry earth, clay, or sand, in the open air, and the gentles formed in the liver by the blowing of the flesh-fly, when grown to a tolerable size, will fall into the barrel, and scour themselves, and always be ready for use when wanted.

Gentles may be thus produced from May to Michaelmas; but if you wish to preserve them through the winter, procure a dead cat or dog, and let it be fly-blown, and so soon as the gentles begin to stir, bury it and them in moist earth, which must be well secured from the frost, and they will last till March, and may be dug up when wanted.

Gentles may be procured ready for use at all tackle-shops, and most of the tallow-chandlers' during the summer, but these last will generally require two days' scouring in moist sand before they are fit for use. There is no kind of ground-bait equal to gentles for barbel, roach, and dace, and they may be procured for sixpence or eightpence a-quart for this purpose, at the places where horses are slaughtered, and, when used, should be put, three or four dozen at a time, into small balls of clay, from whence they will make their way through the clay, and draw the fish to the spot.

THE CADIS, OR CAD-BAIT, AND STRAW-WORM,

Are found in the shallow, sandy parts of rivers, small brooks, and even in ditches near rivers, and are of three sorts. The first is a yellowish grub, with a

reddish head, and is covered with a case or husk of straw, bark, bits of rushes, particles of gravel, &c., and with this covering to shelter it, is enabled, by protruding its head, to creep on the bottom of the water, where it is found.

There is another kind, called the straw-worm, and, I have no doubt, there are several other varieties, each producing a different sort of fly, such as the stone-fly, the May-fly, the duns, &c.

The cadis may be found from the middle of March to the beginning of June, and is an excellent bait for trout, and chub: roach and dace will also take it. The most convenient mode of carrying these baits is in a tin box, with a little moist moss, in their own husk or shell, from which they must be removed as they are wanted, by pulling them out by the head.

The hook which you use for the cadis should be armed with a hog's bristle, which, passing through the head, will keep the bait in its proper place.

A hook, No. 8 or 9, armed with a hog's bristle, and with wings taken from a mottled drake's or starling's wing, is often used for cadis-fishing, the hook being covered with the cadis, the head of which is held fast by the bristle.

THE COW-DUNG BOB, OR CLAP BAIT,

Is found in the fields and old pastures, under cow-dung, from April to Michaelmas; it is something

larger than a gentle, has a reddish head, and is a capital bait for a trout, and you may angle with it either at the top or bottom of the water with a bristled hook. These baits may be preserved in a tin box with a little of the earth from which they were taken.

THE DOCK-GRUB

Is a large white grub with a reddish head, and is found in the roots of the common water-dock from April to June. It is a bait little known or used, but I am not acquainted with a more killing mode of trout-fishing, in the months of April and May, than by dropping one of these baits into a gentle stream, or a still, deep hole. The hook should be bristled, and a single shot will be sufficient to sink the bait.

THE OAK-GRUB

Is a small green caterpillar, and may be procured in the months of June, July, and August, by shaking the branches of an oak-tree over a sheet or table-cloth; and they may be preserved in a large tin box, with a few of the oak-leaves in it. I have found this a most successful bait, even after the trout have been glutted with the May-fly and bracken-clock.

SLUGS.

The large black, white, or grey slug, is a good bait for a trout, if an incision be made down the belly.

BOBS.

These are found by following the plough, in spring and autumn; they are more than twice the size of a gentle, and have red heads, being good baits for trout and chub, from November till April. A bristled hook must be used, and great care should be taken in putting them on the hook, as their insides are very soft.

THE ASH-GRUB

Is found under the oak, ash, and beech, when felled, and when they have lain some time on the ground; also in the hollow of those trees when rotten. It is large and white, and may be used from Michaelmas to June, being an excellent bait for trout and grayling, but is very tender, and requires careful handling.

THE WASP-GRUB

Is found in the comb of a wasp's nest; it is a tender bait, but good for all the purposes for which a gentle is used.

THE GRASHOPPER

Is found in short dry grass, in the months of June, July, and August, and is an excellent bait in bush-fishing for trout and chub.

THE COCKCHAFER.

It is one of the most killing baits for chub ; but an angler must keep himself well concealed, as chub are very cautious fish.

CREEPERS, OR WATER-CRICKETS,

Are found in shallow stony streams, near the water's edge, and you must be very nimble in catching them, or they will creep very fast among the sand and gravel, and escape under the stones. They must be kept in a horn or box, perforated with small holes to give air. More will be said of this insect in the chapter on trout, for which it is a killing bait, though for only a short season.

Bullocks' brains, and the pith of a bullock's spine, are killing winter baits for chub, and directions for using them will be given under the article "Chub."

CHEESE.

Newly made soft cheese is a sure bait for chub and barble, and, if new cheese cannot be procured, old cheese, soaked in wet cloths two or three days, will answer nearly as well. I have caught great numbers of chub and barbel in the river Trent with this bait, by using a hook No. 7, with one or two No. 4 shot on the line. Select some still and tolerably deep hole by the side of

an eddy, and let your bait remain at the bottom till you feel a tug at your line.

GRAVES, *i. e.* TALLOW-CHANDLERS' SCRATCHINGS,

Are sold by the pound in cakes, and are a killing bait when scalded for barbel, roach, and dace. They must be chopped into small pieces, placed in an earthen pan, and boiling water poured on them till covered, when, in one hour, the skinny particles will have softened and separated, and become fit for use : when mixed with clay and bran, they form an excellent ground-bait ; about two pounds will be sufficient for a day's fishing. When the graves are scalded, and before they are mixed with bran and clay, select as much as will fill a gentle-box of the thin whitish skins for baiting your hook : use a very small bait for roach and dace, but a much larger one for barbel. Graves should be newly scalded for every day's fishing, for, if stale, they do more harm than good.

PASTES

Are variously compounded, but I consider the following simple method of making paste the best for general use :—

Take the inside of a French roll, or a piece of fine white bread, nearly new ; soak it a few seconds in water, then squeeze the water from it, and, with very clean

hands, knead it and work it patiently till it becomes a perfectly smooth and compact paste. This is a good bait for roach, dace, carp, tench, and bream, in still waters, or for pond-fishing. Your hook should be No. 11 or 12, and your bait not larger than a pea.

Old cheese, grated and worked up into a paste with a little butter and saffron, is a capital bait for a chub, and your bait may be the size of a hazel-nut.

If you wish to colour your pastes, use a little red lead or turmeric. The plain bread paste, first recommended, I have found a much more killing bait for bream than the worm or gentle.

SALMON ROE.

This is the most destructive bait that can be used, and many conscientious anglers think it unfair to use it, for more reasons than one. In the first place, the bait can only be procured by the destruction of the salmon, and the roe they contain, just before spawning, and at a time when the fish are out of season; and in the second, the use of it, by some persons, is considered little better than poaching. I have heard of various modes of curing salmon roe, and have tried some of them, but without any great success. It may be procured in the spring, in pots, at two shillings and sixpence each, at most of the London fishing-tackle shops, in great perfection.

In some cases the salmon roe is made into a paste ; in others, the round red pellicles of the roe remain unbroken ; and in this latter state I prefer it.

It may be procured in great perfection in the city of Carlisle, and its neighbourhood, where it is prepared in considerable quantities for the London market. A double hook, No. 9, baited with four or five of the pellets of roe, I prefer to the single hook ; but if a single hook is used, it should be No. 8 ; and if the salmon paste be the bait, a piece something less than a hazel-nut may be used.

The great value of salmon roe is during the increase of a fresh of water, when the stream is large and much discoloured, but it may be employed successfully in the deep eddies by the apron of a mill-tail, or in the deep shady part of a stream, even if the water be bright.

One shot, No. 4, will generally be sufficient to sink your bait, as you must choose the stiller parts of the stream, such as the eddies and holes near the banks. I have taken a dozen trout at a standing, by letting the bait drop gently to the bottom, in the stillest part of the eddy, and leaving it stationary till a tug was felt, when the fish must be instantly struck, or the bait will be lost as well as the fish.

Eels are fond of salmon roe, and will be very troublesome to the trout-fisher when using that bait.

GRAINS, WHEAT, AND MALT.

In the river Trent at Nottingham, fresh grains are a favourite ground-bait for roach and dace. The fish are attracted to the spot by handfuls of grains thrown from the bank, and one or two grains which have not been broken may be selected to bait your hook, No. 12, with. Wheat, or malt, boiled in milk till soft, and the husk partly removed, is also an excellent bait for roach and dace, either in winter or summer.

The various kinds of fish and flies used as baits will be described under the heads of fly-fishing, bush-fishing, trolling, &c.

GROUND-BAITS

Have been already partly described—for barbel and dace-fishing nothing better can be used than a mixture of graves, bran, and clay, made into moderate-sized balls. Gentles, placed in the middle of clay-balls, make a first-rate ground-bait, for drawing together roach, dace, and barbel; but if you angle for roach alone, in September, October, and November, use a ground-bait made of bread and bran, well kneaded together, until they form a paste. This must be made into small balls, a stone being placed in the centre of each in order to sink it. The bread should be soaked in water half an hour before it is used. The above ground-baits are also good for carp and tench.

The garbage, or entrails, of fowls or ducks, if thrown over-night into the place where you intend to angle on the following morning, will promote your success in fishing for carp and tench.

Note.—There is, however, no better mode of attracting fish to a particular spot than that of hanging a dead dog or cat, or a piece of horse-flesh, on a branch of a tree over a stream or a pond. The maggots gradually fall into the water, and collect the fish.—*Ed.*





CHAPTER III.

THE SALMON.

IN the following account of the fish found in our British rivers and lakes, I shall not attempt any scientific description of them, but confine myself to such observations as may be most useful to my brothers of the angle.

The salmon, from its value as a delicious article of food, its beauty, and great abundance, takes precedence of all our fresh-water fish.

Salmon, and most of the genus *salmo*, spawn generally in September or October, earlier or later, as the season and river may be conducive to that end. As the

“North-Country Angler” appears to have been an accurate observer, I shall transcribe his account of some of the habits of this fish, so little understood, even by naturalists of the present day; at least I am inclined to think so, from the great contrariety of opinions I find in the various authors who have written on the subject.

“Where plenty of salmon are taken in locks, or nets, it is easy to observe when the spawn begins to grow in them, which, in some, may be seen in the beginning of April, in others not till May, as they have got up the river and spawned, and gone down to sea again, the preceding year. For some time, there not being proper floods to bring them down to the tide, they will lie a month or six weeks in the fresh-water pools, in a languid, starving condition, and such fish will be a month or six weeks longer in recovering when they do get to the salt water. From their first having milts and roes in them, till they spawn, is generally five or six months; in the first four or five of which they are in high perfection, as several other creatures are while their eggs are growing in them, as hens, &c.

“Where there are no dams to stop them, as in the Tweed, and most of the rivers in Scotland and Ireland, they will change the salt for the fresh water several times in the summer, when they ‘taste a fresh,’ as the fishermen call it; that is to say, when a great flood and a spring tide reach a good way into the sea.

“And as these migrations or changes are necessary

for their health, so there are some reasons that in a manner force them to it; for when they have been too long in the sea, and have lain among the rocks and the sea-weed, the sea-lice get on to them, and stick so close, and make them so uneasy, that they will rub the very skin off when the lice bite them, and nothing cures them of these tormentors so soon as the fresh water; and then again, when they have been about a month in the river, and lie under banks, roots, or stones, the fresh-water lice creep on to them, and force them to get to sea again, to be freed from them, which the salt water does effectually. And here I must observe, how this migration of these creatures answers the same end of Providence with that of woodcocks, quails, &c., and several kinds of fish that go round our island at their proper seasons, and furnish all the neighbouring inhabitants with delicious food. But the sea-lice are more troublesome to the salmon when they grow big-bellied, towards the end of August and the beginning of September, for then they are heavier and lazier, and lie more among the rocks, and get more lice upon them, and this forces them into the fresh river on a double account, to be eased of the vermin and of their natural burthen too. At this time their skin grows thicker than in summer, and of a duskish coppery colour, to make them endure the cold of the winter season the better. At this time, also, the milter is easily distinguished from the roe, for now, at the end of



LEISTERING SALMON IN THE TWEED.

his lower chop, there grows a hard bony gib, from which they are then called gib-fishes, larger or less, according to the age or size of the salmon; in some, above an inch long and taper; and this gib, as it grows, makes for itself a socket, or hole, in the upper jaw, which nails up his mouth when it is shut; and, besides, all the fore part of the head is at this time more tough and bony.

“ This is one of the numberless works of the God of nature, by which the fish is armed and prepared for the work he has to do when he arrives at the proper places for spawning.

“ At what particular time they choose their mates, and pair, like most other creatures, none of our books on angling tell us, but I suppose it must be as they come up the rivers in shoals of three or four hundred together; and who knows but they may keep to their own tribes, and match and choose mates among their own relations? And it has been observed that salmon particularly, and salmon-trouts, will come up the same rivers, and spawn in the very same places where they were bred; and I am inclined to believe the same of some other fish, as we read of swallows and other birds of passage.

“ The lightest and strongest go the furthest up the river, and the larger and heavier press up as far as they can get, if not to the place where they were bred, choosing large pools, and pretty deep, gravelly streams.

As they come up the river, they swim close to the bottom, and generally in the middle and deepest part of it, making tracks in the gravel and sand, like sheep-tracks, by which we fishers know when any salmon are in the river. And it has been observed that the pilots, or guides (as fishermen call them), often come to the top of the water, as if to reconnoitre, if I may use a modern military term, and see what they are upon. They swim very fast, and, generally, more at night than day, and rest, when they come to convenient places, under bushes, weeds, banks, and stones, and then the whole shoal run again. The reason, I suppose, of their swimming in the middle and the bottom of the river, is because that part is the least disturbed by a flood, and there is the safest and best travelling.

“ They generally choose streams to spawn in, at the head of great deep pools, both for their own security from their mortal enemy the otter, and the greater preservation of their young fry, which we may observe, in the spring, very near the shore of those streams where they were bred, waiting for a flood to carry them down.

“ When the gib-fish has found a stream that he likes, he makes a hole, as a swine works in the ground with his nose, his mouth being nailed close with the gib in its socket. When he has made this hole a yard and a half long, or more, and nearly a yard broad, he finds his mate, and they proceed to deposit the spawn in the trough previously prepared. All the roes that

are smit, or touched by the milt, which is of a vicious quality, sink among the little stones and gravel, and those that are not touched with it are carried down the stream, and are delicious food for the many trouts that are watching the opportunity; then the she-fish leaves her mate, chasing away the small fish, while the gib-fish is working at the head of the bed, and covering up the spawn with the gravel and sand, which he throws up with his head, making, at the same time, a new bed and filling up the other.

“ This he does all by himself, for I never saw the she-fish along with the he when he was making a new hole at the head of the other. Sometimes I have seen him lie still in the hole, as if resting himself, and then, in an hour or two, bring up his mate again as before.

“ If it be rainy or hazy weather, they will be three or four nights in finishing their work, but frosty weather puts them in a hurry, and they will have done in two nights, or less, and hasten down to their holds, and take the first opportunity to get to sea.

“ In this manner salmon-trouts, and, I believe, all other trouts, spawn; and other fish that spawn in the streams use much the same methods in making their beds, and covering up their future progeny.

“ I have been the more particular in this article, because I have seen the above process frequently, in many places, both mornings and evenings, and sometimes at night, with a light. Sometimes a salmon loses his mate

before they have done spawning, it being struck with a lister, &c., and yet the gib-fish has brought up another, in two or three hours' time to spawn with him. Whether there have been any supernumerary females in the pool, or whether he has taken by violence the mate of another, I cannot tell; but I have a better opinion of our noble salmon than to suspect him of such injustice.

“ I have sometimes known the gib-fish caught at spawning-time, and then she has procured another mate, or else two other salmon have taken possession of their works, and driven her out.*

“ A salmon-spawn heap will be three yards or more in length, and two feet or nearly a yard broad, and it looks like a new made grave.

“ The roe of the salmon becomes salmon-fry in March and April, and they very soon find their way to the sea, where they grow with amazing rapidity; as on their return to their native streams, in June or July of the same year, they weigh from six to seven pounds, and are then called grilse or gilse. They breed the first year, though they have not strength to reach so far up the rivers to spawn as older fish, and they contain a smaller quantity of roe than adults.”

Mr. Yarrell says “ that the growth of salmon, from the state of fry to that of grilse, has been shewn

* Mates will frequently fight for a female, and will do this till one is killed. The hooks with which they are provided in the breeding season, at the extremity of the lower jaw, enable them to tear each other.—ED.

to be very rapid; and the increase of weight, during the second and each subsequent year, is believed to equal, if not to exceed the weight gained in the first.* He also observes, that "the salmon is a voracious feeder," may be safely inferred from the degree of perfection in the arrangement of the teeth, and from its own habits, of which proof will be adduced, as well as from the known habits of the species most closely allied to it. Yet of the many observers who have examined the stomach of the salmon to ascertain the exact nature of the food which mostly constitutes their principal support, few have been able to satisfy themselves. Dr. Knox states, that the food of the salmon, and that on which all its estimable qualities, and, in his opinion, its very existence depends, and which the fish can only obtain in the ocean, he has found to be the ova, or eggs, of various kinds of echinodermata and some of the crustacea.

From the richness of the food on which the true salmon solely subsists, arise, at least to a great extent, the excellent qualities of the fish as an article of food. Something, however, must be ascribed to a specific distinction in the fish itself; for though he has ascertained that the salmon-trout lives very much, in some localities, on the same food as the true salmon, under no cir-

* This is now disproved; the salmon fry remain in the stream in which they have been hatched for a year, harbouring under stones, and taking small flies readily.—See Mr. Shaw's account of the growth of salmon.

cumstances does this fish acquire the same exquisite flavour.

Dr. Fleming says “ their favourite food in the sea is the sand-eel.”* Sir William Jardine observes, “ In the north of Sutherland a mode of fishing for salmon is sometimes successfully practised in the firths, where sand-eels are used as a bait—a line is attached to a buoy, or bladder, and allowed to float with the tide up the narrow estuaries ;” but the baits commonly used in angling for salmon are worms and artificial flies, though they have been taken with a minnow.

When a grilse has reached nine pounds’ weight, it becomes a salmon, and frequently grows from that to a large size, weighing from twenty to sixty pounds or more.

When I visited Loch Awe, in the year 1835, I met an intelligent Highlander (of course, in that district, a Campbell), who related an anecdote connected with the weight of a salmon that I shall repeat, and leave my reader to his own share of credence.

A tall, stout, young Campbell, from Glenorchy, celebrated for his success as a salmon fisher, left his native glen for the river Awe, which runs from the Loch of that name to Loch Etive, through a narrow ravine at

* There is no doubt of this. The first thing a salmon does when it is hooked or caught in a net, is to disgorge the contents of its stomach, and this accounts for so little being known of the food of this fish. By watching salmon during the haul of a net, they may be seen to eject sand-eels in great abundance.—ED.

the foot of the mighty Ben Cruachan. The bed of this river is stony, and in many parts the water is rapid and turbulent, but it subsides occasionally into deep pools, which are the favourite resorts of large fish. Our experienced Highlander reached a well-known deep of this description, with a strong eighteen-feet rod, and an immense wooden pirn, on which was wound eighty yards of strong line, and had only cast his fly a second time when he struck a fish. The fish ran out his line with such furious rapidity that he was obliged to follow with his utmost speed over rocks and stones, and frequently through the water also; for he soon found that he had no chance whatever of turning his fish until they should reach a broad deep pool, above a mile below him.

At this haven he at length arrived, much exhausted with fatigue; not so the fish, for he seemed to be as vigorous as ever, and the angler, on finding he had room to try his skill and the strength of his tackle, soon recovered his spirits, when, as if in derision of both, the fish, after a violent plunge or two, took to the bottom, and there remained immovable, resisting every effort to rouse him. Suddenly, however, he again ran up the stream, carrying the Highlander after him through the same rugged route, to the imminent peril of life and limb, till he reached the pool where he was first struck. After a short struggle, in which the angler so far succeeded as to turn the fish down the

stream, or, rather, submitted to be himself taken down, and that, as before, in no gentle fashion, they reached the deep pool once more, when, after a few fruitless efforts on the part of the Highlander, the fish again took to the bottom, where he lay in the most dogged sullenness, defying all the powers of his enemy to draw him from his retreat.

Night was now coming on, and even our hardy angler was exhausted by his long contest; he therefore sat down between two rocks on the bank of the river, in a secure place, and determined to rest there till certain fishermen arrived, as was their custom, at break of day, from whom he might obtain assistance. He fixed his rod in security, and contrived that his pirl should give out the line freely, and then placed the line between his teeth, so that, if the fish should leave the bottom, the running of the line might awaken him. In this situation he slept soundly till three in the morning, at which time the fishermen found him—the rod and line were undisturbed, and the fish still at the bottom. But the Highlander was now awake, and, with the assistance of the friends in question, he soon succeeded, with their nets, in capturing this doughty fish, which proved to be a fine salmon, weighing seventy-four pounds.

The river Awe runs from Loch Awe, and the accompanying view of the loch is taken from near the inn of Port Sonachan.



The truth of the above anecdote was vouched by several respectable Highlanders at the inn of Port Sonnachan.

The largest salmon I have heard of, in the London market, was in the possession of Mr. Grove, of Bond Street; it weighed eighty-three pounds.

Salmon are remarkable for their strength and activity, and, as the spawning season advances, they shoot up the rapid stream with great velocity, and are not easily retarded in their progress, as they spring over wiers, or falls of water, called salmon-leaps, of the height of from seven to ten feet. Sometimes, when they meet with a wier, or a cascade, which they cannot surmount, they will make repeated efforts, even till they die on the spot. Many fish are taken by the fishermen during their attempts to spring over these impediments.

It is said that one of the wonders which the Frazers of Lovat, who are lords of the manor, used to shew their guests, was a voluntarily cooked salmon at the Falls of Kilmorac. For this purpose a kettle was placed upon the flat rock on the south side of the fall, close by the edge of the water, and kept full and boiling. There is a considerable extent of the rock where tents were erected, and the whole was under a canopy of overhanging trees. There the company are said to have waited till a salmon fell into the kettle, and was boiled in their presence; a mode of enter-

tainment I confess myself incapable of coveting, being too much of a sportsman, and too little of an epicure, to desire conquest so unworthy, and cookery so unnatural.

The principal rivers in England where salmon are caught are the following :—

The Eden, the Derwent,* and the Kent, in Cumberland; the Tyne and the Coquet, in Northumberland; the Ribble, in Yorkshire; the Lune, in Lancashire; the Dee, in Cheshire; the Trent, in Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, &c.; the Itchin, Avon, and Stour, in Hampshire. The Thames formerly produced abundant salmon of the finest quality, but the gas works and steam navigation have now totally destroyed the salmon fishery. Thirty years ago, at Mortlake, and between Isleworth and Richmond, I have seen from ten to twenty salmon taken at a draught; the last I saw caught in the Thames was in the year 1820, but they have been occasionally taken since that time. The samlet, brandling, or skegger, has also disappeared.

In Scotland, the principal salmon rivers are the Tweed, the Tay, the Don, the Spey, the Brora, and the Awe. Most of the Scotch lochs communicating with the sea also produce salmon, and nearly all the streams on the Scottish coasts afford excellent sport to the angler, immediately after a flood or fresh, during the

* The Derwent salmon-fishing is but little known to anglers, but it is excellent in the months of September and October.—ED.

months of July and August, when the sea-trout run up from the sea to meet the fresh, and are frequently taken in great numbers with the fly, the lob-worm, or well-scoured brandling.*

Grilse are also often taken at the same period in these small rivers, weighing from three to six pounds. At Kilmun, a village on the Clyde, between Loch Long and Loch Fine, there is a stream which runs from Loch Eck, a distance of about four miles, and enters the Clyde, in which I have seen from fifteen to twenty brace of sea-trout taken in a few hours ; but this can only be done by wading, which my health did not then allow (not being provided with caoutchouc boots), so that I was obliged to content myself with trout-fishing on the lake, which is excellent. I caught, in a few hours, twenty brace and one fine sea-trout.

This river is preserved, but a residence at the inn, which is tolerably comfortable, will procure you a ticket. This will be found a pleasant station, for a few days, to a Highland tourist ; and there is a steam-boat to and from Glasgow daily. The scenery on the loch is of a grand character, and well worthy the attention of the landscape painter : the nearest house of entertainment is at Kilmun, four miles from the foot of the

* It is not generally known, but excellent sport may be had with a fly in some of the estuaries on the coast of Scotland, before salmon and sea-trout ascend the rivers. A gentleman of my acquaintance killed many in this way from the boat of his yacht.—ED.

loch, from which, in summer-time, a coach runs daily, by the borders of the loch, which is eight miles long, to the ferry on Loch Fine, opposite to Inverary.

This solitary loch is little frequented, and, consequently, the trout are not shy of the fly; a small boat may be had if required, but there is good shore-fishing when the wind is favourable.

The White-Adder and the Black-Adder, near Abbotsford, are visited by sea-trout; but these streams are more famous for common trout; indeed, there are few better trout streams in Scotland than the White-Adder.

On the river Esk, near Johnnie Armstrong's Castle, there is a very comfortable inn, where many north-country anglers resort; the charges are reasonable in the extreme, and the house is situate in the midst of the most romantic scenery. It has the further advantage of being only one stage from the city of Carlisle.

The Irish rivers and lakes abound in salmon and trout.

Sir Humphry Davy says, "that some of the Irish are better taken care of than the Scotch rivers; which arises a good deal from the influence of the Catholic priests, when they are concerned in the interest of the proprietors or the Catholic peasantry. I should place the Erne, at Ballyshannon, as now the first river for salmon, from the banks with a rod, in the British dominions; and the excellent proprietor of it, Dr. Theil,

is liberal and courteous to all fly-fishers. The Moy, at Ballina, is likewise an admirable salmon river, and sport, I believe, may always be secured there, in every state of the waters; but the best fishing can only be commanded by the use of a boat. I have taken, in the Erne, two or three large salmon in the morning; and, in the Moy, three or four grilises, or, as they are called in Ireland, grauls, and this was in a very bad season for salmon-fishing. The Bann, near Coleraine, abounds in salmon, but, except in close time, when it is unlawful to fish there, there are few good casts in the river. In the Bush, a small river, there is admirable salmon-fishing always after great floods; but in fine and dry weather there is little use in trying this river. I have hooked twenty fish in a day, after the first August floods, in this river; and, should sport fail, the celebrated Giant's Causeway is within a mile of its mouth, and offers, to the lovers of natural beauty and geological research, almost inexhaustible sources of interest."

The Blackwater, at Lismore, is a very good salmon river; and the Shannon, above Limerick, and at Castle Connel, whenever the water is tolerably high, offers many good casts to the fly-fisher: but they can only be commanded by boats. But there is no considerable river along the northern or western coast, with the exception of the Avoca (which has been spoilt by the copper mines), that does not afford salmon, and that

does not (if taken at the proper time) afford sport to the salmon-fisher.

Lough Luggin, in Connemara, abounds in salmon and white trout, as do many other loughs, being near the sea-coast. The lakes of Killarney are alike celebrated for scenery and fishing; the angler for salmon will not meet with the same sport as at Ballyshannon, but, if he will be content with trout, I can truly say I am not acquainted with any lakes superior to Killarney. I was there early in August, 1836, the worst season in the year for trout-fishing, and yet I had, during ten days, capital sport; and the fish, though not large, were fine in quality. I can with confidence recommend Michael Doherty as an angling guide; he is well acquainted with every course where a salmon is to be found, and with every bay most frequented by trout; and he makes capital flies, suited to the lakes. I tried his and my own alternately, and I found his had the advantage.

I am now speaking of trout-flies, but he shewed me his salmon-flies, which were small, and dull in colour, rather than gaudy; his favourite ones seemed to have dark turkey or grouse-feather wings, and brown olive bodies, ribbed with narrow gold twist. And I may here remark, from my own little experience in salmon-fishing, together with the observations of more experienced hands, that large gaudy flies are not so much in use as they were formerly, particularly in

lakes and Scotland. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, of Limerick, certainly still has in use all the colours of the rainbow.

The lakes of Killarney have often been compared with those of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the preference in general given to the former. When I took boat at the lower lake the scenery appeared to me superior to that of many English and Scottish lakes, but on a further acquaintance with the mountains, the numerous and beautifully wooded islands, and, above all, with the enchanting, narrow, deeply wooded outlet, from the lower to the middle and upper lakes, I became a convert to the general opinion. Mic. Doherty informed me that he had the honour of taking Sir Walter Scott through this magical passage, and that he appeared to be deeply impressed with the solemn beauty of the scene.

All the islands and shores of these lakes are thickly covered with the arbutus, and in no other place have I seen this beautiful tree in such perfection. Myself and friends dined almost every day on one or other of the islands; but, on two occasions, at Kenmare Cottage, permission for that purpose being liberally granted to strangers by the amiable proprietor, Lady Kenmare. On one of these occasions we had a newly caught salmon broiled, or roasted, on skewers made of the green wood of the arbutus, which is said to give the fish a fine and peculiar flavour:—however this may be, I can safely say that never before, or since, have I enjoyed salmon in such perfection.



Ross Castle is a fine old ruin, of which I have given a vignette: it is a mile and a half from the town of Killarney, and is the usual point of embarkation from the lower lake, the boat-house being close by it.

The Kenmare Arms, kept by Mr. T. Finn, is the principal inn at Killarney, and is an excellent house, where the angler, or tourist, will find every accommodation, such as boats, fishermen, guides, ponies, carriages, &c. The landlord has lately opened a new establishment, called the "Victoria Hotel," situated on the north-west shore of the lower lake, commanding fine and extensive views of the lakes and the adjacent mountain scenery; and this new hotel has the advantage to the angler of being a mile nearer the lake than the Kenmare Arms. And if Mrs. Finn provides

as liberally at the new establishment as she does at the old one, visitors will have no right to complain.

Provisions in the market at Killarney are very reasonable. Salmon, five pence per pound; ducks and fowls, two shillings per couple; turkeys, half-a-crown each, and other things in proportion.

The rivers and lakes in Wales are very numerous, but the salmon is by no means equal to the trout-fishing. The principal salmon rivers are the Dee, the Conway, the Severn, the Taf, the Towy, the Teivi, the Ogmore, the Usk, the Math, and the Wye. All the numerous streams on the Welsh coast, that have a free communication with the sea, abound in sewen or sea-trout.

For salmon-fishing your fly-rod should be from seventeen to twenty feet long, and the reel (which should not be a multiplying one) should contain from sixty to eighty yards of line; and a rod for worm-fishing (when the angler does not wade) should be twenty feet long; but I may venture to say that, in many rivers, very little success can be expected from worm-fishing for sea-trout, without wading. I have before observed, that the best time for worm-fishing is after a fresh in the month of August, and if the water be heavy your hook may be baited with two lob-worms; if the water be clearing, a well-scoured single brandling may be used, or one well-scoured marsh-worm: your hooks to be baited as directed in Chapter II. in the article on worms. The bottom of your line should

consist of four yards of strong, even gut, and should be leaded according to the strength of the stream.

When I was a boy, and living at Nottingham, I frequently accompanied to the river Trent a gentleman who was fond of fishing for salmon from the bridge; he used to stand within the recess of a pier, and baited with two lob-worms; he had a bullet on his line about twelve inches above the hook, with at least eighty yards of line on his reel. He dropped his bait into the deep eddies, or pools, near the starlings; and in this manner he frequently caught large barbel, and sometimes a salmon. On one occasion, when I was only nine years old, I followed him to the bridge, and after I had patiently watched him for two or three hours, without seeing a fish caught, he gave the rod into my hands, shewing me how to support it on the bridge, and telling me, if I felt a tug at the line, to let it run freely, and not to touch the reel, but to call out loudly, that either the toll-bar keeper or himself might come to my assistance. He then went to a public-house at a short distance from the turnpike-house for refreshment, and had not been gone many minutes, when, to my great surprise and delight, I felt two smart strokes at the line, which then ran out furiously, whilst I called out lustily, to the extent of my voice, and soon brought both my friend and the gatekeeper to my assistance. They were just in time to turn the fish before it had run out the extent of the

line:—a boat was procured, and assistance given on the water to the angler on the bridge, and, after nearly an hour's labour and anxiety, the fish was landed, and proved to be a salmon in beautiful condition, weighing eighteen pounds and a half: so that I may say (in one sense) I caught a salmon at nine years of age—a circumstance which, undoubtedly, greatly fed my early passion for angling, and might have been a foundation for my becoming a great salmon-fisher. But circumstances have prevented me from having much practice in this noble branch of our art. I have, however, eagerly sought the *salmo fario*, his near relation, in almost every river and lake in the United Kingdom, and have not been unsuccessful in this part of our “gentle craft.”

The flies used in salmon-fishing vary, in form and colour, very much in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

In Ireland, large gaudy flies, such as are made by O'Shaughnessy, of Limerick, are favourites; in the Tweed and in Scotland similar flies prevail; but in Wales and in England, smaller and duller coloured flies are more successful. I have heard a practical and observant fisher remark that, where the water is coloured by neighbouring peat-bogs, large gay flies will take best, and that, in clear streams and lakes, smaller and chaster flies may be used.

The following list of flies may serve the young

salmon fisher, till practice and experience shall enable him to correct and enlarge it.*

No. 1. For the Tweed, Scotland.

The body, claret and orange mohair, with green tip ribbed with gold twist; legs, black and red hackle; wings, turkey feather with white tips. Hook, No. 7, Limerick, or O, O, Kirby.

No. 2. Tweed.

Body, one half blue, the other half greenish yellow mohair ribbed with gold twist and red tip; legs, a black hackle; wings, a heron's wing. Hook, No. 8, Limerick, or O, Kirby.

No. 3. Tweed.

Body, one half dark blue, the other half orange mohair, ribbed with silver twist and red tip; legs, a black hackle; wings, mottled grey feather of the mallard's wing. Hook, No. 9, Limerick, or No. 1, Kirby.

Two flies for the river Awe, Highlands of Scotland.

No. 1. Body, greenish yellow mohair, ribbed with gold twist; tip, orange mohair, and turkey's wing; legs, black hackle; wings, the black-and-white tail feather of the turkey. Hook, No. 8, Limerick, or O, Kirby.

No. 2. Body, blue mohair, ribbed with silver twist;

* Anglers will thank me when they have tried it, for the following description of a fly, which is warranted to kill salmon in any of the rivers of the west of Scotland. The body to be formed of crimson silk, ribbed with gold twist; hackle of argus pheasant's spotted feather, and the jay's blue feather, and winged and tailed with the yellow feather of the golden pheasant. *Probatum est.*—ED.

legs, a dyed blue hackle; wings, the speckled feather of the mallard's wing. Hook, No. 8, Limerick, or No. 0, Kirby.

The following flies are recommended by Mr. Hansard, in his "Trout and Salmon-fishing in Wales."

A SPRING FLY.

"Wings, dark brown mottled feather of the bittern; body, orange silk or worsted, with broad gold twist, and a smoky dun hackle for legs."

A SUMMER FLY.

"Wings, the brown mottled feather of a turkey-cock's wing, with a few of the green strands selected from the eye of a peacock's tail feather. Body, yellow silk and gold twist, with a deep blood-red hackle for legs."

The flies described for the Tweed will answer for the rivers and lochs of Ireland, but the flies sold by O'Shaughnessy are still more gaudy than those used for the Tweed. In the English rivers, few of which will repay the angler for his labour, smaller and quieter coloured flies are used.

The flies I have already recommended for salmon, if dressed upon Nos. 3, 4, or 5 hooks, will answer for salmon, trout, sea-trout, whiting, sewen, &c.

The three following flies I have used with success for sea trout :—

No. 1. Body, yellow flos silk, ribbed with fine gold twist ; legs, a red hackle ; tail, three strands of ditto ; wings, the light speckled feather of a mallard's wing. Hook, No. 4 Kirby.

No. 2. Body, purple mohair ; legs, coch-a-bonddu hackle : wings, woodcock or partridge wing. Hook, No. 6, Kirby.

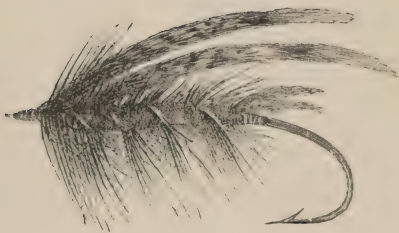
No. 3. Body, black ostrich herl, ribbed with silver twist ; legs, black hackle ; wings, mallard's wing. Hook, No. 6, Kirby.

These three flies may be varied in size and colour, by dressing them on different sized hooks, and using different coloured mohairs, and wings such as the grouse, woodcock, starling, jay, turkey, &c., and by using flos silk instead of mohair ; also using sometimes gold, sometimes silver twist, and otherwise with coloured silks, and varying the hackles for legs to suit the colour of the wings.

To those who make a piscatory trip to Ireland, I strongly recommend Martin Kelly's tackle-shop in Sackville Street ; or Murray's, Arran Quay, Dublin. At either of these places they will meet with well-made flies, of which they should lay in a stock suitable to the waters they are about to visit.

Strong salmon-gut, when used single, in a clear water and bright day, will answer better than twisted

gut, but if the day be cloudy, the water dark; and large fish are expected, even treble gut is sometimes employed. And when twisted with the skill and care employed by Mr. Chevalier, it is as fine, and will fall nearly as lightly on the water, as single gut.



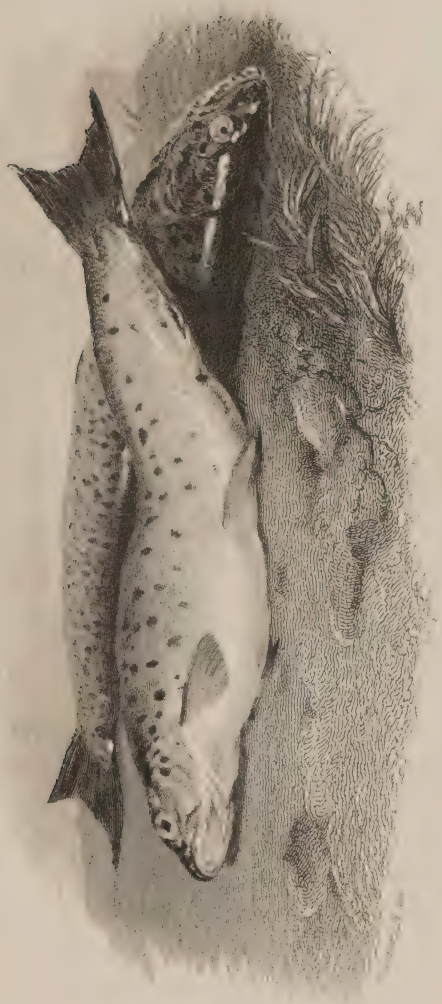
THE SALMON-TROUT.

I have before observed, that great difference of opinion exists among naturalists respecting the varieties in the genus *salmo*, some affirming that the salmon-trout, the grilse, the bull-trout, and the sewin, are only varieties of the true salmon:—others contend, from the difference in the formation of the gills, and from the number of spines in their fins, that some of them are of a distinct species from the true salmon; and that able naturalist, Mr. Yarrell,* is of this opinion. The salmon-trout is, I believe, the sea-trout of Scotland; the white trout of Ireland; the sewin of Wales; and the whitling of Cumberland; varying in size, form, and colour, according to their different localities. The general weight of these fish varies from two to seven pounds; but Mr. Grove of Bond Street, in June 1831, had in his possession a salmon-trout, in fine condition, which weighed seventeen pounds. Twenty pounds is the largest known weight.

In Scotland, these fish are very numerous in the Don, the Spey, and the Tay; and two hundred of them are frequently taken at a single draught of a sweep-net. Mr. Yarrell says, speaking on this subject:—

“The Fordwich trout of Izaak Walton, is the salmon-

* This is erroneous. The bull and sea-trout are two distinct fish, both in their habits and formation. See Mr. Yarrell on these fish, who sets the matter quite at rest. Mr. Hoffland's opinion was, however, formerly, a very general one.—ED.



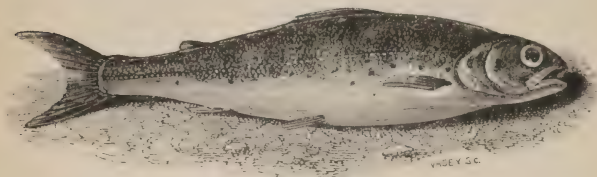
BILL TROUT.

trout ; and its character for affording ‘ rare good meat,’ besides the circumstance of its being really an excellent fish, second only to the salmon, was greatly enhanced, no doubt, by the opportunity of eating it very fresh. Fordwich is two miles east-north-east of Canterbury. The stream called the Stour was formerly very considerable ; it communicates with the sea opposite the back of the Isle of Sheppey, and from Fordwich, one branch, going eastward, again enters the sea at Sandwich. The ancient right to the fishery at Fordwich was enjoyed jointly by two religious establishments ; it is now vested in six or seven individuals, who receive a consideration for their several interests. It was formerly the custom to visit the nets at Fordwich every morning, to purchase the fish caught during the night. I have seen specimens of the salmon-trout from the Sandwich river exposed for sale in the fishmongers’ shops at Ramsgate, during the season for visiting that watering-place ; and the salmon-trout is also occasionally taken in the Medway, by fishermen who work long nets for smelts, during the autumn and winter. I have obtained a young fish of the year, in the Thames, from the men who fish for shads above Putney Bridge, in the months of June and July.”

• Vast quantities of this fish are brought to the London market, chiefly from Scotland, and when in high season are but little inferior in flavour to the true salmon. The same baits which are used for the latter,

i.e. the worm, or the fly, will answer for the salmon-trout.

The list of flies for this fish is given in the preceding article.



SALMON-PINK, BRANDLING, PAR, OR SKEGGER.*

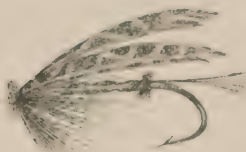
This brilliant little fish is the smallest of the *salmonidæ*, and is only found in rivers frequented by salmon; for whenever a river becomes deserted by them, the samlet also disappears. This fish, for many years, was considered to be the fry of the true salmon, and local regulations were made for its preservation; but it is now better understood, and is believed by Mr. Yarrell, Dr. Heysham, and other learned naturalists, to be a distinct species.

The samlets frequent the clearest streams, and are frequently met with in great shoals; they will take

* The skegger certainly disappeared from the Thames with the salmon. I have frequently offered a Thames fisherman twenty shillings if he would bring me a skegger, but never succeeded in procuring one. This induces me to think that it is the young of the salmon.—ED.

almost any small artificial fly, but success will be increased by pointing the hook with a gentle, or a small bit of whit-leather. A single pellet of salmon-roe, on a hook No. 12, with a fine gut bottom, and a single shot eight inches from your hook, and a long rod to reach the streams, will enable you to take ten or twelve dozen of this delicate fish in a few hours. They are also excellent practice for the tyro with the fly.

The samlet is distinguished from the salmon, the salmon-trout, and the common trout, by a row of large bluish marks descending from the back, on each side, as if caused by the impression of fingers. It seldom exceeds seven inches in length.





CHAPTER IV.

THE COMMON TROUT.

THIS beautiful fish, so common to all parts of Europe, is the great exciting object of the British angler, and in pursuit of which he is led to visit the most picturesque and romantic scenery. Whether he take his course to the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, to the lone grandeur of a Highland loch, or to the pastoral meadows and streams of Hampshire, he alike enjoys health, exercise, and the unrivalled landscape of our beautiful country. The trout season is spring, when all things are in their lovely prime, and

re-animated Nature offers, in the fragrance of violets and cowslips, the song of the nightingale and blackbird, the universal verdure of meadow, grove, and hedge-row, whatever can charm the senses and awaken the heart to joy and gratitude.

When to these charms of Nature are added the excitement of innocent yet active pursuit, the exercise of skill, and the consciousness of power, which are always productive of pleasurable sensation, we may certainly say that the angler, "with such appliances and means" to aid him, ensures as much felicity as human existence permits in following his sport.*

There is not any fish, with which I am acquainted, that varies so much in size, form, colour, and flavour, as the trout;—this variety is even met with in the same river, for one part of the stream will produce a well-fed, silvery fish, with flesh of a yellowish pink colour and of delicious flavour; whilst another part will only yield ill-fed fish, of a dusky hue, whose flesh is white and almost tasteless. I have known two mountain tarns

* Mr. Hoffland is right. He was a lover of Nature, and he wooed her charms on the banks of trout streams. In the early morn the first ruddy streaks of the sun are seen, the dew-drops sparkle on the grass, the lark sings his song of gratitude, and everything looks fresh, and gay, and smiling.

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest bird."

And then the gaily rising trout as they feed on the may-fly, just emerging into new existence! It is a pretty picture, and a pleasing scene.

—ED.

(or lakes) in Cumberland, within a stone's throw of each other, one of them producing bright trout of an excellent flavour, and the other the black trout, a worthless, insipid fish.

In some rivers and lakes where trout are numerous, and are well fed, coloured, and flavoured, the average of the fish is from half a pound to a pound weight; in others, from one to three pounds; and in Malham Tarn (in the district of Craven, in Yorkshire), a trout under three pounds is not considered a killable fish; the average weight taken by the fly in this water being from three to eight pounds. The Driffeld river (the Hull), in the east riding of this county, produces the largest trout in England; for although the Thames occasionally yields very fine ones, they are so few in number* that it cannot be called a trout river, which the Hull decidedly is. In the Kennet and Test, in Hampshire, a trout under a pound is not considered killable, and in many other rivers the same regulation is observed.

The largest trout I have heard of, as being caught in the Thames, is one mentioned by Mr. Yarrell, who says, "On the 21st of March, 1835, a male trout, of fifteen pounds, was caught in a net; the length of this fish was thirty inches."

* This is far otherwise now. In consequence of the river Thames being now well protected, it abounds with trout, and *good* spinners have excellent sport. — ED.

At Great Driffeld, in September 1832, a trout was taken measuring thirty-one inches in length, twenty-one in girth, and weighing seventeen pounds.

The age to which trout as well as salmon will live is uncertain. Stephen Oliver (the younger) speaks of a trout that died in August 1809, which had been for twenty-eight years an inhabitant of the well at Dumbarton Castle. It had never increased in size from the time it was placed there, when it weighed about a pound, and became so tame that it would receive its food from the hand of the soldiers.

The trout spawn in October and November, and are then out of season till April; indeed, they cannot be said to be in perfection till the months of May and June, at which period the food suitable to them is most abundant. From this time they continue in season till September; but all the winter through, after they have spawned, they are long, lank, and even lousy, and remain sickly and inactive till spring approaches, when they seek the swift, gravelly streams, and free themselves from the insects that infest them, gaining new life and strength from day to day, as the season advances and their food becomes more abundant.

There are barren trouts that remain in tolerably good condition all the year round. I have caught them in Ulswater, in the month of October, in excellent condition. Like the salmon, trouts make up the streams in October, to find fitting situations in which to deposit

their spawn ; and at this season of the year, vast numbers of them may be seen entering the becks, or burns, that fall into the rivers or lakes, for that purpose. The North-Country Angler justly observes : — “ The burn trout grows fast if it has plenty of food and good water ; several experiments have been made in fish-ponds ; some fed by river water, some by clear fluent springs, into which the young fry have been put at about five or six months old—that is, in September or October, reckoning from April when they come out of their spawning beds, at which time they will be six or seven inches long ; and though there has been little difference in their age and size when put into the pond, yet, in eighteen months after, there will be a surprising change. I have seen a pond drained ten months after the fish were put into it, which was in July, when they were about fifteen months old, at which time some of them were fifteen or sixteen inches, others not above eleven or twelve. This was done only to satisfy the gentleman’s curiosity ; but when the pond was drained ten months after, in March, when they were almost two years old, some were twenty-one or twenty-two inches, and weighed three pounds or more ; others were about sixteen inches ; and a fourth part not above twelve. I do not know to what we can attribute this difference ; it could not be either in the food, or the water, or the weather, they faring all alike in these. But, if I may be allowed my opinion, perhaps some of the fry may have been the

spawn of those that were only seventeen months old, which is the soonest that any of them spawn; others, of parents twenty-nine months, or two years and a half old; and others a year older. This difference in the age of the parent trouts may, I believe, occasion the difference in the size of their breed; otherwise I cannot account for it.* Trouts in a good pond will grow much faster than in some rivers, because they do not range so much in feeding. How long they live cannot be determined any other way so well as by observation on those that are kept in ponds, which observation I never had an opportunity of making myself, and, therefore, shall only mention what a gentleman told me. He assured me that 'at four or five years' old they were at their full growth, which was, in some, at about thirty inches, and in many much less: that they continued about three years pretty nearly the same in size and goodness; two years after, they grew big headed and smaller bodied, and died in the winter after that change; but he thought the head did not grow larger, but only seemed to be so because the body decayed.' So that, according to this gentleman's computation, nine or ten years is the term of their life; and yet, I think, they may live longer in some rivers, and grow to a much greater size when they have liberty to go into the tide-

* The growth of trout chiefly depends on the supply of flies. They grow much faster and larger than those which feed on worms, or even minnows. — Ed.

way and salt water.* I have seen middle-sized trouts spawning in the heads of springs that come out of the rocky mountains near Rothbury, and other places, in Northumberland, whose water will smoke and feel warm for a considerable way down the hills. I have wondered how they could get up so high, having, perhaps, six or ten leaps, of about a yard high, to surmount; but in rainy weather, the water above, joining with the springs, makes great floods, that will continue two or three days; and in May, June, and July, I have seen every little hole, though scarcely three parts filled with water, swarming with small fry, not above three or four inches long, that would, by degrees, replenish the becks, and these the rivers."

Notwithstanding the evidence of the North-Country Angler's friend, trouts live, in many waters, much longer than the term he allows them; but their age may depend upon the nature of the water which they inhabit.

The following instance of longevity appeared, some years since, in the *Westmoreland Advertiser* :—

"Fifty years ago, Mr. W. Hossop, of Bond Hall, near Broughton, in Furness, when a boy, placed a small fell-beck trout in a well, in the orchard belonging to his family, where it remained till last week, when it departed this life, not through any sickness or infirmity attendant on old age, but from want of its natural

* General Popham had trout of a great age in his waters near Hungerford, where they were regularly fed.—ED.

element, water, the severe drought having dried up the spring that supplied the well,—a circumstance that has not happened for the last sixty years. His lips and gills were perfectly white; his head was formerly black, and of a large size. He regularly came, when summoned by his master, by the name of Ned, to feed from his hand on snails, worms, and bread. This remarkable fish has been visited, and considered a curiosity by the neighbouring country, for several years.”

The trout, when in good condition, is short and thick, with a small head and a broad tail; the sides and head marked with red and purple spots, with the belly of a silvery whiteness.

I have said that trout come into season in April; but this is too definite, as the season varies with the climate and the nature of the soil and water. In some parts of Wales, and in Cumberland and Westmoreland, fly-fishing commences in March, and the fish are then daily improving; whereas in Hampshire, and the various trout-streams in the neighbourhood of London, few anglers think of opening the campaign till the latter end of April, and even then, though the sport is, perhaps, the best, the fish taken are not of a good colour.

The trout is a fish of prey, and a voracious feeder, but is also shy and cautious; and though he affords excellent diversion to the skilful angler, he is not easily lured to destruction by the novice. He is, also, a strong active fish, is thoroughly game; and a good-sized trout

will try the angler's skill before he makes him his own.

I shall now proceed to offer, to my less experienced brothers of the angle, such instructions in the art of catching a trout as will, I trust, enable them to enjoy many hours of success by river, lake, or burn : and first of

THE ARTIFICIAL FLY.

Fly-fishing is certainly the most gentlemanly and pleasant kind of angling, and it has many advantages over every other mode of fishing. In the first place, your apparatus is light and portable : for a slight rod, twelve feet long (or if wanted for a narrow and wooded stream, one of ten feet only would be more convenient), a reel containing thirty yards of line, a book of artificial flies, and a landing net, and you are fully equipped for the sport. In the second place, it is the most cleanly and the least cruel mode of angling, as you are not obliged to soil your hands by ground bait, or live baits, nor to torture a living fish, or insect, on your hook. Another charm in fly-fishing is, that you are never fixed to one spot, but continue to rove along the banks of the stream, enjoying in your devious path all the varieties of its scenery ; the exercise induced is constant, and not too violent, and is equally conducive to health and pleasure. I have already said that a one-handed rod should be ten or twelve feet long, and a two-handed rod, from sixteen to eighteen feet ; to either of which must be

attached a reel containing thirty yards of twisted silk and hair line, tapering from a moderate thickness to a few hairs, at the end of which you are, by a loop, to attach the bottom tackle. This should be made of round, even gut, and three yards long; some persons prefer four yards: but I think too great a length of gut increases the difficulty in casting the line. These bottom tackles may be purchased at the shops in two, three, or four-yard lengths. These lines should also taper gradually, the gut being much stronger at the end which is to be attached to the line on the reel, than at the end to which the stretcher-fly is to be fixed. When you fish with only two flies, the second (or drop-fly) should be at a distance of thirty-six or forty inches from the bottom, or stretcher-fly; but if you use three flies, the first drop should only be thirty-four inches from the stretcher, and the second drop thirty inches from the first. These drop-flies are attached to the line by loops, and should not be more than three inches long; and by having the gut rather stronger than for the end-fly, they will stand nearly at a right angle from the line. I recommend the beginner to commence with one fly only: but, at most, he must not use more than two; and for his mode of casting, or throwing his fly, now his tackle is prepared, I fear little useful instruction can be given, as skill and dexterity in this point must depend upon practice. I may, however, advise him, not to attempt to cast a long line at first, but to try his strength, and gain facility by

degrees. He must make up his mind to hear many a crack, like a coachman's whip, and find the consequent loss of his flies, before he can direct his stretcher to a given point, and let it fall on the water lightly as a gossamer. When I come to speak of the different trout-streams in the neighbourhood of London, and elsewhere, I shall recommend the flies to be used for the place and season : in the meantime, I shall attempt to describe the haunts of the trout.

He is fond of swift, clear streams, running over chalky, limestone, or gravelly bottoms ; but he is more frequently in the eddies, by the side of the stream, than in the midst of it. A mill-tail is a favourite haunt of the trout ; for he finds protection under the apron, which is generally hollow, and has the advantage of being in the eddy, by the side of the mill-race, awaiting his food. He delights also in cascades, tumbling bays, and wiers. The larger trout generally have their hold under roots of overhanging trees, and beneath hollow banks, in the deepest parts of the river. The junction of little rapids, formed by water passing round an obstruction in the midst of the general current, is a likely point at which to raise a trout ; also at the roots of trees, or in other places where the froth of the stream collects. All such places are favourable for sport, as insects follow the same course as the bubbles, and are there sought by the fish. After sunset, in summer, the large fish leave their haunts, and may be found on the scowers, and at the tails of streams ;

and during this time, so long as the angler can see his fly on the water, he may expect sport. Unfortunately, when the deepening shades of twilight drive the sportsman home, he is succeeded on dark nights by the poacher, with his night-lines; and I am sorry to say that the North-Country Angler gives too faithful a picture of this night-fishing, which he himself practised.

And now, having told the young angler where to search for fish, I must strongly impress upon him the necessity of keeping out of sight of the fish,* for, if once seen, not any kind of bait he can offer will tempt a trout to take it; therefore, approach the stream with caution, keeping as far from it as possible: first, fish the side nearest to you, and then cast your line so as to drop just under the bank on the opposite side of the stream, drawing it, by gentle snatches, towards you, always continuing careful to shew yourself as little as possible.

Some persons recommend fishing up the stream, and throwing the fly before them; others walk down the river, and cast the fly before them. For my own part (after much experience), whenever I can do so with convenience, I cast my fly a little above me, and across the stream, drawing it gently towards me.† If the wind

* The young angler should always bear in mind, that if he can see a trout the trout can also see him; and therefore no *whipping* will bring him to the bait.—ED.

† The angler's fly should always be made to act on the water as nearly as possible to the real one—that is, beating down stream. Nature is always a good guide to anglers.—ED.

should be against you, you will be constrained to stand close to the water's edge, and make your cast close to the bank on which you stand, either up or down the stream, as the wind may serve. Avoid, if possible, fishing with the sun behind you, as the moving shadow of yourself and rod will alarm the fish. The finer the tackle (particularly the bottom tackle), and the lighter the fly falls on the water, the greater will be your sport; indeed some anglers use only a single hair for their bottom tackle: but when the water you fish is weedy, or much wooded, a single hair is very difficult to manage; but in ponds or streams free from impediments, it may be used by a skilful hand with great advantage. The winds most favourable to the angler are south, south-east, south-west, and north-west; but in March and April this latter wind is generally too cold. A fresh breeze is favourable, especially for lake-fishing, mill-dams, or the still deeps of rivers, as the ripple on the water caused by the breeze has the same effect as a rapid stream in preventing the sharp-sighted trout from discovering the deception of the artificial fly.

In lake-fishing you can hardly have too much wind, if you can manage your boat comfortably, and keep your fly on the water. There are very few lakes, with which I am acquainted, where good sport can be had from the shore: to insure success, a boat is indispensable; and if you can procure a boatman well acquainted with the water and the management of his boat, the battle is half

won. After sunset the fish seek the shallow water, and a lake may then be fished from the shore. I have found, from long experience in lake-fishing, that it is better to cast your line towards the shore, rather than from the shore, or up or down the lake. The boat should be maintained, as far as possible, at a proper distance from the shore—that is, so that your flies may fall where the water begins to deepen from the shore. The boat should be allowed to drift with the wind, and the oars used as seldom as possible, and merely to keep it in a proper position and distance from the shore. The flies used in lake-fishing are larger than those for rivers: and I have frequently observed that the winged flies answer better than palmers. Perhaps the cause of this may be, that many rivers and small trout-streams are bordered with trees, which overhang them, and from which drop the insects that the palmers imitate; whereas the shores of the lakes are generally rocky, or stony, and mostly denuded of trees, and, consequently, do not produce this kind of food for their finny inhabitants.

The time to commence fly-fishing must depend upon the earliness or lateness of the season, and on the locality of the water. In many parts of Wales the fly is used in March, and April is considered the best month in the year. Whilst I am writing this article the snow is falling; yet I read in *The Times* newspaper of the day, April 18th, 1838, the following paragraph, headed “Good news for Anglers.—So very plentiful

is fish in the river Wye, in the neighbourhood of Builth, that Stephen Pritchard, the fishing-tackle maker of Builth, caught, on Tuesday last, in the course of four hours, no less than 143 grayling, trout, and salmon-pink ; and in five hours, on the following day, 225 fish of the same description.—*Gloucester Journal*."

This shews how early the season commences on the Wye, compared with the streams in the neighbourhood of London ; for the last week in April is early enough to commence with the fly in the Colne, the Wandle, the Cray, or the Dart ; but with bottom-fishing, or minnow-fishing, you may commence a month sooner : not that the fish, in point of quality as food, will be worth catching.

In the month of April, early in the morning, the fly is seldom on the water, and the worm, or minnow, may be used. If the day be fine you may take to the fly after eight o'clock ; and from May to August you cannot be too early or too late with the fly. I shall give four steel plates, containing twenty-seven artificial flies, and each fly will be named, numbered, and described ; so that those who do not make their own flies may have them made at the tackle-shops from the engraving and the description given. I shall also give a fourth list, without engravings ; and when I come to describe the trout-streams in the neighbourhood of London, and elsewhere, I shall recommend the flies best adapted to each stream. I seldom use more than

three flies on my line, even for lake-fishing; others use four or five, which is the practice of a noble lord, an excellent sportsman, with whom I fished on the lakes at Capel Curig. He used five flies, and I used three; we fished from the same boat, and his lordship caught the greater *number* of fish: but by fishing with finer tackle I caught a much greater *weight* of fish, as the large ones are much more shy than the smaller.*

In the months of July and August very little sport can be expected in the middle of the day, in a bright water; but at sunrise, and after sunset, a few good fish may be taken; and during a cloudy day at this season, when the water is clearing after a fresh, they will rise all day long.

THE NATURAL FLY

Is in great favour during the drake season—that is, from the latter end of May to the middle of June—with many expert anglers, and is generally used with the “blow line,” that is, a fine line as much longer than the rod as the wind will carry out, so as to fall gently on the water, with little effort from the angler. The green and grey drake are the flies generally used for this kind of fishing, and the common practice is to place two flies on one hook, and in this manner the

* An angler when fishing in any river with which he is not well acquainted should always consult *local authorities* as to the best sort of flies to be used. This would save him much trouble.—ED.

largest trout are taken, as they will rise in the still deeps to the natural fly; and when the may-fly is full on the water, every fish in the river is feeding. I have not entered minutely into this mode of fishing, as my practice, from preference, has been with the artificial fly; but those who enjoy this kind of sport will find excellent accommodation at the Rutland Arms, Bakewell, Derbyshire,—a beautiful river (the Wye), full of fine trout, and skilful brothers of the angle.

FISHING WITH THE MINNOW, OR BLEAK,

Is, in many waters, prohibited, as nothing but the fly is permitted; but when it may be used, it will be found a most destructive bait for spring fishing, and will take the largest trout. March and April are the best months for the minnow, but it may be used at any season when the water is just clearing after a fresh, and is of an amber colour.

The minnow-rod should be of bamboo cane, at least sixteen feet long, with a tolerably stiff top; and twenty or twenty-five yards of line, something stronger than your fly-line, will be sufficient. Some anglers use a rod twenty feet long: to enable them to fish a wide stream this length of rod is necessary, as the line, in spinning the minnow, is somewhat short of the rod. If you wade the stream, a rod of twelve feet will be long enough. You should choose your minnow of a moderate size, and of a pearly whiteness; and if they

have been preserved a few days in a tub of clear water, they will become scoured and more fit for use.

As to the manner of baiting with the minnow, such various modes are in use that I scarcely know which to recommend in preference. I shall, however, describe two or three methods, each of which I have found successful. The first I shall describe is particularly calculated for clear water, as your tackle is finer than in any other mode of minnow-fishing with which I am acquainted, and although it cannot be procured ready-made at the tackle-shops, it could be made to order, or the angler would have little difficulty in making it himself.

In the first place, procure a piece of brass wire, about three inches long; one end must be formed into a small loop, and the other end flattened with a hammer, and sharpened in the shape of a spear head. This wire must be drawn through a tapering piece of lead, cast for the purpose, when it will have the appearance of Fig. 1 in the woodcut annexed. Wires of this description may be kept by you, of different lengths, to suit the size of the bait-fish used.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Enter the spear end of the leaded wire at the mouth of the minnow, and bring it out at the fork of the tail.

Then take a triangular hook, formed by tying together three No. 8 or 9 hooks, on a piece of strong gut, one inch and a quarter long, with a small loop at the end, as in Fig. 2. Now, with a baiting-needle, enter the point under the back fin of the bait, when one of the triangular hooks will enter the bait under the back fin, the other two will lie by its sides, and the loop of the gut will be even with the brass loop in the minnow's mouth.

You must now prepare a minnow-trace of three yards of gut, at one end of which tie on a Limerick hook, No. 9; twelve inches above this place a fine swivel, and twenty-four inches higher up another swivel, and your trace is ready. Next, enter the hook at the end of your trace, at the back of the bait's head, and pass it through the two loops now in its mouth, and bring it out under the lips, when the bait's mouth will be closed. Then bend slightly the spear of brass wire, so as to gently curve the tail of the minnow, and then tie the tail fast to the wire with white thread, and you are ready for the stream.

Various kinds of minnow-tackle may be purchased at the tackle-shops; and that represented in the annexed woodcut is a mode of spinning the minnow, or bleak, that may be employed either for pike or trout-



the little hook, I draw up the minnow to its full length, and make it fit the bending of the great hook, to make it twirl round when it is drawn in the water. When all is in order, I take the line in my left hand, a little above the bait, and throw it under-hand, lifting up my right, and the rod, that the bait may fall gently on the water.

“ I stand at the very top of the stream, as far off as my tackle will permit, and let the bait drop in, a yard from the middle of it: I draw the minnow, by gentle pulls, of about a yard at a time, across the stream, turning my rod up the water, within half a yard of its surface, keeping my eye fixed on the minnow.

“ When a fish takes it, he generally hooks himself: however, I give him a smart stroke, and if he does not get off then, I am pretty sure of him. In this manner I throw in, three or four times, at the upper part of a stream, but never twice in the same place, but a yard lower every cast. I always throw quite over the stream, but let the bait cross it in a round, like a semi-circle, about a foot below the surface, which the two shot of No. 3 or 4, which I always have upon my line, nine or ten inches from the hooks, will sink it to. When I am drawing the bait across the stream, I keep the top of the rod within less than a yard from the water, and draw it downwards, that the bait may be at the greater distance from me, and the first thing that the fish will see. Sometimes I can see the fish before

he takes the bait, and then I give in the rod a little, that the minnow may, as it were, meet him half way ; but if I think he is shy, I pull it away, and do not throw it in again till he has got to his feeding place.

“The twirling of the minnow is the beauty of this kind of angling, the fish seeing at a greater distance, and fancying it is making all the haste it can to escape from them ; and they make the same haste to catch it.”

The tackle here described may be also purchased complete, but somewhat improved, at the tackle-shops.

Our excellent Walton, whom Cotton called “the best minnow-fisher in England,” gives the following directions :—

“And then you are to know, that your minnow must be put on your hook ; that it must turn round when it is drawn against the stream ; and, that it may turn nimbly, you must put it on a big-sized hook, as I shall now direct you, which is thus :—Put your hook in at his mouth, and out at his gill ; then, having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond, or through his gill, put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his tail ; and then tie the hook and his tail about, very neatly, with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the water : that done, pull back the part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the minnow the second time ; I say, pull that part of your line back, so that it

shall fasten the head so that the body of the minnow shall be almost straight on your hook : this done, try how it will turn, by drawing it across the water or against a stream ; and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again till it turn quick, for, if not, you are in danger to catch nothing : for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick."

Artificial minnows are now made so closely to imitate the fish, that in coloured water, or in sharp streams and mill-tails, they will be found an effective substitute when the natural bait cannot be procured.

Deep, rapid currents ; mill-tails, when the wheel is at work ; tumbling bays, wiers, and flood-gates, are the best places for spinning the minnow. There is another bait, of rather recent invention, which is used in the same situations, and for the same purposes as the artificial minnow, and is called a Kill-devil : it is now too well known in the tackle-shops to need description ; and I can recommend its use with confidence, having myself killed very large fish with it.

SPINNING THE BLEAK.

Very large trout are caught in the Thames, from Teddington Lock upwards, by spinning the bleak ; and the minnow tackle described in page 72, if made upon a somewhat larger scale, will answer for the bleak. In lake-fishing, the same tackle may be used ; but your

bait will be a small trout or a salmon-pink. This mode of fishing is so much like minnow-fishing, that the instructions for one will serve for the other.

BUSH-FISHING, OR DIBBING.

One great recommendation to bush-fishing is, that it can be practised with success in the months of June, July, and August, when the river is low and the sunshine bright, and in the middle of the day ; at a time and season when no other circumstance would stir a fish, the largest trout are taken by this method. The angler must be provided with a fourteen-feet rod, with a stiff top, and strong running tackle ; he will seldom have to use more than a yard of line, the bottom of which should be of strong silkworm gut. I recommend strong tackle, because in confined situations, overhung with wood, you will not have room to play your fish, but must hold him tight, and depend on the strength of the tackle.

The size of your hook must depend on the size of the fly ; from No. 7 to 9 for small flies and grubs, and for beetles, No. 4 or 5. For bush-fishing you should be provided with well-scoured brandlings and red worms, cad-baits, clock-baits, earth-grubs, beetles, grasshoppers, and a horn of flies, or, at least, as many of the above as you can procure. A small green grub, or caterpillar, which may be got in June and July, by shaking over a

sheet or table-cloth the boughs of an oak-tree, is a most killing bait for this kind of fishing.

Great caution is necessary in using your rod and line; for, if there are few bushes or brambles to conceal you, the water must be approached warily, as the large trout often lie near the surface, and if you are once seen they will fly from you. If the water should be deep, dark, and overhung with thick foliage, so that you can scarcely find an open space for your bait, your line must be shortened to half a yard, and sometimes less.

If your flies are small, use two of them at once, as they frequently fall into the water in couples;—when dibbing with the fly, if you see your fish, drop the fly gently on to the water, about a foot before him, and if you are not seen he will eagerly take it. When your fish is struck, do not allow him to get down his head, for fear of roots and weeds, but keep him to the top of the water, where his fins and strength will be of little use to him; and in this situation, with good tackle, you may soon exhaust him and make him your own by a landing-net, the handle of which should be two yards long: or he may be landed by a hook or gaff, with a long handle; and this, in some situations, amidst close, thorny brambles, will be found more useful than a landing-net, which is liable to be caught in the bushes.

When you use the worm, the caddis, or any other grub, you will require a single shot, No. 6, to sink your

bait, for it cannot sink too slowly, or cause too little disturbance in the water.

I shall conclude my remarks on bush-fishing by another quotation from the North-Country Angler, he being a practical man on whom you can depend :—

“ I have often been agreeably amused, sitting behind a bush that has hung over the water two yards or more, and observing the trouts taking their rounds, and patrolling in order, according to their quality. Sometimes I have seen three or four private men coming up together, under the shade, and presently an officer, or man of quality, twice as big, comes from his country-seat under a bank, or great stone, and rushes among them as furiously as I once saw a young justice of peace do to three poor anglers; and as I cannot approve of such proceedings I have, with some extraordinary pleasure, revenged the weaker upon the stronger, by dropping in my bait half a yard before him. With what an air of authority have I seen the qualified—what shall I call him?—extend his jaws and take in the delicious morsel, and then marching slowly off in quest of more, till stopped by a smart stroke which I have given him, though there is no occasion to do so in this way of fishing, for the great ones always hook themselves.

“ There are some other observations I have made, which the angler may find the benefit of; one is, that, although the shade of trees and bushes is much longer and greater on the south, or sun side of the river, than

on the north, yet I always find the most and the largest trouts on that side. I suppose the sun's being more intense and warm on the north side, may occasion more flies, crucas, and insects, to creep upon those bushes, and, consequently, the more fish will frequent them.

“When the trees, or bushes, are very close, I advise the bush-angler to take a hedging-bill, or hatchet, and cut off two or three branches here and there, at proper places and distances, and so make little convenient openings, at which he may easily put in his rod and line ; but this is to be done some time before you come there to fish.

“If you come to a woody place where you have no such conveniences, and where, perhaps, there is a long pool, and no angling with the fly, or throwing the rod, there you may be sure of many large fish. For that very reason, I have chosen such places, though very troublesome, when I have been forced to creep under trees and bushes, dragging my rod after me, with the very top of it in my hand, to get near the water, and I have been well paid for all my trouble. Whilst you are getting in your rod, throw a brandling, or grub, or what you fish with, into the water, which will make the fish take your bait the more boldly.

“There is one bait with which I have killed greater fish than any other ; I dress my hook with a brown, or dark head, and with a pretty large wing of a mottled drake's feather, or a starling's wing, and a bristle on the

back of the hook ; I usually put on a large grub, or a cad-bait, beetle, or grasshopper, and have had a little bottle with oil of ivy, dissolved assafœtida, or other strong-scented oil, and dipped the end of this bait into it, and I have never known a fish refuse it, that has not seen me, or been chased away.

“There are some pools that have no bushes at all, but only hollow banks, in some places, under which the great fish will lie in the day-time. I have gone softly to such places, and have dropped in a suitable bait, close by the bank, and have presently had a good fish. When I use cork, chamois, or buff, instead of natural baits, I always drop them in some strong-scented oil, in shade-fishing, because the fish comes slowly to the bait, and if he does not smell something like the natural bait, he will not take it, though well imitated.”

WORM-FISHING,

For trout, is not the most pleasant, but one of the surest modes of taking fish, at certain times and seasons. In March and April, when the weather is cold, and the fly not on the water, the worm may be used with success ; and, at all times when the water is discoloured by a flood, it is the only bait that can be used, with the exception of salmon-roë. In the little becks, or burns, of Scotland and the north of England, I have taken great numbers of small trout, even in bright water, during the unfavourable months of July and August,

by using a single hair for my bottom tackle, leaded with one shot corn, No. 6, and baiting with a single well-scoured red worm.

For worm-fishing your rod should be of bamboo-cane, and from sixteen to twenty feet long, and the line generally something shorter than the rod; but it may be shortened or lengthened, according to circumstances, by your reel. The best worms for a large trout are the lob-worm and the marsh-worm; but, with many anglers, the brandling is a great favourite. For the mode of baiting your hook, &c. see the article on Worms, page 11.*

The method of casting your line will depend upon the nature of the water: but, as a general rule, I may say, keep the point of your rod, as nearly as possible, perpendicular to your bait, steadily following it as the bait drags along the bottom with the point of your rod, and, when you feel a bite, let the fish turn before you strike.

Unless the stream be rapid, or deep, a single shot (No. 4) will be sufficient to sink your worm; but in a deep, heavy current, two, three, or more, of the same size, will be required. In fishing across a stream with a single hair and a small red worm, run from your reel line to the length of the rod, and taking hold of

* All this advice about worm-fishing is cruel, unnecessary, and unsportsmanlike, and, in fact, is altogether exploded by "honest anglers."—ED.

the line about twelve inches above the bait with your left hand, draw it towards you till the line tightens and the top of the rod bends. Holding the rod firmly in the right hand, let go the line, and with a little practice you will find the bait drop lightly into the water, at the extremity of the rod and line; and then, either draw your line gently across the water, or carry your bait down the stream, as above directed. The eddy by the side of a mill-tail, or flood-gate, or water-fall, is a good situation to try the lob-worm. The deep holes near overhanging trees and old stumps, and those parts of the river where the stream has undermined the banks, are also the haunts of the largest trout.

When the water is discoloured by rain,* your tackle may be strong, and you will not be easily seen by the fish; but if the water be clear, and the day bright, your only chance for taking trout with the worm will be by using fine tackle, and keeping completely out of sight.

The lob-worm is also used without any shot on the line, after sunset in summer, by drawing it on the top of the water across a sharp mill-stream, when the trout will rise and take the bait at the top of the water as they would a fly, and in this manner very large trout are frequently taken.

The caddis, or straw-worm, is an excellent bait for

* When this is the case, the angler had far better remain at home.—ED.

a trout, and may be used in the same manner as the red worm, and in the same situations, with fine tackle. The following are Izaak Walton's instructions, "how to angle with a caddis."

"Take one or more, if need be, of these large yellow caddis, pull off his head, and, with it, pull out his black gut; put the body, as little bruised as possible, on a very little hook, armed on with a red hair bristle, which will shew like the caddis' head, and a very thin lead, so put upon the shank of the hook that it may sink presently; throw this bait, thus ordered, which will look very yellow, into any great, still hole, where a trout is, and he will presently venture his life for it, 'tis not to be doubted, if you be not espied, and that the bait first touch the water before the line, and this will do best in the deepest and stillest water.

"Next, let me tell you, I have been much pleased to walk quietly by a brook, with a little stick in my hand, with which I might easily take these creatures, and consider the curiosity of their composure, and, if you shall ever like to do so, then note that your stick must be a little hazel, or willow, cleft, or have a nick at one end of it, by which means you may, with ease, take many of them in that nick, out of the water, before you have occasion to use them. These, my honest scholar, are some observations, told to you as they now come suddenly into my memory, of which you may make some use; but, for the practical part,

it is that that makes an angler. It is diligence, and observation, and practice, and an ambition to be the best in the art, that must do it. I will tell you, scholar, I once heard one say, 'I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do; I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do,' and such a man is likely to prove an angler; and this noble emulation I wish to you and to all young anglers."

Cotton's instructions for the use of the caddis are so nearly the same as my own, for the small red worm, that I shall only add, that what I have already said of fishing in a clear stream with a worm is equally applicable to the caddis.

The gentle, or maggot, is a good bait for a trout in the months of June, July, and August, and may be used with a small float, carrying only one or two shot corns, in mill-dams, ponds, and other still waters, allowing your bait to nearly touch the ground.

I shall now describe a method of bottom-fishing with a float, which I have found, in certain situations and seasons, more successful than any other. The same tackle must be used, as before described, for the gentle, *i. e.* a fine gut bottom, with hook No. 10, and a small quill float, carrying one or two small shot corns.

Procure a wide-necked bottle, and fill it with blue-

bottle flies, or the flies caught on newly-scattered cow or horse-dung, and with two of these flies bait your hook, and let it nearly touch the ground. In this manner I have caught many fine trout in mill-dams, ponds, and deep, quiet waters, during July and August, when not a single fish would rise at any kind of artificial fly which could be offered. I have never seen this method described by any author on the subject, but I can with confidence recommend it to my brothers of the angle, at those times when the usual baits fail to procure a dish of fish.

When you have struck a good fish, if the river be weedy, keep him as near the top of the water as possible, and carry him down the stream above the weeds, and if you succeed in getting him into clear water, with a little care he is your own.

The following quaint remarks on killing a large trout are quoted from Franks:—

“And now, Theophilus, I must reprove your precipitancy, because a great error in young anglers. Be mindful, therefore, to observe directions in handling and managing your rod and line, and cautiously keeping yourself out of sight; all which precautions are requisite accomplishments, which, of necessity, ought to be understood by every ingenious angler: and so is that secret of striking, which should never be used with violence, because, by a moderate touch and a slender proportion of strength, the artist, for the most part,

hath best success. Another caution you must take along with you ; I mean, when you observe your game to make one out, that is, when he bolts, or when he launcheth himself to the utmost extent of your rod and line, which a well-fed fish, at all times, frequently attempts upon the least advantage he gains of the angler : be mindful, therefore, to throw him line enough, if provided you purpose to see his destruction ; yet with this caution, that you be not too liberal. On the other hand, too straight a line brings equal hazard, so that to poise your fish and your foresight together is by keeping one eye at the point of your rod, and the other be sure you direct on your game, which comes nearest the mediums of art, and the rules and rudiments of your precedent directions. But this great round may be easily solved, for if when you discover your fish fag his fins, you may rationally conclude he then struggles with death, and then is your time to trifle him on shore on some smooth shelf of sand, where you may boldly land him before his scales encumber the soil.

“Lest precipitancy spoil sport, I’ll preponder my rudiments, and they prognosticate, here’s a fish, or something like it, a fair hansel for a foolish fisher. This capering, for aught I know, may cost him his life, for I resolve to hold his nose to the grindstone : dance on and die ; that is the way to your silent sepulchre, for upon that silty, gravelly, shelf of sand I

resolve to land him, or lose all I have. And now I fancy him weary of life, as aged people that are burthened with infirmities, yet I want courage to encounter him, lest, fearing to lose him, which if I do, I impair my reputation. However, here is nobody but trees to reprove me, except these rocks, and they will tell no tales. Well, then, as he wants no agility to evade me, I'll endeavour, with activity, to approach him, so that the difference between us will be only this, that he covets acquaintance with but one element, and I would compel him to examine another. Now he runs to divert me or himself, but I must invite him nearer home, for I fancy none such distance.

“Though his fins fag, his tail wriggles, his strength declines, his gills look languid, and his mettle decreaseth—all which interpret tokens of submission—still, the best news I bring him, is summons of death. Yet let not my rashness pre-engage me to the loss of my game, for to neglect my rudiments is to ruin my design, which, in plain terms, is the ruin of this resolute fish, who, seemingly, now measures and mingles his proportion with more than one element, and, doomed to a trance, he prostrates himself on the surface of the calms, dead to my apprehension, save only I want credit to believe him dead, when calling to mind my former precipitancy, that invited me to a loss; and so may this adventure prove, if I look not well about

me, to land and strand him on that shelf of sand, where I resolve with my rod to survey his dimensions. Welcome on shore, my languishing combatant, if only to entertain my friend Arnoldus."

I shall conclude these remarks on killing a trout, by a quotation from the fisherman-poet, Gay:—

"He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food,
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away;
Soon, in smart pain, he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls, and writhes his straining body round,
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide:
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now, he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the trembling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours, with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till tired at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length;
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air;
Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies."

"First catch your fish," has become proverbial. I



shall now give Sir Humphry Davy's directions for crimping and cooking a salmon, which will apply equally well to a trout above three pounds' weight.

"He seems fairly tired, I shall bring him in to shore. Now gaff him; strike as near the tail as you can. He is safe; we must prepare him for the pot. Give him a stunning blow on the head, to deprive him of sensation; and then give him a tranverse cut, just below the gills, and crimp him by cutting, so as almost to divide him into slices, and hold him by the tail, that he may bleed.* There is a small spring, I see, close under that bank, which I dare say has the mean temperature of the atmosphere in this climate, and is much under fifty degrees; place him there, and let him remain ten minutes, and then carry him to the pot, and let the water and salt boil furiously, before you put in a slice; and give time for the water to recover its heat before you put in another; and so with the whole fish: leave the head out, and throw in the thickest pieces first."

Small trout in Scotland and Cumberland are made very palatable by dredging oatmeal over them, and frying them in fresh butter.

Trout, from half a pound to a pound weight, if split open, and sprinkled with a little cayenne pepper

* This mode of crimping may be improved by hanging the fish in a current of air for half an hour.—ED.

and salt, and broiled, are excellent for breakfast, after casting the line for a couple of hours.

I am not sure that Dr. Kitchener would have approved of the following recipes, as they are rather ancient, having been published in 1657, by Thomas Barker, but I think them worth transcribing :—

“ We must have one dish of broyled trouts : when the entrails are taken out, you must cut them across the side ; being washed clean, you must take some sweet herbs, thyme, sweet marjoram, and parsley, chopped small, the trouts being cut somewhat thick, and fill the cuts full with the chopped herbs ; then make your grid-iron fit to put them on, being well cooled with rough-suet ; then lay the trouts on a charcoal fire, and baste them with fresh butter until you think they are well broyled. The sauce must be butter and vinegar, and the yolk of an egg beaten ; then beat altogether, and put it on the fish for the service.

“ The best dish of stewed fish that ever I heard commended of the English was dressed in this way ; first, they were broyled on a charcoal fire, being cut on the sides as fried trouts ; then the stew-pan was taken, and set on a chafing-dish of coles ; there was put into the stew-pan half a pound of sweet butter, one pennyworth of beaten cinnamon, a little vinegar ; when all was melted, the fish was put into the pan, and covered with a covering-plate, so kept stewing half an hour ; being

turned, then taken out of the stew-pan and dished ; be sure to beat your sauce before you put it on your fish ; then squeeze a lemon on your fish ; it was the best dish of fish that ever I heard commended by noblemen and gentlemen. This is our English fashion. The Italian, he stews upon a chafing-dish of coles, with white wine, cloves, and mace, nutmegs sliced, and a little ginger ; you must understand, when this fish is stewed, the same liquor the fish is stewed in must be beaten with some sweet butter and the juice of a lemon before it is dished for the service.

“ The French doth add to this a slice or two of bacon. Though I have been no traveller, I may speak of it, for I have been admitted into the most ambassadors’ kitchens that have come into England this forty years, and do wait on them still, at the Lord Protector’s charge, and I am paid duly for it ; sometimes I see slovenly scullions abuse good fish most grossly.

“ We must have a trout-pie to eat hot, and another to eat cold : the first thing you must gain must be a peck of the best wheaten flower, two pounds of butter, two quarts of milk, new from the cow, half a dozen of eggs, to make the paste. Where I was born there is not a girl of ten years of age but can make a pie. For one pie, the trouts shall be opened, and the guts taken out, and cleaned, and washed ; seasoned with pepper

and salt, then laid in the pie ; half a pound of currants put among the fish, with a pound of sweet butter cut in pieces and set on the fish, so close it up : when it is baked and come out of the oven, pour into the pie three or four spoonsful of claret wine, so dish it up, and send it to the table. These trouts shall cut close and moist.

“ For the other pie, the trouts shall be boyled a little ; it will make the fish rise, and eat more crisp ; season them with pepper and salt, and lay them in the pie : you must put more butter in this pie than the other, for this will keep, and must be filled up with butter when it cometh forth of the oven.”

I fear Mr. Ude will not entirely approve these dishes of fish, so strongly recommended by the ambassador’s cook and “ my lord’s angler.”

I shall now proceed to enumerate, and, in some measure, describe, the different rivers in the neighbourhood of London, where the trout-fisher may exercise his skill, and find capital sport, where the waters are preserved. For a description of the rivers generally, where trout abound, see the chapters on the Rivers and Lakes of the United Kingdom.

The river Thames produces very large, well-fed trout.

Very few are taken with the fly ; for the common mode of hooking these large fish, of from six to fif-

teen pounds, is by spinning the minnow : for the tackle used, see page 72. Large trout are frequently taken in May and June, at Thames Ditton, at the wier by Teddington Lock, at the wier at Sunbury, at Windsor, and various parts of the Thames from thence to Streetly, in Berkshire; beyond which place I am unacquainted with Thames fishing. [Trout, being more numerous, are now frequently taken by the fly in the Thames.]

There are a few fine trout in the river Lea, but their number is too small to repay the angler for his labour. Since Walton's time, great changes have, undoubtedly, taken place, as he speaks of the Lea as a good trout river. [And so some parts of it are now, and large fish are taken from it.]

The river Colne rises in Hertfordshire, and at Rickmansworth is a considerable stream, where the fishing was, formerly, very good ; but from the chemical process used at some of the numerous mills upon it, the trout have been nearly destroyed. Below Rickmansworth, the Colne runs through Moor Park, and thence to Denham, where there is excellent fishing, and the trout are large, and of an excellent quality. Below Denham is Uxbridge, famous for its fine trout, but the water is rented, and the proprietors are very careful of their fish.

The accompanying vignette is a floodgate on the Colne, near Rickmansworth.



Further down the stream (which has several branches) are Cowley and Drayton Mills, where there are some good large trout, but they are far from numerous, owing to the increase of pike in that part of the river. Below Drayton Mills, few, if any, trout are to be met with, but the various branches of the Colne, which fall into the Thames at Staines, abound with roach, dace, chub, perch, and pike.

The fishing in the Colne, at Denham* (one of the

* The Denham fishing is most perfect, and was well known to the author of *Salmonia*, where he fished with Dr. Wollaston, Charles Hatchett, Esq., and others. I never saw the may-fly in such profusion as I have there. I suspect that Mr. Hofland never fished there, from the little mention he has made of the stream. The late John Drummond, Esq., had a most beautiful fishing cottage at Denham, where he exercised great hospitality in the fishing season.—ED.

scenes so well described in the *Salmonia*), does not commence till the first of May, when the flies I should recommend in spring are Nos. 2, 3, and 4, No. 7 and No. 24; that is, two duns, the March brown and the alder-fly. Towards the end of the month, or early in June, the may-fly will make its appearance, when the alder-fly and the green and grey drake will be the only flies wanted, except for the evening fishing, when the orange or peacock herl palmer, and the white and brown moths, may be used with success.

A trout, in this part of the Colne, is not considered a killable fish under two pounds' weight.

The Wandle, in the county of Surrey, rises at a short distance beyond Carshalton, and falls into the Thames at Wandsworth: it is a beautifully clear stream, and will not yield its fish to a bungler in the art. Carshalton, twelve miles from London, is situate on the best part of the stream, and has two good inns for the accommodation of anglers. The right of fishing belongs to the different proprietors of the various mills for the manufactory of paper, calico printing, &c., and from these proprietors it is not difficult to procure a day's fly-fishing; and no other mode is allowed.

Two remarkable features in the character of the Wandle are, that the heaviest rains never discolour the water, and that the may-fly never appears upon it. The season commences on the first of May, when the

fish are in tolerable condition, but are not in perfection till June.

My young brothers of the angle must not expect any sport in the Wandle, unless they fish fine in the extreme :—a single hair should be used for the foot link, or at least gut as fine as a hair, and small blue and yellow-bodied duns. Above all things, the water must be approached with caution, for it is as clear as a north-country beck, and if you are seen by the fish, they immediately fly up the stream. If the day be bright, with little wind, I generally approach the bank of this river in a stooping position, and, when at a proper distance, kneel upon one knee to cast my fly : if you have a cloudy day and a good south-west breeze, less caution is necessary. Hofland's fancy, No. 1, the yellow dun, No. 7, and the small soldier palmer, may be used with success ; also a dun-fly, sold at the tackle-shops under the name of the Carshalton cocktail, No. 6.

There is good fishing at Beddington, and a few trout may be met with at Mitcham and Merton, lower down the stream. The vignette at the head of the next page is one of the paper-mills at Carshalton.*

* There is excellent fishing both at Beddington, and at Mitcham and Merton, where the trout are carefully preserved, and run to a large size. The waters are very clear, and therefore novices have seldom good sport.—ED.



THE RIVER CRAY

Rises near St. Mary's Cray, and falls into the Thames between Woolwich and Dartford.

The principal stations for fishing are not more than twelve or thirteen miles from London.

St. Mary's Cray has some mills, where there are fine trout; but there is no public water. At Foot's Cray, the landlord of the Seven Stars rents a portion of the water, and gives to visitors permission to angle. For several years I had very fine sport there; but of late the fishing has been injured by the water being drawn off in order to repair the mills, and in conse-

quence the fish were destroyed : but as the Cray is an excellent breeding river, Foot's Cray may recover its good name.

Lower down the stream is Bexley, where there is excellent fishing both above and below the village. The trout are numerous, and the average weight from three-quarters to a pound-and-a-half ; but I have caught fish there upwards of three pounds' weight, and when in season they are very fine in colour and flavour.

Below Bexley is Hall Place, a boarding-school for young gentlemen ;* and I have always found the kind proprietor very liberal in granting permission for a few days' sport.

At Crayford there is a small space of public water in which any one may fish without interruption, and the inn is very comfortable. I have occasionally caught good fish there, and have found it a convenient place for head-quarters. Lower down the stream are calico-printing mills ; and still nearer the Thames, and where the tide flows, there are saw-mills, where trout may be taken.

The flies recommended for the Wandle will answer for the Cray, with some little variation.

The Cray is not so clear as the Wandle, and consequently not so difficult to fish, and a greater variety of flies are found on the water. I have frequently

* Now very ably conducted by I. J. Barton, Esq.—ED.

commenced fishing in the middle of April, when I have used the March brown, the soldier palmer, the blue dun, and Hofland's fancy. In May, the blue and yellow dun, Hofland's fancy, the black and red palmers, and, when the may-fly made its appearance, I used the small may-fly for a stretcher, and Hofland's fancy for a drop-fly.

The Derwent, another river rising in Kent, passes through Otford and Dartford and falls into the Thames. Dartford is fourteen miles from London, and the river is well stored with trout from thence to Farningham and Otford, near Sevenoaks.



At Farningham, seventeen miles from London, there is an excellent inn, the proprietor of which has the right of fishing for a considerable distance down the stream, and where the visitor may find good sport during the early part of the season, *i. e.* in April, before the water has been too much fished. About a mile above Farningham are the grounds of Sir Thomas Dyke, Bart., where the water abounds with fine trout.

The same flies will answer for the Derwent as for the Cray.

The bridge in the woodcut, page 101, is close to the principal inn.

There are some fine trout in the small stream that runs through the grounds of Brocket Hall, Hertfordshire, the seat of Lord Melbourne; it passes from thence to the Marquis of Salisbury's park at Hatfield, where the water is well stored with trout, pike, and perch. By spinning the minnow I have taken these three kinds of fish alternately, with the same tackle, though it must be confessed that minnow-tackle is endangered by the pike.

The river Mole falls into the Thames, and contains a few trout, but it is too sluggish to be a good trout stream. [The pike fishing in it is excellent.]

Some waters in the neighbourhood of Guildford afford good fishing, I have been told; but I cannot speak of them from experience.

I shall close this account of the trout streams in the neighbourhood of London, by recommending a small river that runs through High Wycombe, Bucks, and falls into the Thames a little below Marlow. Between High Wycombe and the Thames there are a number of paper-mills, and I have had little difficulty in gaining permission to fish from the different proprietors. In some parts of this stream trout are very numerous, and, of course, not large, the average being about three quarters of a pound weight ; but I have taken fish there upwards of three pounds. At Mr. Street's mill, a little below Wycombe, where the water is well preserved, I once killed twenty brace of fine trout in four hours.

The landlord of the principal inn is acquainted with several proprietors of the water, and, through him, an angler taking up his quarters at his house may gain permission to fish. Two of the mills in the town of Wycombe belonged to two brothers, both of whom had kindly given me leave to fish in their waters, where, for two successive seasons, I had excellent sport. I visited the same spot a third season ; reached the water-side by six o'clock on a fine May morning, and, after trying every fly, kill-devil, &c., I returned to breakfast without even seeing a fish. About ten o'clock, with most favourable weather, I again sought the water, when, after a few unsuccessful casts of my fly, the Quaker proprietor put his head out of a mill-window, and inquired, "What sport?" I, being somewhat vexed at my dis-

appointment, answered testily, "Sport ! I have not even seen a fish." He replied, "I have seen thee flogging the water some hours with great perseverance, and, apparently, with skill also ; but I cannot wonder thou hast not caught any thing, for, I hope, there is not one fish in this part of the water. The fact is, that when the poachers stole our fish they stole other things also, therefore my brother and myself have destroyed our fish to save other property."

"But, pray sir, why did you not tell me this till now ?"

"Because I thought thou hadst good practice, and I was amused by thy perseverance ; and, see, to reward thy diligence, I have written a note to my friend Street, who will, I doubt not, give thee good fishing."

I made use of the note, and caught twenty brace of trout in four hours, as already mentioned.

For a description of the other rivers, &c. where trout abound, see the chapter on the Rivers, Lakes, &c. of the United Kingdom.



THE NORTHERN CHARR.

The charr is the most beautiful of the species of the genus *salmo*, and is found in several of the lakes in the United Kingdom.

The potted charr sold in London are chiefly sent from Cumberland and Westmoreland, where they are caught, from November to Christmas, in the lakes of Windermere,* Crommack Water, Buttermere, and Uls-water. This fish is also taken in many of the lakes in Ireland, such as Lough, Esk, Neagh, Dan, Luggelaw, county Wicklow, &c.

* Mr. Ullock, of the Royal Hotel, Bowness, close to Windermere Lake, supplies the best potted charr and the most delicious hams in Westmoreland; his hotel is much frequented, and is perfect in its way, and his charges reasonable. — Ed.

Mr. Yarrell considers the Welsh charr as distinct from the northern charr, and says :—

“ The northern charr is an elegantly shaped, slender-bodied fish, with fins of small comparative size. The Welsh charr is a short fish, considerably deeper for its length, with very large fins ; it has also, in its form, much of the character of an adult par of the Tweed, and carries for a long time the same sort of dusky, lateral markings, but is immediately distinguished from that species by having only a few teeth on the most interior part of the vomer ; but the teeth, the gape, and the eye, are much larger in the Welsh charr than in that of the north. The Welsh charr is the targoch, or red-belly, of Wales, and was formerly to be taken in Llanberris lakes, or in Llyn Cawellyn, two deep lakes, situated on the east and west sides of Snowdon. The waters from a neighbouring copper-mine are said to have destroyed, or driven out, the charr from Llanberris, where they were formerly very numerous ; and it must be observed, that some of these fish were caught in the sea, at the mouths of the rivers of this coast, after they disappeared from the lake.”

The northern and the Welsh charr are taken at the same season, that is, in the month of December, when they leave the deeps and approach the shores, where they are taken with nets. These places, in Cumberland, are called *charr sets*.

The *ombre chevalier*, of the lake of Geneva, is said

to be identical with the charr of the northern lakes of England.

The charr are only found in very deep lakes, and are seldom seen near the surface of the water, and, consequently, offer no sport to the fly-fisher; but they may be taken by spinning the minnow, with a very long line, loaded with a heavy bullet. The line should be trailed at the stern of the boat, while it is rowed slowly over the deepest part of the lake. The same mode of fishing is used in Loch Awe, and other lakes in Scotland, for taking the large bull-trout, with only this difference, that a small trout, or par, is employed instead of the minnow.

The common length of the northern charr is from nine to twelve inches. The top of the head and the upper part of the back are of an olive brown, studded with yellowish white spots; the belly is of a beautiful pinky orange colour, and the scales are very small.



THE GRAYLING.

The grayling is supposed by some writers to have been introduced to this country by the monks, when England was under the see of Rome; and it has often been described as a favourite fish of St. Ambrose. This opinion has been strengthened by the grayling being very local, and from its being found at present in most of the rivers which run near the ruins of our ancient monastic institutions.

The grayling has, within a few years, been introduced to the Test, in Hampshire, where it thrives and increases abundantly, some of this fish caught there weighing from three to four pounds. It is very migratory, and frequently leaves one part of the river for

another. Sir Humphry Davy, who has given us more information on its nature and habits than any other writer, says that "The grayling requires a number of circumstances in a river to enable it to multiply; a temperature in the water which must be moderate, neither too high nor too low. Grayling are never found in streams that are from glaciers, at least near their source; and they are killed by cold or heat.

"I once put some grayling, from the Teme in Shropshire, with some trout, into a confined water, rising from a spring in the yard at Downton; the grayling all died, but the trout lived: and in the hot summer of 1825 great numbers of large grayling died in the Avon, below Ringwood, without doubt killed by the heat in July. Besides temperature, grayling require a peculiar character in the disposition of the water of the rivers. They do not dwell like trout in rapid, shallow streams; nor like charr or chub in deep pools or lakes. They require a combination of stream and pool; they like a deep, still pool, for rest, and a rapid stream above, and a gradually declining shallow below, and a bottom where marl or loam is mixed with gravel; and they are not found abundant, except in rivers that have these characters. The trout, in all their habits of migration, run upwards, seeking the fresh and cool waters of mountain sources to spawn in. The grayling, I believe, has never the same habit of running up stream; I never saw one leaping at a fall, where trout are so often

seen. Their large back fin seems intended to enable them to rise and sink rapidly in deep pools, and the slender nature of the body towards the tail renders them much more unfit for leaping cataracts than trout or salmon. The temperature of the water and its character as to still and stream, seem of more importance than clearness; for I have seen grayling taken in streams that are almost constantly turbid, as in the Inn and the Salza, in the Tyrol. This fish appears to require food of a particular kind, feeding much upon flies and their larvæ, and not usually preying upon small fish, as the trout. It has a very strong stomach, almost approaching to that of the gillaroo trout; and is exceedingly fond of those larvæ which inhabit cases, and which are usually covered with sand or gravel, and require a strong membraneous stomach to enable the extraneous matter to be separated. In accordance with their general habits of feeding, grasshoppers are amongst their usual food: in the end of summer and autumn, and at all seasons, maggots upon fine tackle and a small hook offer a secure mode of taking them, the pool having been previously baited for the purpose of angling, by throwing in a handful or two a few minutes before.

“The grayling spawns in April, and is not in perfect season till the latter end of November or the beginning of December, when his back is very dark, almost black, and his belly and lower fins almost gold-coloured; but

his brightness, like that of most other fishes, depends a good deal on the nature of the water.

“The female deposits her ova in the tails of sharp streams. I do not know how long a time is required for the exclusion of the young ones, but in the end of July or beginning of August they are of the size of sprats, four or five inches long, and already sport merrily at a fly. The grayling hatched in June become in the same year, in September or October, nine or ten inches long, and weigh from half a pound to ten ounces; and the year after, they are from twelve to fifteen inches long, and weigh from three quarters to a pound; and these two sizes are the fish that most usually rise to the fly.”

I have never heard that any of the rivers or lakes in Ireland or Scotland contain grayling, and have before observed, that in England they are local, as there are many rivers where trout abound without any grayling. The principal rivers in England and Wales for this fish are the Avon and the Test, in Hampshire; the Dove, the Wye, the Trent, and the Derwent, in Derbyshire; the Ribble, the Ure, the Rye, and the Wharfe, in Yorkshire; and in Herefordshire there are several grayling streams; but the best rivers in England are the Clun and the Teme* in Shropshire. In Wales the

* The Teme is decidedly the best river in England for grayling, and the river runs through some of the most beautiful scenery in it.—
ED.

Dee and Wye contain grayling. They are abundant in parts of the Wye.

I have already said that the grayling are not in prime season till November or December; but they may be taken at any time of the year when the fly is on the water: and the same flies recommended for the trout may be used for the grayling, with this difference, that for the latter fish they must be smaller; and all that I have previously said of fishing *fine* for the trout, will most especially apply to the grayling; for, if you do not use a single hair, your gut bottom must be as fine as a hair, and of the colour of the water you fish.

I should recommend the use of three flies, *i. e.* the various coloured small duns, such as the yellow-bodied, the pale blue, &c.; and these will generally succeed. October is the best month for the fly;* but, as already said, the grayling will rise at any season; and October, November, and December are the months for bottom fishing with the maggot, by which latter mode the best and largest fish are taken.†

If a float be used it should be very light, not carrying more than two or three shot, and your depth should

* I would strongly recommend all grayling fishers to sink their flies about four inches.—ED.

† During the months of August and September the best flies to be used in the Teme are the red-ant, fern, and orange tag-tail. Later in the season succeed the willow, both dark and light, the pale blue, and a large brown fly, called near Ludlow the seg-fly, and a killing fly it is. Jones, a fisherman at Ludlow, makes them.—ED.

be from six to twelve inches from the bottom ; but a skilful angler generally prefers fishing with very fine bottom tackle with a single shot-corn, and without a float.

Most of the Derbyshire anglers on the Wye and the Derwent (two grayling streams) prefer hackles to winged flies.

The background to the wood-cut of the grayling is Haddon Hall, on the Wye, near Bakewell, Derbyshire.



CHAPTER V.

THE PIKE, PICKERELL, JACK, LUCE, OR GEDD.

THE jack and pike are nearly synonymous terms, for a jack becomes a pike when it weighs three pounds, as a grilse becomes a salmon when it weighs seven pounds.

The pike has been called “the fresh-water shark,” and not without reason, for it is a most voracious and destructive fish ; and although it affords good diversion to the angler, I should be content if not one were left alive in the trout-streams of Great Britain : for if once the pike find their way into a lake or trout-stream,

they make sad havoc with the trout, and in some cases destroy them altogether.

The river Stour, near Canterbury, was formerly an excellent trout-stream, but within the last thirty years the pike have taken almost exclusive possession of it. The same may be said of the Colne about Drayton and Cowley, and within my recollection pike have greatly increased in Loch Caterine, Loch Lomond, and other Scotch lakes, and trout have consequently greatly diminished.

One cause of the increase of this tyrant of the waters is from the number bred in the canals, which now intersect the country in every direction.

The pike with our ancestors was scarce, and considered a great delicacy for the table; in Henry the Eighth's time a large pike sold for more than a house-lamb in February.

The pike is a strong, bold, and greedy fish, and will battle stoutly with the angler; but should he succeed in breaking his hold, he will generally retake the bait the instant it is again offered to him. I have myself caught one after he had twice broken his hold.

They spawn in April in the backwaters, creeks, or other weedy shallow outlets from the waters they usually inhabit. The pike is very rapid in his growth, and, if well supplied with food in a suitable water, will increase in weight from three to four pounds annually. Their extreme voracity has been attested by many

writers; it is well known they will seize upon young ducks and goslings: and Gesner relates that a pike in the Rhone seized on the lips of a mule that a man brought to the water, and hung so fast that the mule drew him out of the river, and thus became an angler.

In the large water before the house at Osterley Park (the seat of the Earl of Jersey), a pike, which proved to be upwards of forty pounds weight, seized a swan, and in his endeavour to gorge the head and neck of the noble bird, their mutual struggles effected the death of both. Plot mentions a similar circumstance that happened on a canal belonging to the Marquis of Stafford, at Trentham, in Staffordshire. [There is an old painting representing the circumstance in the Hall of that place.]

The pike is a long-lived fish. Pennant refers to one that was ninety years old; and Gesner informs us that in the year 1497 a pike was taken at Halibran, in Suabia, with a brazen ring attached to it, on which were these words in Greek characters:—"I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the Governor of the Universe, Frederick II., the 5th of October, 1230." This fish was, therefore, two hundred and sixty-seven years old, and was said to have weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

Colonel Thornton, of sporting notoriety, took a pike in the Highlands of Scotland (I believe, in Loch Lo-

mond), upwards of forty-nine pounds weight;* and in describing this mighty fish, he says it was taken by trolling with the gorge-hook. The gallant Colonel has been celebrated for the use of the long bow, and I have heard it stoutly asserted in Scotland that it was taken by a trimmer.

It is said that some of the Irish lakes abound with large pike, and that they have been taken of seventy pounds weight. He is a solitary fish, and frequents quiet, still places in a river, beside beds of weeds, deep pools, wiers, and floodgates; but his favourite haunt is near long ranges of sedges and bulrushes. Many of the lakes of England, Scotland, and Ireland, abound with jack, and I have myself had excellent sport in trolling at the head of Loch Lomond and Loch Caterine; and most of the large and many of the small rivers in England contain pike. I shall name a few in which I have tried my hand:—

The river Trent, four or five miles above and below Nottingham, will afford capital sport to the troller, and the fish are of excellent quality; it is useless to fish nearer the town, as the stockingers are all anglers.

The Ouse, a few miles from York, has fine large jack and pike; and the Cam, near Cambridge, is well supplied with this fish, by an annual migration from

* One weighing forty-eight pounds was taken in the waters of Pain's Hill, Surrey.—ED.

the fens in the neighbourhood of Ely, where they are bred.

The Thames, from Chertsey to Oxford, particularly about Maidenhead, Marlow, Reading, Pangbourn, and Streetly, will afford the angler sport. [They are also caught of a large size in the Thames, near Windsor, and also along the river to Hampton Court.]

The river Lea will reward the troller's skill, as the fishing is preserved for many miles by different proprietors, and a right to angle is given by payment of an annual subscription of ten shillings, or a day-ticket may be had for eighteen-pence.

Dagenham Breach, in Essex, is an extensive water, has many large pike, and is preserved for the use of subscribers; the Colne, and its numerous branches at Longford, Hounslow powder-mills, &c., also furnish jack and pike; as do most of the canals in the neighbourhood of London.

The water at Brocket Hall, the seat of Viscount Melbourne, is well-stored with these fish, and the noble proprietor is liberal in granting permission for a day's trolling. I have myself fished the water with good success in the late lord's time.

The waters in Hatfield Park, belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, produce fine jack, pike, perch, and trout: the broad water is supplied by a trout-stream, which would be very productive of this beautiful fish if it were not for the pike, which leave the broad water

and pursue the trout into the streams. Very fine perch may be taken here also, and when I have been fishing there, by spinning the minnow with strong gut and six or seven small hooks, in the manner of spinning the bleak, I have alternately taken jack, perch, and trout ; but of course this kind of tackle will be always in danger from a large pike.

The fine waters at Blenheim contain many large pike, and permission to troll may be obtained from the noble owner. Some years since a sister of the Duke of Marlborough caught a pike in the Blenheim water weighing twenty-six pounds.

Mr. Jesse, in his "Angler's Rambles," describes a day's fishing at Cleveland Hall, Staffordshire, where he took a pike weighing twenty-eight pounds ; and this large fish was taken with small Limerick hooks, and with tackle described at page 72, using gimp for the trace instead of gut. Mr. Jesse says, "I may here observe, that I have generally found that the pike caught in Staffordshire ponds, in which I have fished, to be not only well-flavoured fish, but to have their colours more marked and beautiful than I have met with elsewhere. I am not aware to what cause this is owing, but the fact is so ; and the growth of the fish is exceedingly rapid. I saw two pike of thirty-six pounds each, one of thirty-five, and several which weighed from twenty to thirty pounds, taken out of a pond in Staffordshire, in the autumn, which had grown to that

size from stores which had been put into it seven years previously.” [Plot frequently mentions the great size of pike in Staffordshire.]

Mr. Yarrell gives the following account of pike-fishing in Norfolk:—

“Among the various localities in England remarkable for the quality as well as the quantity of their pike, Horsea Mere and Heigham Sounds, two large pieces of water in the county of Norfolk, a few miles north of Yarmouth, have been long celebrated. Camden, in his ‘*Britannia*,’ first printed in 1586, says, ‘Horsea pike, none like.’ I have been favoured by a gentleman, of acknowledged celebrity in field sports, with the returns of four days’ pike-fishing with trimmers, or *liggers*, as they are provincially called.

“In March, 1834, in the waters just named, viz. on the 11th at Heigham Sounds, sixty pike, the weight altogether two hundred and eighty pounds. On the 13th, at Horsea Mere, eighty-nine pike, three hundred and seventy-nine pounds. On the 18th, again, at Horsea Mere, forty-nine pike, two hundred and thirteen pounds. On the 19th, at Heigham Sounds, fifty-eight pike, two hundred and sixty-three pounds: together, four days’ sport, producing two hundred and fifty-six pike, weighing altogether eleven hundred and thirty-five pounds. These meres, or broads, as they are called in Norfolk, are of great extent. Horsea Mere and Heigham Sounds, with the waters con-

needed, are calculated to include a surface of six hundred acres."

The river Mole, near Moulsey and Esher, has many jack and pike; but this water is much subject to be discoloured by rain, and as it is very sluggish, it is long in clearing; and I must here inform the novice in trolling, that little sport can be expected without a tolerably clear water.*

Nobbs, the father of the art of trolling, speaks of April and May as the best months; but, with due deference to so great an authority, I should say October, November, and December, are the best months, as the fish are then in prime season, and are worth taking, whereas in April and May they have not recovered from spawning, and, although they may feed freely, they will be lank and thin, and in bad condition. [Indeed no good angler will fish for them in those months.]

Early in March the pike are often taken full of spawn, but at this season they will seldom gorge the bait, and are generally taken by the snap. In the autumn, rivers and ponds begin to lose their weeds, which in spring and summer are so troublesome to the troller, and the fish then take to the deep holes, and their haunts are more easily found. The troller cannot be too early or too late at his sport, for during the

* I once caught sixteen pike in the Mole in one day, by spinning bleak.—ED.

middle of the day the fish seldom feed, unless it be cloudy and the breeze fresh.

The best baits for jack and pike are roach, dace, bleak, gudgeon, minnow, small chub, and trout, or the skegger or brandling; when none of these can be procured, a small perch, by cutting away the back fin, may be used. Indeed, in the lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, and various places where other fish are scarce, and the small bass, or perch, plentiful, it is the bait in general use. It is of the utmost consequence that the baits should be perfectly fresh and sweet; although a pike might run at a stale bait, he will rarely pouch it, even at the snap: your baits cannot be too bright or fresh. [I have caught many pike in Windermere Lake with artificial baits.]

Many writers have recommended birds, mice, frogs, &c. as baits, but where small fish can be procured, no other will be wanted: of all the baits mentioned, I prefer a moderate-sized gudgeon, more especially for the gorge-hook, as the sweetness of the fish makes the pike more eager to pouch it.

On a dark day, and when the water is not very clear, I should prefer a clean, bright, small roach, dace, or bleak, particularly when fishing at the snap. When your fish are not kept alive in a bait-can, they should be carried in a tin box, and laid in a little fine bran, or pollard, and carefully washed before you bait with them.

TROLLING TACKLE.

The rod should be of strong bamboo cane, and from ten to twelve feet long, with a tolerably stiff top, of whalebone or hickory; the rings should be five in number, and not less than three-eighths of an inch diameter in the opening, that the line may run freely.

A strong winch will be required, which must hold, at least, forty yards of line, that is not subject to kink. Mr. Jesse recommends a trolling-line sold by Mr. Barth, of Cockspur Street, and I have seen a very good sort of line for this purpose, manufactured by Mr. Bazin, Duncan Place, Hackney. Some trollers prefer a rod twenty feet long, in which case your cast on the water is made in the same manner as in spinning the minnow for trout, but with a longer line; and the lighter your bait falls upon the water the greater your success. Mr. Jesse strongly recommends the use of a wooden reel, one of about four inches and a half across, having the rim grooved for the reception of the line.

“These reels turn round with great rapidity when the cast is made, letting out a sufficient length of line, and are wound up again by turning them with the fore finger. They are much to be preferred to the common brass reel, especially in fishing from a boat; they avoid the noise and much of the trouble of winding up, and the line never kinks.

A reel similar to this is used by salmon-fishers in Scotland, and is there called a pirn. It will require much practice to enable the novice to cast a long line when the river is wide, but in small streams he will find little difficulty. Some anglers prefer fishing with the gorge-hooks, others with snap-hooks, but my own experience induces me to prefer the former as the best general mode of trolling; and this kind of fishing I shall first describe.

THE GORGE-HOOK

Is either a double or single hook, fixed on twisted brass wire, and loaded on the shank with lead, to which is attached a piece of gimp, eight or ten inches long, at the end of which is a small loop. To bait this hook you must have a brass needle, about seven inches long; put the loop of the gimp on the eye, or small curve, of the needle; then put the point of the needle in at the mouth of the fish, and bring it out at his tail; bring the gimp and wire along with it, the lead being fixed in the belly of the bait-fish, and the hook or hooks lying close to the outside of his mouth; then turn the points of the hooks towards his eyes, if a double hook, but if a single one, directly in a line with his belly; next tie the fish's tail to the arming wire very neatly, with strong thread. To the line on your reel you must attach a gimp-trace, twenty-four inches long, having a

swivel at each end, and one in the middle. The spring swivel at the end of your line is to be hooked on the loop of your baited trace, and you are ready for sport.

When you are thus prepared drop in your bait lightly before you, then cast it on each side, and let the third throw be across the river, or as far as you can reach, still letting the bait fall lightly on the water. In each cast let your bait fall nearly to the bottom; then draw it up gently towards you, and again let it sink and rise till you draw it out of the water for another cast.

I have before named the favourite haunts of the pike, but when you are in a good water you should carefully fish every part of it, for you may often have a run where you least expect it: weeds are a great annoyance to the troller, and he will often bruise his bait and injure his tackle, unless he is very cautious. At every new cast be careful to examine your bait, and clear it from leaves and weeds, as the pike is very dainty, and will not touch a soiled bait.

The further you throw your bait, if the water be broad (provided always that it falls lightly), the greater your chance of success, so that you are not interrupted by weeds, roots of trees, &c.; and if the water should be very weedy, you will be compelled to drop your bait into deep, clear openings.

When you feel a run let your line be perfectly free, and allow the fish to make for his haunt without check;

and when he stops give out a little slack line. By your watch give him ten minutes to pouch the bait before you strike, which you may then do, by first gently drawing in your slack line, and then striking gently ; but should your fish move soon after he has been to his haunt, give him line, and he will stop again ; but after this, if he move a second time before the ten minutes are expired, strike, and you will most likely secure him : but if he has only been playing with the bait, you will have lost him.

When I have been so served once or twice, I generally resort to my snap-tackle.

If you have fairly hooked your fish he cannot easily break away ; and as your tackle is strong, unless he is very large you need not give out much line, but hold him fast and clear of the weeds, giving him but a short struggle for his life. The gaff is better than a net for landing a large pike, for he is dangerous to handle, and his bite is much to be dreaded.

When you are without either gaff or landing-net, seize the fish by putting your finger and thumb into his eyes. Half-a-dozen gorge-hooks may be carried in a tin box, with a little bran, ready baited, which will generally serve for a morning's sport.

ANGLING AT THE SNAP.

I shall first describe the old-fashioned mode, although it is now rarely practised.

The spring-snap was formerly much in use, and may be purchased at any of the tackle-shops. It consists of three hooks, the upper one small, and the two lower hooks large. The spring confines the lower hooks, but the spring gives way, and the hooks spread out when the fish is struck, and hold him securely.

It is baited by introducing the point of the small hook under the skin of the bait, on the side, and bringing it out at the back fin. Mr. Salter gives the following directions for the double-hook snap, which may be used either with a dead or live bait :—

“This snap-hook is a double hook, or two single hooks, No. 6, tied back to back, on gimp; to bait this snap use the baiting-needle, having first placed the loop of the gimp to which the hooks are tied in the eye of the needle. Enter the point of the needle just above the gills of the fish, near the back, avoiding to pierce the flesh as much as possible, as it is only intended that the gimp should lie just behind the skin. Bring the needle and the loop of the gimp out near the tail, and draw till the hooks lie close to the part your needle entered, and are somewhat hid by the gills. The bait will live a long time after being thus hooked, and may be used in fishing with a float, by putting three swan shot on the gimp, to keep it down: always prefer a gudgeon for this baiting. I call this a snap, because when fishing this way for jack, I strike immediately I perceive a run, and have met great success this way

of snap-fishing. This snap may be baited with dead fish, and trolled with."

Although I have quoted this mode of keeping a bait "a long time alive on the hook," I by no means recommend the practice to my young brothers of the angle, for I have long confined myself to the use of the dead bait; and with the gorge-hook, and the snap used in the manner I am about to describe, the pike-fisher will never want sport in a well-stored water.

I have before said, that by spinning the minnow with the same kind of tackle as that used in spinning the bleak for Thames trout, I have taken many jack, perch, and trout; but I have also frequently lost my tackle, by the gut being bitten through by the sharp teeth of the pike. To remedy this evil, gimp may be employed instead of gut; indeed, the snap-tackle now generally sold at the shops is of this description, but with larger hooks than I use, and coarser gimp.

I must now refer my reader to the article on Minnow and Bleak fishing, page 70, where he will find a sketch and description of the tackle I recommend for the snap, and directions for baiting his hook; only that fine gimp must be used instead of gut, and the hooks must be No. 8, and may be had, ready fitted up, at Mr. Chevalier's, in Bell Alley; at Mr. Barth's, Cockspur Street; and other tackle-shops.

The angler must now make his casts in the manner recommended in trolling with the gorge-hook, letting

the bait partly sink, and then drawing it towards him by gentle touches, by which means the bait will spin freely, and look bright and glittering in the water. When you feel or see a bite, let the fish turn, and then strike gently, but still with sufficient quickness and force to make your hooks hold. And now, with patience and perseverance added to these instructions, a complete disregard of cold and wind, and a determination never to lose his temper at trifling disappointments, the tyro may soon become a master. Nobbs says :—

“The truth is, if sport be quick, scarcely any thing can vex or discompose the fisher, for he is then so attentive to his pleasure that he takes little notice of those inconveniences which otherwise might be trouble and vexation ; he then regards neither wind nor weather, and disdains those slight perturbations of cold, thirst, or hunger. He hath then gotten the philosopher's stone, which sweetens all his other crosses, and turns all disasters into gold. His sport is a cordial for all distempers ; and the pike, like a good water-physician, cures him of all diseases. If weary, his sport refreshes him ; if cold, it warms him ; if melancholy, it cheers him ; if drowsy, it revives him ; if in pain, it eases him ; if sick, it recovers him : he then feels not the weight, nor is concerned that his tackle is no better. This is the prosperity of the fisher ; but if you see him in adversity, when fortune does not smile on his endeavours, you shall find him much altered, and in a

contrary condition—supposing, I say, that the thing called luck does not attend him, which should refine all the dross of outward misfortunes ; he is then so much at a loss and dejected that he can expect but a bitter portion. Patience and hope are the two chief pillars that support the building of a fisherman, for if once they are disturbed, or shaken, you may easily foresee the ruin of Piscator.”

Of live-bait fishing I shall say but little, as I do not practise it myself, nor can I recommend it to others.

The hook is baited by passing it through the fish’s lips, or beneath the back fin ; a large cork float is used, and a gudgeon is considered the best live bait : two or three swan shot will be necessary to keep down the bait, which should swim about mid water. When a fish bites he must be suffered to run to his haunt, and ten minutes allowed him to pouch the bait, as in trolling with the gorge-hook.

Of trimmer-fishing and night-lines I shall say nothing further than that they are unworthy of a sportsman. Trimmers may be purchased at any of the tackle-shops, and may be useful to the gamekeeper to furnish his master’s table ; but the skilful artist will disdain to have one in his possession.

[I quite agree with the remark respecting trimmers and night-lines, but I think Mr. Hofland may mislead young fishermen by what he says on the subject of

gorge and snap-fishing for pike. The former, in very weedy ponds, may now and then, perhaps, be used with effect ; but it is a tedious and uncertain mode of taking fish. Wherever the snap can be brought into play, spinning-tackle should always be substituted. It is not only a sportsmanlike and agreeable mode of fishing, but, generally speaking, three fish may be caught, when, probably, only one would be taken by the snap or gorge. The tackle should be the same as that used for spinning for trout, except that gimp should be substituted for gut. Almost every thing, however, depends on the way in which the bait is fixed to the hooks, so as to make it spin properly.

And here I would recommend the young practitioner to seek out the Purdys, the Wilders, and the Wisdoms of the river Thames, and take a few lessons from them in putting baits on spinning-tackle, and in throwing the line. These men, and some other professional fishermen, with certain gentlemen who have practised with them, are not to be equalled in England, and I might add in the world, as expert spinners. The Thames alone can produce them. It is an art, however, not to be learned in a day. The gathering up the line with the thumb and little finger of the left hand, throwing out the bait from a twelve-foot rod with the right hand, letting the gathered line go at the same time, and then spinning the bait in a neat and masterly manner, while the left hand is again at work in collect-

ing the line for the next cast, must be seen in order to be admired and imitated, for no description can do justice to it.

Often have I seen one of these anglers standing on the top of a wier, and throwing his bait into the foaming waters beneath. This requires a strong head and good nerves ; but a skilful fisherman is often rewarded by hooking a noble Thames trout, perhaps,—without exception, the best fish that can be found, if properly crimped and prepared.

This mode of fishing applies equally well to pike, and no one who has tried it will be inclined to fish in any other way. I may add, that I have a small hammer fixed to the end of a knife, about nine inches in length, with which, with one blow on the head of the fish between the eyes, I instantly kill it as soon as it is landed. The hooks may then be removed from the mouth, with no risk and little trouble. The fish should then be crimped, by cutting from the fork of the tail upwards, about two inches, and held up to bleed for two or three minutes.—ED.]

A difference of opinion exists with respect to the age and weight at which a pike is the best food, some contending for the superiority of large, and others for that of small fish ; but, as far as my experience goes, I should say a fish well fed, in October and November, from eight to twelve pounds, is in perfection. I have frequently partaken of pike of this size, at the late

Earl of Harcourt's (St. Leonard's, near Windsor), caught in Virginia Water, and I certainly thought them very superior in firmness and flavour to any small pike or jack I ever tasted.

Nobbs gives the following receipt for dressing a pike :—

“Take your pike and open him; rub him within with salt and claret wine: save the milt, and a little of the bloody fat; cut him in two or three pieces, and put him in when the water boils; put in with him sweet marjoram, savory, thyme, or fennel, with a good handful of salt: let them boil nearly half an hour. For the sauce, take sweet butter, anchovies, horse-radish, claret wine, of each a good quantity; a little of the blood, shalot, or garlic, and some lemon sliced: beat them well together and serve him up.”

[When a pike has been crimped, there is no better way of dressing it than boiling it in salt and water, with a good stuffing in its belly.]



CHAPTER VI.

THE PERCH.

THE perch is only second to the pike in boldness and voracity ; he is gregarious, and is an inhabitant of almost all the rivers, lakes, and ponds, of these kingdoms, and of most parts of Europe. He is the delight of the young angler, as he bites, at times, very freely, at nearly every kind of bait offered to him, and is to be caught with the most humble kind of tackle.

As they swim in shoals, twenty or thirty of them are sometimes taken in a short time in one spot. But there are times and seasons when it is past the angler's art to tempt the perch to feed ; the middle of the day in summer is very unfavourable, and I should say, as a general rule, the best time of angling for them is from sunrise till eight o'clock in the morning, and from four o'clock till dusk in the evening.

The month of February has been considered a good season for perch-fishing; but as they spawn in April and May, from that time they are out of condition till August, from which period they remain in season till the beginning of March.

The flesh of the perch is very firm and white, of excellent flavour, and particularly wholesome and easy of digestion.

Mr. Yarrell says, "the perch, though very common, is one of the most beautiful of our fresh-water fishes, and, when in good condition, its colours are brilliant and striking. The upper part of the body is a rich greenish brown, passing into golden yellowish white below; the sides ornamented with from five to seven transverse bands; the irides, golden yellow; the first dorsal fin, brown; the membrane connecting two or three of the first and last rays, spotted with black; the second dorsal and pectoral fins, pale brown; ventral, anal, and caudal fins, bright vermilion."

A perch of three pounds is considered large, but they have been taken of the weight of six and eight pounds, and one is said to have been caught in the Serpentine, Hyde Park, which weighed nine pounds.

It would be useless to point out the particular rivers and lakes where perch are to be taken, as they may be found almost every where; I shall, however, name a few places near London. First, the various docks, such as the West and East India Docks, the Commercial, &c.,

abound with fine perch, and the favourite bait in these resorts is a live shrimp. The Thames, at Maidenhead and Marlow, is famous for large pike and perch, and the ready access to these places by the Great Western Railroad, will induce many brothers of the angle to visit this beautiful part of the Thames ; the river Lea, also, will afford good sport to the perch-fisher, all the way from White House to Hoddesden.

The perch loves to lie by the side of the stream, and under deep banks, or near beds of the water-lily, the eddies at mill tails, and tumbling bays, near the old piles of wooden bridges, or old kemp sheeting, as well as under projecting willow-boughs ; the best baits for a perch are the minnow, the gudgeon, the red worm, and the brandling.

[I will now let my readers into a secret in perch-fishing, known but to very few, and which alone ought to secure the future fame, as well as the sale, of this volume, independently of its other merits. I have known it for many years, but have never before divulged it, except to one or two friends.

Perhaps the most taking time of the year for perch is in the autumn, as they then become gregarious fish, which they are not in the spring or summer.

Procure a large glass bottle, such as may be seen in the windows of chemists' shops ; the clearer the glass the better. Fill this bottle with river water, and put into it a quantity of live and lively minnows. Cover

the top with a piece of parchment, having holes punctured in it. Tie a strong cord round the neck of the bottle so prepared, and sink it near a pile in a river, or in a deep hole near the bank. This should be done early in the morning, or late in the evening, when no one is about to witness the operation; conceal the cord, and leave the bottle for two days. At the end of that time drop a paternoster, baited with live minnows, by the side of the bottle, and the angler may be sure of excellent sport; as the sight of the minnows in the bottle will have attracted numerous perch to the spot. The neighbourhood of Pangbourn, in Berkshire, and Marlow, are good localities to try this experiment, as perch abound at those places. Wherever, however, there are perch, whether in rivers, ponds, or lakes, the result will be the same. This may be called poaching, but I do not think it is more so than using ground-bait, or any other mode of attracting fish to a particular spot.—ED.]

The minnow may be used by fixing a No. 9 hook under the back fin, or by passing it through his lips with a cork float, carrying shot according to the depth of the water. You should fish within a few inches of the bottom, and when a fish bites, which he generally does voraciously, a little time should be given before you strike; as, if not well hooked, he is apt to break his hold. The paternoster is much used for minnow-fishing; it may be had at all the tackle-shops; it is

sunk by a small bullet, and has three hooks at different distances, which may be baited in the manner above described; but my favourite mode of perch-fishing is by spinning the dead minnow,* with the tackle described at page 70, which gives me a chance at the same time of taking jack and trout.

The gudgeon or the bleak may of course be used in the same manner when large perch are expected.

In worm-fishing, the brandling and the red worm are the best; a No. 8 or 9 hook may be employed, and the float must be suitable for the water. Some anglers prefer roving for perch in the following manner:—

Use a reel on your rod, and have bottom-tackle of three yards of gut, with a hook No. 8 or 9, one or two shot corns to sink the bait, which should be either one or two well-scoured red worms; and you must then cast your line across the stream, letting it sink, and drawing it towards you alternately till you feel a bite, then allow a few seconds before you strike. You may also drop this bait into still, deep holes, as in trout-fishing: indeed a practical angler (especially an old trout-fisher) will prefer this mode of worm-fishing to the use of the float.

In Cumberland and Westmoreland the perch are commonly called bass.

Small perch will serve to make water-souchy, thus:

* The live minnow, when it can be had, is preferable.—ED.

—[Have your perch ready scaled, gutted, and well-cleaned, and washed, and as nearly of a size as may be. Stew down any small fish, such as roach, gudgeons, perch, flounders, or dabs of soles, in about two quarts of water. Strain them off. Have ready some parsley well washed in *soft* water, and some parsley roots, if they can be had ; if not, some strips of parsnips. Add salt, and boil these together for a short time in the stock above-mentioned. Put in the perch, and, when sufficiently done, serve up in a large deep dish, with a *quantum sufficit* of brown bread and butter. *Probatum est.*—ED.]



CHAPTER VII.

THE BARBEL.

THE barbel is so called from the barb, beard, or wattles that hang about his mouth and nose: he is a leather-mouthed fish, and though he seldom breaks his hold from the hook, he is so strong and active, that if a large fish and not well managed, he will carry the young angler's tackle away before he can turn him and get him into play.

This is a very handsome fish, but of little value for the table; the flesh is sweet but not firm, and is very full of small bones: notwithstanding, the barbel is much sought after by the fisherman, as his size, strength, and habits cause him to afford excellent sport to the angler in killing him. He feeds on worms, slugs, maggots, and small fish, and his haunts are the deepest parts of rivers, near the piles of old bridges, and in the deeps near tumbling bays.

They spawn in May or June, and are soon in season after spawning. The ova, amounting to seven or eight thousand in a full-sized female, are deposited on the gravel, and covered by the parent fishes, and these are vivified in a warm season between the ninth and tenth day.

They swim in great shoals, and the river Thames, from Kew to Streety, abounds with them. Barbel-fishing, in this river, may be said to commence at Richmond, though a few are taken at Kew, Brentford, and Isleworth.

At Richmond, Teddington, Kingston, Ditton, Hampton, Sunbury, Shepperton, and Walton, immense numbers are sometimes caught of a very large size; and upwards of two hundred weight of barbel have been taken in the Thames with one rod in one day. Mr. Yarrell says:—"The largest fish I can find recorded weighed fifteen pounds and a half, but it is said the river Lea has produced a barbel weighing nineteen pounds."

The two general modes of fishing for barbel are with a float and with the ledger-bait; and the best fishing is from a punt fixed across the stream.

For the float-fishing I prefer a fine gut bottom-tackle attached to my reel-line, with a hook not larger than No. 9, shotted to suit the stream, so that I have the chance of taking roach and dace at the same time; and by fishing thus fine, if the river be low and very

bright, you have a greater chance of taking fish than with coarser tackle; and should you hook a very heavy fish, you will have the more credit in killing him. The best baits for float-fishing are gentles and greaves.

Greaves (or tallow-chandlers' scratchings) have already been described in the chapter on Baits. They should be chopped into small pieces, put into an earthen pan, and have as much boiling water poured on them as will cover them; but they must not be boiled over the fire, as that would make the skins too soft and tender. For your bait, select a bit of clear, whitish, tough skin, and twist it well on to your hook, and avoid having too large a bait: this is equally good for roach and dace. The gentle is also an excellent bait for barbel.

When the water is very clear, I have found the following plan enabled me to take barbel, when I could catch them in no other way: Use the tackle above described, and fix a ball of clay ground-bait firmly on your line, having your shot, or part of it, within the ball, which must be placed within one inch of the hook. You then throw in your clay ball and it sinks your bait, and acts as a ledger; the barbel come up to the ground-bait, and not seeing the tackle, take the bait freely; and in this manner I have had great success. Much caution must be used in striking when you become sensible of a bite; for if you strike too sharply, the weight of the clay-ball is apt to break your gut tackle.

Very strong salmon-gut, a heavy float, and a No. 4 hook, are sometimes used at Hampton, Walton, &c., and baited with a lob-worm : in this kind of fishing the bait must drag along the ground.

For the ledger-bait, a strong, solid rod, with a stiff top and running tackle, must be used without a float, with a hook No. 7 or 8 for greaves, or 4 or 5 for worms. About twelve inches above the hook is placed a flat piece of lead with a hole through it, to enable you to fix it on the line ; and immediately below the lead is fixed a large shot, to prevent the lead from slipping down ; and the general practice now is to cover the lead with a ball of clay ground-bait, though formerly nothing but the lead was used. Bait your hook with lob-worms, marsh-worms, or greaves ; cast in your bait before you and it will lie clear on the ground, and the point of your rod should be within half a yard of the water : when you feel a smart tug or two at your line, strike gently, and keep your line clear, that your fish, if a large one, may run freely : but try his strength, and by all means turn him before he runs out your line, or you will inevitably lose him.

The barbel is thoroughly game, and a fish of eight or ten pounds weight will try your tackle, and shew you good sport before he is your own, particularly if you are fishing with roach and dace-tackle instead of the ledger.

A barbel was caught at Hampton by Mr. Bigbee,

August 21st, 1823, with roach-tackle, weighing twelve pounds and a half. Large barbel are caught at the various subscription-waters of the river Lea, of which further notice will be taken in my description of that river. The Trent, near Nottingham, abounds with barbel, and many are taken near the bridge; and I have myself killed many large barbel and chub in that neighbourhood with a barbel rod, running-tackle, a strong gut bottom, and one or two shot corns without a float. I baited my hook, No. 8, with a piece of newish cheese, or of old common sort of cheese, that had been soaked in a wet cloth twenty-four hours, to make it moist and soft. I used a piece for bait about the size of a hazel nut, and dropped it from the bank into any deep hole, by the side of any eddy or stream that I could find, letting it sink to the bottom, and remain there without motion till I felt a bite; and this is equally a favourite bait with the barbel and chub. Many years since, when on a visit to Burton Joyce on the Trent, about six miles from Nottingham, I had great sport in this manner; and I can confidently recommend it as a sure method of taking barbel in deep, still holes, near the banks of a river.

You can never hope for sport in barbel-fishing unless you throw in plenty of ground-bait, made as directed at page 22. Another good ground-bait is made by putting gentles into the centre of balls of bran and clay, and when these balls are thrown into the

water, the gentles make their way out of the clay, and attract the fish ; this is also an excellent ground-bait for roach and dace-fishing.

The barbel, though a very bony fish, is certainly very sweet and delicate in flavour, if cooked immediately after it is caught ; but a single hour will impair its goodness. Most of the barbel taken in nets are sold by the fishermen to the Jews about Whitechapel, who are very fond of this fish, and are said to have a mode of stewing them so as to make an excellent dish. The spawn of barbel acts as a violent cathartic and emetic, and the liver also is unwholesome.

[The best mode of dressing barbel, although it is bad enough at the best, is by cutting it into small slices, soaking them in salt and water for two or three hours, and then spitchcock them as eels are done.—ED.]



CHAPTER VIII.

THE CARP AND TENCH.

THE carp is a beautiful fish, with “scales be-dropt with gold,” and is found in most of the rivers and lakes of Europe; but the breeding of carp is particularly cultivated in Prussia and the German empire, where this fish is in much greater estimation, as a delicacy for the table, than in England.

Many of the lakes, ponds, and rivers of this country are well stored with carp: those bred in rivers are considered the best, and when taken in the Thames and the Lea, though few in number, are often large, and always of excellent quality; but carp are to be found in the greatest abundance in the ponds and arti-

ficial lakes of the parks and pleasure-grounds of our nobility and gentry ; and, where the water is favourable, they breed rapidly, and become very numerous, if not kept down by jack and perch.

The carp is said to have lived, in some instances, to the age of two hundred years ; it will exist longer out of its native element than any other fresh-water fish,—the tench and eel perhaps excepted. Mr. Ray says, “ that in Holland they have a speedy way of fattening them, by hanging them up in a net in a cellar, and feeding them with bread and milk ; ” they are “ placed in moss, which is moistened once or twice a-day ; and in this manner they are said to thrive, and improve in flavour.” I can myself offer a decisive instance of their tenacity of life out of the water : the picture from which the wood-cut of a carp and tench at the head of this chapter was engraved, was kindly lent to me by my friend and pupil Mr. George Hilditch, who informed me that, when painting the picture, “ he kept these fish in a tub for a week, taking them out alternately in the mornings at ten o'clock to paint from, and putting them into water again at four, during six days ; ” and I may add, that his amiable sister pleaded so well for the lives of these two fish, who had seen so much land service, that Mr. Hilditch took them down from Ludgate Hill to Blackfriars Bridge, when, to use his own words, “ they swam away quite fresh and lively.”

Sir Francis Bacon thought that the carp lived only

ten years ; but Jonas Dubrarius informs us that “carp begin to spawn at the age of three years, and continue to do so till thirty.”

Mr. Yarrell says, “they spawn towards the end of May, or the beginning of June, depending on the temperature of the water and the season.” So do all fish. Izaak Walton says, “the carp, if he have water-room, and good feed, will grow to a very great bigness and length. I have heard, to be much above a yard long. ’Tis said by Jovius, who hath writ of fishes, that in the lake Luriam, in Italy, carps have thriven to be more than fifty pounds weight.”

Mr. Ladbroke, from his park at Gatton, presented Lord Egremont with a brace that weighed thirty-five pounds, as specimens to ascertain whether the Surrey could not vie with the Sussex carp.

At Weston Hall, Staffordshire (the seat of the Earl of Bradford), the painting of a carp is preserved, which weighed nineteen pounds and a half.*

Sir Richard Baker, in his “Chronicle,” says,—

“Hops and turkies, carps and beer,
Came into England all in a year ;”

but the earliest notice of this fish is in the “Boke of St. Alban’s, by Dame Juliana Barnes,” emprinted in 1495, where carp is mentioned as a “deyntous fishe.”

* The present stuffed specimen in the British Museum I presented. The carp was caught at Pain’s Hill, in Surrey, and weighed twenty-five pounds : perhaps the largest on record in this country.—ED.

In rivers, the carp prefer those parts where the current is not too strong, and where the bottom is marly, or muddy: and in lakes, or ponds, are to be found near beds of water-lilies, and other aquatic plants. Old carp are very crafty and wary, and will not easily be taken by the angler; but young ones, when a pond is well stocked, may be easily taken in great quantities.

But even large carp will become very tame, in ponds where they are regularly fed; for Mr. Jesse says, of some carp and tench, retained by him in a stew, "that they were soon reconciled to their situation, and ate boiled potatoes in considerable quantities, and the former seemed to have lost their original shyness, eating in my presence without any scruple;" and Sir John Hawkins says, he was assured by a friend of his, that he saw a carp come to the edge of a pond, from being whistled to, by a person who daily fed it; and I have, myself, seen carp come to the edge of the water to be fed with bread, by the visitors to Roche Abbey, celebrated for its beautiful scenery and fine Gothic ruins; the ponds near which are well stocked with carp and perch, the small stream that supplies them containing fine trout. These romantic grounds are well deserving the attention of the artist and amateur; they are the property of the Earl of Scarborough, distant six miles from Rotherham and three from Tickhill.

Notwithstanding these instances of familiarity, it is by no means easy to make a large carp familiar with

your bait : to do this, the greatest nicety and caution must be observed ; but if the young angler, who has been often foiled in his attempts, will patiently and implicitly follow my instructions, he will become a match for this cunning fish.

Use a strong rod, with running-tackle, and have a bottom of three yards of fineish gut, and a hook No. 9 or 10 ; use a very light quill-float, that will carry two small shot, and bait with a well-scoured red worm.

Now, plumb the depth with the greatest nicety, and let your bait just touch, or all but touch, the bottom : but you are not yet prepared ; for a forked stick must be fixed into the bank, on which you must let your rod rest, so that the float shall fall over the exact spot you have plumbed. Now, throw in a sufficient quantity of ground-bait, of bread and bran, worked into a paste, and made into little balls ; or, in want of these, throw in the garbage of chickens or ducks ; and all this is to be done on the evening of the day before you intend to fish.

The next morning, if in summer, be at the pond side where you have baited and plumbed your depth, by four o'clock, at latest, and, taking your rod and line, which is already fixed to the exact depth, bait with a small, bright, red worm ; then approach the water cautiously, keeping out of sight as much as possible, and drop your bait exactly over the spot you plumbed overnight ; then rest part of your rod on the forked stick, and the bottom of it on the ground.

You must now retire a few paces, keeping entirely out of sight ; but still, near enough to observe your float ; when you perceive a bite, give a little time ; indeed, it is better to wait till you see the float begin to move off, before you strike, which you may then do smartly ; and as the carp is a leather-mouthed fish, if you manage him well, there is no fear of losing him, unless the pond is very weedy. Be careful to have your line free, that, if a large fish, he may run out some of your line before you attempt to turn him ; as he is a very strong fish, and your tackle rather light, you must give him careful play before you land him.

The extreme shyness of the large carp makes all this somewhat tedious process necessary to insure success ; but I can safely assert, that I scarcely ever took this trouble in vain. Various baits are recommended for carp ; such as green peas, parboiled, pastes of all descriptions, gentles, caterpillars, &c. ; but I have found the red worm the best, and, next to this, the gentle, and plain bread paste. Those who prefer a sweet paste may dip the bread in honey. Paste and gentles will answer better in autumn than spring. April and May are, in my opinion, the best months for carp-fishing ; and very early in the morning, or late in the evening, is the best time for pursuing your sport.

[I can safely recommend another method of taking carp.

Bait the ground (a gravelly bottom is the best

place) with potatoes roughly mashed. Any small ones will do. This should be done every day for a week. Fix a wattled hurdle about two or three yards from the edge of the pond, behind which you can conceal yourself. Have a long strong rod, with strong running tackle, the best and strongest gut you can procure, with a No. 8 hook. Bury the hook in a piece of half-boiled potatoe, about as big as the end of your fourth finger to the first joint; drop it gently into the place baited, but without either float or shot. Have a landing-net ready, for it will soon be required. Keep the fish, when hooked, as much as possible on the top of the water, as it will make to the weeds if there are any near. It requires some skill and much patience to land a large carp.—ED.]

The body of the carp is covered with large scales, about twelve rows, between the ventral and dorsal fins; the general colour is golden olive brown; head darkest; irides, golden; belly, yellowish white; lateral line interrupted, straight; the fins, dark brown.

TO STEW CARP, OR TENCH.

Cut and scale your fish; wash and dry them well with a clean cloth; dredge them well with flour; fry them in dripping until they are of a light brown; and then put them in a stewpan, with a quart of water, a quart of red wine, a meat-spoonful of lemon pickle,

another of browning, the same of walnut and of mushroom catchup ; a little mushroom powder, and cayenne to your taste ; and a stick of horse-radish, with a small bunch of thyme. Cover your pan close up, to keep in the steam ; let these stew gently over a stove fire, till your gravy is reduced to just enough to cover your fish in the dish you intend for the table. Set the gravy on the fire, and thicken it with flour, and a small piece of butter ; boil it a little, and strain it over your fish.

THE CRUCIAN, OR PRUSSIAN CARP,

Is much smaller than the common carp ; the form of the head is obtuse, the mouth and eyes small, the body rather short and thick, and the scales large. The top of the head and back are of olive brown, the sides lighter in colour, the belly almost white, and the whole fish shining with a brilliant golden metallic lustre : irides, golden ; cheeks and gill-covers, brilliant golden yellow ; the dorsal fin, and upper part of the tail, brown, tinged with orange ; pectoral, ventral, and anal fins, orange red ; and the lower part of the tail tinged with the same colour.

These fish are found in ponds in the neighbourhood of London, and also in the Thames. The general weight is from six to eight ounces ; but in some waters they will attain the weight of two pounds. They are very prolific, very tenacious of life, and will, it is said, live

thirty hours out of the water. I have seen Prussian carp caught in some small ponds in the neighbourhood of Chalk Farm and Hampstead; but they were very small: it is probable they may be found in other parts of the kingdom, but I have never sought after them. The baits to be used are pastes, gentles, and red worms. They may be kept in a glass, like gold fish.*

THE TENCH.

The tench has been called the fish's physician, because the slime which is spread all over it, like that of the eel, appears to have a healing quality for wounded fishes; and the ravenous pike himself is said to be so sensible of this property in the tench, that he will not feed upon him.

“ The pike, fell tyrant of the liquid plain,
With rav'nous waste devours his fellow train,
Yet, howsoe'er with raging famine pin'd,
The tench he spares, a medicinal kind.”

Mr. Salter says, “ the eel also foregoes his voracity, in regard to the tench, both by night and by day. I have known several trimmers to be laid at night, baited with live fish, roach, dace, bleak and tench, each about six or seven inches long; and when those trimmers were examined in the morning, both eels and jack have

* There is a small lake near Builth, in South Wales, which only contains Crucian carp, and some of them are caught of a large size. — Ed.

been taken by hooks baited with any other fish than tench, which I found as lively as when put into the river the preceding night, without ever having been disturbed. This has been invariably the case during my experience; neither have I met with one solitary instance to the contrary, related by any of my acquaintances, who have had numerous opportunities of noticing the singular circumstance of the perfect freedom from death, or wounds, which the tench enjoys over every other inhabitant of the liquid element, arising from continual conflicts with each other."

[There is not one word of truth in this, as pike will run at small tench as eagerly as any other fish, as I have often experienced.—ED.]

The tench is found in most of our ponds and ornamental waters, and in some of our lakes and rivers,* but they breed best in ponds, or deep pits, where brick earth has been removed, and there is a marly bottom. They also thrive where a pond appears to be choked up with weeds; an instance of which is given by Daniel, in his "Rural Sports."

"A piece of water, which had been ordered to be filled up, and into which wood and rubbish had been thrown for years, was directed to be cleaned out. Persons were accordingly employed, and, although choked

* A Thames tench, when it can be procured, is a most excellent fish.—ED.

up by weeds and mud, with so little water remaining that no person expected to see any fish, except a few eels, yet nearly two hundred brace of tench, of all sizes, and as many perch, were found. After the pond was thought to be quite free, under some roots there seemed to be an animal, which was conjectured to be an otter : the place was surrounded, and on opening an entrance among the roots a tench was found, of most singular form, having literally assumed the shape of the hole in which he had, of course, been for many years confined. His length, from eye to fork, was thirty-three inches ; his circumference, almost to the tail, was twenty-seven inches ; his weight, eleven pounds, nine ounces, and a quarter ; the colour was also very singular, his belly being that of charr or vermilion. This extraordinary fish, after being inspected by many gentlemen, was carefully put into a pond, and at the time this account was written (twelve months afterwards) was alive and well."

Tench seldom exceed five or six pounds in weight, though the above instance proves that they are sometimes taken of a larger growth. Tench, like carp, are very tenacious of life, and might be carried, by railroad, from one end of the kingdom to the other, and be able to swim at their journey's end. As an article of food, it is greatly esteemed, and is very superior to the carp. It is a great breeder, and easily transported from

one part of the country to another, and therefore well calculated for stocking newly made ornamental waters. [The general price for stock-fish is 2*l.* a-hundred.] The tench spawns in June, with some variation, depending on the water and the season.

The tench is not elegantly shaped, being broad and thick; his scales are very small, and his body is covered with a slimy substance; the head is rather large and blunt, the mouth small, with a very large barbule at each corner; the lips flesh-coloured; the eyes small. The general colour of the body, greenish olive gold, and lightest along the whole line of the under surface, the fins being of a darker brown.

The method of angling recommended for carp will also serve for tench; and the same baits may be used, *i. e.* red and blood worms, gentles, and paste.* Your hook should not be larger than No. 10, and your gut something finer than for carp-fishing. April and May are good months, when the worm is the only bait necessary: some anglers prefer paste, or gentles, for summer and autumn; but I have seldom found a well-scoured red worm fail me at any season. In rivers, your bait must drag the ground; and in ponds, must nearly touch the bottom.

For ground-bait, use fresh, sweet greaves, or bread

* The tench, however, roves much in the evening, and that is the best time to take them.—ED.

and bran kneaded together, and made into small balls, as named before.

One of our poets has aptly described the times of day most favourable to carp-fishing :—

“ At early dawn, or rather, when the air
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy eve
Is busiest to confer and to bereave ;
Then, pensive votary ! let thy feet repair
To silent lake, or gentle river fair.”



CHAPTER IX.

THE CHUB.

THE chub is a well-known fish, and is common to most of the larger rivers of the three kingdoms ; but many of the smaller streams contain no other fish than trout, eels, and minnows, with the occasional addition of the grayling. Mr. Yarrell is mistaken in saying, “the chub is the skelly of Cumberland,” as I have seen the skelly caught by nets in vast quantities in Ulswater, where, at certain seasons, they swim near the top of the water in immense shoals, like herrings ; and, indeed, they are sometimes called the fresh-water herring, as they bear a great resemblance to the herring, but have no kind of affinity to the chub whatever.

Although the chub is in little estimation for the

table, being very coarse and bony, he is handsome both in form and colour. The head is large, as are also the scales; the whole of the upper part of the back is a blueish black, the sides a blueish white, passing into creamy whiteness on the belly. The dorsal and caudal fins dusky, the pectoral fins reddish brown, and the ventral and anal fins orange red.

They spawn in April or May, and are best in season from October till April. The rivers Thames and Lea abound with chub, and they afford good sport to the angler, as they may be caught either with bottom-fishing or the fly, all the year round. The chub delights in deep holes, under steep, well-wooded banks, where he shelters himself, and lies in wait for the flies and grubs that fall from the branches of the overhanging trees. He is also fond of sheltering near the wood-work of locks, and the piles of bridges; but he is seldom met with in still waters or ponds, and never thrives but in rivers.

He will grow to the weight of five or six pounds, when his head becomes larger in proportion, and he is then by no means so handsome a fish as when about two pounds. He feeds upon small fish, all kinds of flies, grubs, and insects, but is more especially fond of the cockchafer: and Mr. Jesse says of the chub, confined with other fish, where their actions could be noticed, "that they were always restless and shy, but could never resist a cockchafer when thrown to them."

Although a greedy fish, he is very shy, and if you are seen he will seldom take your bait ; so that great caution is requisite in approaching the water when you are dibbing with the natural fly, which is much practised from the willow aits of the river Thames. A long rod and a short line are used, and any fly you can procure as a bait ; but the most tempting you can offer is a cockchafer in spring, and a grasshopper in autumn.

In winter, when chub are in the highest season, and when the water is clear, the most killing bait is bullocks' brains, or the pith of an ox's backbone, which should be used with a double hook, No. 8 or 9, as this bait is very tender. Your rod must be strong, with running-tackle ; your bottom of strong gut : have one or two shot to sink your bait, and fish without a float : drop your bait into a deep hole, or under any bank where there is harbour for fish, and let it sink nearly to the bottom, moving it gently along with the current, and the fish will rarely refuse it. When you have hooked a good chub, give him line, for he shoots out furiously for a few seconds, but the moment you have turned him he gives up the contest. In the article on Barbel I have described a method of fishing with cheese, which I can strongly recommend to the chub-fisher.

If you fish in a stream with a float, the size should be adapted to the depth and force of the stream ; the hook, No. 8 or 9, and the bait, either greaves, cheese, paste, gentles, worms, or caddis ; the grub from a wasp's

nest is also a killing bait. The best ground-bait is that made with soaked greaves, bran, and clay.

The pleasantest way of fishing for chub is with the artificial fly, for this fish rises freely, and is not very nice in the choice of his flies; but I have generally found the red and black hackle palmers, the red with gold, and the black with silver twist, answer best.

The Marlow buz is considered a good fly; a peacock's herl body, and mallard's wing, will also answer; and whatever fly I employ, I point the hook with a small bit of whit-leather, which partly hides the hook, and answers the purpose of a gentle.

Most of the osier aits on the Thames afford a shelter for chub, and by casting your line from a boat, so that the flies shall fall under the overhanging osiers or willows, if done in an artist-like manner, you cannot fail to have sport.

Izaak Walton says, "The French esteem him (the chub) so mean, as to call him *un villain*; nevertheless, he may be dressed so as to make him very good meat, as namely, if he be a large chub, then dress him thus:—

"First scale him, and then wash him clean, and then take out his guts; and to that end make the hole as little and as near his gills as you may conveniently, and especially make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it, for if that be not very clean it will make him to taste very sour; having so done, put some sweet herbs into his belly, and tie him with

two or three splinters to the spit, and roast him, basted often with vinegar, or, rather, verjuice and butter, with a good store of salt mixed with it.

“ Or you may dress the chavender, or chub, thus :—

“ When you have scaled him, and cut off his tail and fins, and washed him very clean, then chine or slit him through the middle, as a salt fish is usually cut ; then give him three or four cuts, or scotches, on the back with your knife, and broil him on charcoal, or wood coal, that is free from smoke, and all the time he is broiling baste him with sweet butter. The chevin was thus dressed that you liked so well, and commended so much ; but, note again, that if this chub that you ate of had been kept till to-morrow, he had then not been worth a rush. And remember that his throat be washed very clean—I say *very* clean—and his body not washed after he is gutted ; as, indeed, no fish should be.”



CHAPTER X.

THE BREAM.

THE bream is of no value for the table, as he is insipid and bony ; but as he breeds rapidly, and grows to a large size, he affords good sport to the angler. He is more generally found in large pieces of still water, or in canals, than in rivers.

The Thames and the Lea produce a few bream, where they sometimes grow to a large size. In the year 1835 a gentleman caught one at Hampton, with roach-tackle, weighing six pounds and three quarters. The Mole, the Medway, and the Trent, produce them in plenty ; also Dagenham Breach, the Commercial Docks, Deptford, and the Regent's Canal.

In the large ponds of Newstead Abbey, formerly belonging to the poet Byron (now the residence of

Col. Wildman), I have caught large bream ; and, notwithstanding the noble bard chose to sneer at the venerable Walton, he himself, in early life, frequently angled in this water. Some of the lakes in Ireland abound with bream of a very large size, as they are sometimes caught of the weight of ten or twelve pounds.

Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," thus describes a day of bream-fishing at New-hall Pond, in Essex :—

"The weather was cloudy, and the wind brisk ; there were seven rods used by the party, and very frequently there were bites at all of them at the same time. When a fish was hooked, and played on the top, or near the surface of the water, numbers were seen to follow him, and as soon as the hooks were fresh baited, they were alike greedily taken. The bait used was the large red worm, and the spot had been baited on the morning and evening previous to the day of fishing : the ground-bait used was boiled wheat and tallow-melter's greaves, mixed together."

When bream is angled for in Ireland, it is usual to bait the water a week or ten days before you fish, with grains, or other ground-bait, which insures great sport, as some hundred weights are frequently taken by one party.

The bream spawns in May, and is best in season in March and April, and in autumn ; it is a very broad fish, with large scales ; the general colour, a yellowish

white, the head and mouth are small, the eye large, the irides golden yellow.

In rivers he frequents, like carp and tench, the still, deep holes, or gentle streams, and quiet retired places.

In angling for bream, use running-tackle, a gut-line, a light float, and a No. 10 hook ; fish near the bottom, and bait with a red worm, paste, or gentles. Ground-bait with greaves and bran the day before you fish, if possible : when a fish bites, he will frequently throw the float flat upon the water, instead of drawing it under ; the best sport will be early in the morning, or after four in the evening.

There are two kinds of this fish, *i. e.* the carp-bream, and the bream-flat, and this latter species is very abundant in some parts of the River Cam. It does not attain the size of the carp-bream, rarely exceeding ten or twelve inches.

The directions given for carp-fishing will strictly apply to the bream also, and two or three rods may be used and attended to at a time by one person.



CHAPTER XI.

THE ROACH.

THE roach is a handsome fish, with a brilliant eye and bright silvery scales, but is of little estimation for the table. It is in prime season in October and November, when it is well-fed and beautiful in colour. If cooked quite fresh, it will be relished by a hungry fisherman.

[The best way, however, of dressing roach is to bake them, placing them in layers in an earthen pan with salt, pepper, cloves, and bay leaves, and filling up with vinegar. When baked enough, they should be pressed with a weight.—ED.]

Roach are common to all parts of Europe, and abound in most of the rivers, ponds, and lakes of Great Britain. The Thames, the New River, and the Lea breed them in great numbers, and they are also abundant in most of the canals of the country.

They spawn in May or the beginning of June, and in the Thames roach-fishing cannot be said fairly to commence till the middle of September; but in the river Lea the best roach are taken in April and May, also in August and September. The former are fence-months in the Thames, when neither angling nor netting is allowed. It is said that the roach is as foolish as the carp is crafty, and that it is easily taken; but I am convinced that much skill and experience are requisite to form a good roach-fisher, and that the London anglers have more dexterity in this kind of fishing than those of any other part of the kingdom. They who frequent the river Lea are particularly adroit, never using coarser tackle than a single hair, with which they will kill a fish of a pound weight.

Angling for roach in the Thames is generally practised in punts, with fine gut or hair-lines, No. 11 or 12 hook, and tip-capped floats, according to the depth of the water; and they are generally caught in those parts of the river called "deeps," which are preserves, granted by the Corporation of London for anglers.

Mr. Cheek, tackle-maker in the Strand, manufactures a very convenient light cane-rod for punt-fishing; it consists of three pieces, two of them going into the but-end, thus forming a light walking-cane. This rod will be found very useful for roach, dace, and gudgeon-fishing, but it is too slight for barbel.

Punts, for roach and dace-fishing, may be procured at Richmond, Teddington, Kingston, Ditton, Hampton, Shepperton, Walton, and Chertsey; and on the Lea roach-fishing is practised from the banks of the river, where roach are abundant, at all the subscription waters from White House, Hackney Marsh, to Hoddesdon.

In the months of October and November, when the water is high, the best fishing in the Thames is from the banks; and from Richmond to Chertsey Bridge there are many good swims, especially on the Trolloch, an island above Teddington, and in the meadows just beyond Hampton. A light cane-rod, eighteen feet long, must be used (and this may be had in great perfection of the maker, Mr. J. Bazin, Hackney, where fine wire roach-hooks may also be procured), with a single-hair line, No. 12 hook, and a light tip-capped float; and your bait should be within a quarter of an inch from the bottom. Your line from the rod should not be more than ten or fifteen inches above the float, over which the point of your rod should be held, so that you may strike quickly, with a gentle turn of the wrist, the moment you see a bite. When you have hooked a fish, keep him as much under the point of your rod as possible, shewing him the but, and playing him carefully till he is exhausted; and if a heavy fish, then use your landing-net. Your line may be passed through three or four of the rings of the rod, by which you may lengthen or shorten it as the depth of the water varies.

In the river Lea, and in many ponds, paste is the best bait (to make which, see the chapter on Baits), but in the Thames, gentles are mostly used; and if the water be coloured by a fresh, a small red or blood-worm will be a good bait. When paste is used, a short-shanked wire hook should be employed, and a bait about the size of a pea; the best ground-bait is that of soaked bread and bran, well kneaded together, made into small balls, and, if fishing in a stream, a pebble-stone may be put into each of them, but in still waters this will not be necessary.

In pond-fishing I should recommend a single-hair line, and a float that will only carry two small shot, as you cannot possibly fish too fine, more especially when the water is clear and shallow. The common house-fly is a good bait for bottom-fishing, and roach will also rise at the fly. I have taken them at Hatfield, and in other large pieces of water, in great numbers, with the artificial fly, such as the house-fly and small soldier palmer. The fly for roach and dace, and the mode of using it, recommended by Walton, are so excellent (though now but little practised) that I shall give it in his own words:—

“ Take the blackest ant-fly out of the mole-hill, or ant-hill, in which place you shall find them in the middle of June, or, if that be too early in the year, then, doubtless, you may find them in July, August, and most of the month of September; gather them

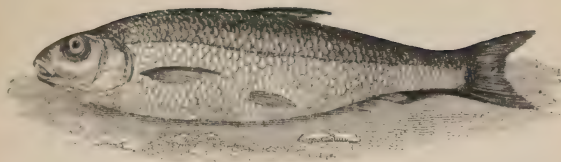
alive, with both their wings, and put them into a glass that will hold a quart, or pottle, but first put into the glass a handful or more of the moist earth out of which you gather them, and as much of the roots of the grass of the said hillock ; and then put in the flies gently, that they lose not their wings ; lay a clod of earth over it, and then so many as are put into the glass without bruising will live there a month, or more, and be always in readiness for you to fish with ; but if you would have them keep longer, get a great earthen pot or barrel, of three or four gallons, which is better. Wash it with water and honey, and, having put into it some earth and grass roots, then put in your flies, and cover it, and they will keep a quarter of a year. These, in any stream of clear water, are a deadly bait for roach, dace, or chub ; and fish, not less than a handful, from the bottom."

Large roach are caught in the Thames, where they have been taken, from two to three pounds weight, and some of the persons who live on the banks of the river have a method of dressing these roach, which renders them very savoury food. Without scaling the fish, lay them on a gridiron, over a slow fire, and dredge a little flour over them ; when they begin to grow brown, make a slit, not more than skin deep, from head to tail, and lay them on again ; when they are broiled enough, the skin, scales, and all will peel off, and leave the flesh, which will be by that time very firm and white. Open

the belly and take out the inside, and use anchovy and butter for sauce.

The roach is gregarious, swimming in large shoals; the colour of the upper part of the head and back is dusky green, with reflexions; the belly of silvery whiteness; the dorsal and caudal fins, pale brown; pectoral fins, orange red; and the ventral and anal fins, bright red.

[Londoners are the best roach-fishers in England, and some of them are such eager sportsmen that they pursue the sport through the winter, regardless of frost, snow, or rain, and are very successful, taking large fish in great quantities.—ED.]



CHAPTER XII.

THE DACE, OR DARE.

THE dace is something like the roach in its habits, but is more exclusively a river fish, as he will not thrive in still waters, and is rarely found in ponds. Mr. Yarrell says, “the dace is found in the deep and clear water of great streams;” but this appears to me to apply to the roach rather than the dace, as, from experience and observation, I should say the dace delights in sharp, clear streams, rather shallow than deep [especially at the tails of mill-streams]. Indeed, in summer and autumn vast quantities of them may be found on shallow, gravelly shoals, by the side of beds of weeds, where they may be taken with the artificial fly, in great numbers. On the shoal between the Duke of Buccleuch’s at Richmond, and Twickenham Ferry, I have frequently caught three dace with my three flies, at one cast of my line. The flies I generally use for

dace are the common house-fly ; for the stretcher, the small soldier palmer ; and the small black palmer for drop flies ; and these I point with a small bit of leather, which answers the purpose of a gentle, and will remain on the hook the whole day. The small black gnat, No. 18, is also a good fly.

The dace are gregarious, and swim in great shoals ; they spawn in May or June, and are in season from August to April. [They descend the wiers in the Thames, after spawning, in immense quantities.—ED.]

The dace is a more handsome-shaped fish than the roach, but never attains the same size, as he is seldom above half-a-pound weight. The colour of the upper part of the head and back is bluish green, becoming paler on the sides, and falling into a shining, silvery whiteness on the belly ; the irides, pale yellow ; cheek and gill-covers, pinkish white ; dorsal and caudal fins, pale brown ; pectoral, ventral, and anal fins, yellowish white, tinged with a pinky redness.

The same baits and the same tackle recommended for roach-fishing will serve for dace-fishing, with a float ; but, as I have before observed, the dace frequent sharper streams.

In spring, the red worm and the caddis-worm are good baits, and at all seasons a small bit of clear skin of greaves, properly scalded, is a killing bait.

Dace may also be taken in the summer months with almost any small natural fly, by either using the

blow-line or dibbing. The best time for the use of the artificial fly is a summer's evening, when you may take fish as long as you can see your fly. The dace is esteemed better food than the roach, and may be cooked, if large, in the same manner as the latter. Ground-bait with greaves, bran, and clay, fresh sweet grains, or with bread and bran worked into a paste.

THE RUDD.

Walton calls the rudd an inferior roach, and says, "there is a kind of bastard small roach, that breeds in ponds, with a very forked tail, and of a very small size, which some say is bred by the bream and right roach, and some ponds are stored with these beyond belief, and knowing men, that know the difference, call them rudds: they differ from the true roach, as much as a herring from a pilchard; and this bastard breed of roach are now scattered in many rivers, but I think not in the Thames."

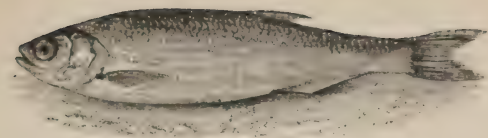
Mr. Salter, in his "Angler's Guide," says, "I have no doubt but that the fish called a rudd is a true roach,* but a little altered in shape, &c. by being put into ponds not congenial to their habits and nature: for I have known ponds stocked with roach from rivers, and in a

* Most certainly not: it is a fish *sui generis*, and is found perfectly distinct in ponds abounding with roach, bream, and crucian carp. (See Yarrell.)—ED.

few years none were to be found but numerous rudd. Previous to the roach being put into the same pond, a rudd was never seen, neither were there any bream. This fact I have witnessed many times, particularly during the twenty years I lived near Tilney Park, Wanstead. I have also caught roach in rivers when out of season, and when in a sickly state, extremely like the pond rudd, which makes me conclude that they are really roach, though degenerated."

The shape of the rudd is something between the roach and the bream; the body is of a bronzed coppery colour, the ventral and anal fins are bright vermilion, and the irides more yellow than those of the roach. The rudd is very indifferent food, being coarse, soft, and bony, but he may afford the young angler sport and practice.

Angle for him with a single hair, No. 12 hook, a small quill-float, and bait with blood-worms, red worms, gentles, or paste, and let your bait nearly touch the bottom. The rudd are abundant in the broads of Norfolk, where they are called rond; and in the Lode and Cam, in Cambridgeshire, and in Dagenham Breach, they are very numerous.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLEAK.

THE bleak is an inhabitant of most of our British rivers, and is found in great abundance in the Thames, the Lea, and the New River. He is a brilliant, lively, little fish, seldom weighing more than two ounces, and is not generally esteemed for the table, though some persons prefer the bleak to either roach or dace. I should say, the chief value of this fish to the angler, is as a bait for the pike and trout.

The bleak affords amusement to the young angler, as he will rise at any small fly that is offered, and appears sporting at the top of the water for a long summer's day. Mr. Jesse says, "But of all the fish confined in a vivarium in Bushy Park, the bleak were the most amusing and playful. Their activity could not be exceeded; and it gave me much pleasure to see

them, on a still summer's evening, dart at every little fly that settled on the water near them, appearing always restless, yet always happy."

This fish is troubled with a worm in the intestines, which causes it to skim on the surface of the water in a curious manner ; when in this state, it is called by the fishermen a *mad* bleak. In angling for bleak with a float, use one that will carry two or three small shot, a hair line, and a No. 12 or 13 hook ; bait with a single gentle, and fish at midwater.

The common house-fly may be used with a line a little longer than the rod, which may be thrown gently, or carried out by the wind ; or a gentle may be used in this manner, instead of the fly ; these are sure modes of taking bleak : or the young angler may try his hand with the artificial fly, using three or four on a fine gut bottom, of the smallest size he can select, pointing each fly with a very small piece of whit-leather.

The bleak is a bright, handsome, well-shaped fish ; his back is of a shining, bluish green ; his sides greenish white ; and his belly of the most silvery whiteness ; the irides, silver ; and all the fins nearly white.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE GUDGEON.

THE gudgeon is a sweet, well-flavoured fish ; and is considered very wholesome food, and easy of digestion ; it is found in most of the British rivers, and in many of the canals. It will live and thrive in ponds where a small run of water passes through them ; and delights in shallow scowers, and gentle streams with gravelly bottoms.

Gudgeons are gregarious, swimming in great shoals, feeding on worms and aquatic insects ; they are seldom taken exceeding seven inches in length ; and the best and largest are caught in the Thames and the Lea, where they are very numerous,* affording the young

* They are also found in great numbers in some parts of the New River. With a paternoster line, and the assistance of the rake, the writer has seen several hundred gudgeons taken at one standing in the course of a few hours. A gravelly scower near Highbury used to yield good sport.—ED.

angler excellent pastime, as they are bold biting, leather-mouthed fish, and seldom break their hold. The best gudgeon-fishing is from a punt in the Thames, at any of the villages where a proper scower can be found, from Teddington to Windsor.

A heavy iron rake is used to stir the ground at the bottom of the water, which draws the gudgeons to the spot in search of food ; a light cane rod, a float suitable to the stream, a hair line, and a hook No 10 or 11, baited with a small red worm, or part of one, must be provided ; then plumb the depth exactly, and let your bait just drag the ground ; and remember not to strike so soon as in roach-fishing, but wait till the cap of your float is under water, when a gentle twist of the hand will hook him. Half an hour will generally be long enough to remain in one place, as the gudgeons soon become thinned ; for, in that short time, two persons will frequently take from three to four dozen. In the course of a day's fishing, you will sometimes have occasion to take a dozen different positions with your punt ; but the removal from one part to another, particularly at Hampton, is an agreeable change, as the scenery is varied and beautiful.

The Surrey side of the Thames has its sloping banks bordered with a great variety of aquatic and other plants ; and flowers, such as the convolvulus or bind-weed, British geranium, the marsh-mallow with its purple blossoms, the graceful burdock (superior to

the classic acanthus), broad-leaved colt's foot, the "long purples" of poor Ophelia, intermixed with small, starry flowers of all colours, enamel the ground. Beyond the banks of the river are rich fields of corn and pasture land, bounded by the woody slopes of Richmond Park; affording glimpses of its peculiar beauties; whilst on the opposite, or Middlesex shore, is seen the picturesque village of Hampton, with its stately elms and handsome church reflected on the tranquil bosom of the Thames. On this side, the punt-fishers may find a snug retreat under the willows, or in the meadows, at noon, when the fish are least inclined to feed, where they may feed themselves, if they have been provident enough to bring eatables with them. I am not ashamed to own, that, although I have for many years enjoyed the higher excitement of trout and salmon-fishing, I can find much pleasure in taking a young friend with me for a day's gudgeon-fishing at Hampton, and partaking, in the intervals of sport, of a meat-pie and a bottle of sherry, with an appetite earned by exercise, and an eye alive to all the beauties which surround me.

In the river Lea, finer tackle is used than in the Thames; *i. e.* a single hair, and a No. 12 hook, baited with blood-worms: the same mode is also employed in the New River, which is a great place of resort for young London anglers, where they generally first practise and gain a love of their art.

The colour of the upper part of the gudgeon's head

and back is olive brown; the sides of bluish, silvery, brightness; and the belly, pearly white; pectoral, ventral, and anal fins, a pinky white; dorsal fin and tail, pale olive brown, spotted with dark olive.

The gudgeon has two barbs; the body is thick, and somewhat cylindrical. They spawn in May, and are very prolific; some persons believe that they spawn two or three times in the course of the summer.

Having been speaking of Hampton, I have, in this place, introduced a view of that quiet village: in the middle of the picture is *the deep*, opposite to Garrick's summer-house.

[Here, also, is the comfortable Bell Inn, where so many pleasant meetings took place of the Walton and Cotton Fishing Club, enlivened as they were by some of the best anglers of the day. These times are gone by, but they have left pleasing recollections behind.—ED.]





CHAPTER XV.

THE EEL.

THE common eel is too well known to require minute description ; its serpent-like form has rendered it an object of aversion to the natives of some countries ; and I have myself witnessed a strong prejudice against it in the Highlands of Scotland. Having caught a fine silver eel, in Loch Tay, of about a pound and a half weight, I found much difficulty in persuading any of Mr. Cameron's servants, at Killin, to cook it for me : they called it a " fou sarepent thing ;" and I quite lost my character by eating of it.

The eel is found in most temperate latitudes of the world ; in rivers, lakes, ponds, and even salt marshes ; and is in general estimation as an article of food, being considered very nutritious, but not easy of digestion. The lower jaw is longer than the upper ; the body, olive brown ; the colour of the belly depends on the nature of the water ; some being of a golden yellow, and others of the most silvery whiteness, in which case they are called “ silver eels.”

The eel is very tenacious of life, and will live longer out of the water than any other fish : it has been considered, by most authors, viviparous ; and some have said that it produces its young at the latter end of summer, and that both eggs and ready formed young are occasionally observed in the same individual. But I am disposed to yield to Mr. Yarrell’s decision, who thinks this opinion a mistake, which has arisen from the numerous small worms that sometimes infest the intestines of eels ; and he adds, “ that the enormous number of young known to be produced by eels, is a negative proof that they are oviparous ; viviparous fishes producing, on the contrary, but few young at a time ; and those, too, of considerable size when first excluded. Having devoted time and attention to the close examination of numbers of eels, for many months in succession, the further details of which will be found in Mr. Jesse’s second series of ‘ Gleanings in Natural History,’ I need only here repeat my belief, that eels are oviparous, producing

their young like other true bony fishes." Dr. Mitchel, of New York, says, "the roes, or ovaria of eels, may be seen by those who look for them, in the proper season, like those of other fishes." It is probable that they spawn in April or May; they are of very slow growth, but in some waters attain a very large size. I have heard of their being caught of the weight of twenty-five pounds; and have myself seen one taken with a trimmer, in Derwentwater, that weighed six pounds.

With respect to the migration of eels, Mr. Yarrell says, "both the parent eels and the fry, occupying brackish water, appear to have the power of going into the salt water, or the fresh, without inconvenience, from the previous preparation which the respiratory organs have undergone; and many of both are found in pure sea water: the great bulk of the young, certainly, ascend the stream of the river, and their annual appearance, in certain places, is looked for with some interest."

The passage of young eels up the Thames, at Kingston, in the year 1832, commenced April 30th, and lasted till the 4th of May; but I believe I am correct in stating, that few young eels were observed to pass up that river either in 1834 or 1835. Some notion may be formed of the quantity of young eels (each about three inches long) that pass up the Thames in spring, and in other rivers in the beginning of summer, from the circumstance that "it was calculated, by two observers of the progress of the young eels, at Kingston, in 1832,

that from sixteen to eighteen hundred passed a given point in one minute of time."

Mr. Yarrell says, "there is no doubt eels occasionally quit the water; and, where grass meadows are wet from dew, or other causes, travel during the night over the moist surface, in search of frogs, worms, and other suitable food, or to change their situations."

The eel is a voracious feeder, and destroys great quantities of the spawn and fry of other fishes; he also feeds upon the gudgeon and minnow, aquatic insects, and almost any kind of animal substance he can find.

This fish is very susceptible of cold, and is said to bury himself, during the winter months, in mud. They are not met with in the waters of the arctic regions. Sir Francis Bacon says, "the life of the eel does not exceed ten years;" but it was observed, in the fish-ponds of Cæsar, to live sixty years, and to become extremely tame. The Romans did not consider the eel a dainty; but in the early part of English history we find it esteemed a great rarity. William de Ailsbury was invested with certain lands in Bucks, by William the Conqueror, under the singular tenure of providing straw for his bed-chamber, and three eels for his use, in summer and winter; straw rushes, and two green geese, thrice every year, if he should visit Aylesbury so often. Becket, about the year 1160, gave five pounds (nearly equal to fifty pounds of our present money) for a single dish of eels.

There is a variety of this fish known in the Thames by the name of grigs, and about Oxford, by that of gluts or grigs; they are much smaller than the common eel, and are sometimes taken in great numbers.

To angle for eels, use a strong gut line, with a light float, and No. 9 hook, and bait with a large red worm; or, use a No. 6 hook, and bait with a marsh-worm, and let your bait touch the bottom: but the most alluring bait I know of for an eel is salmon roe; and when fishing for trout with this bait the angler will frequently take eels, much to his annoyance, if, like myself, he detests their dirty slime and serpent-like writhings. I shall say nothing of bobbing for eels, or of sniggling, as they are practices below the angler; but as the largest eels are caught by night-lines, and this method is a necessary resort for the supply of the table, I shall give the instructions of Daniel on this point.

“ It is of little consequence where they (*i. e.* night-lines) are laid, as they will succeed in streams, when the eels are in search of food, as well as in the still, deep holes of rivers; and they will take frogs, black snails, worms, roach, dace, gudgeons, minnows (which two last are the best), loaches, bleaks, and miller's thumbs; a sufficient quantity of links, of twelve hairs, should be doubled (or use twisted gut), and a hook tied to each link; these are to be noosed, at proper distances, to pieces of cord of fifteen feet long; bait the hooks, by making an incision with the baiting-needle under the

shoulder, and thrusting it out at the middle of the tail, drawing the link after it; the point of the hook should be upright towards the back of the bait-fish; fasten one end to the bank, or a stub, and cast the other into the water, but not to the extent of the line, as eels will run a little before they gorge; the lines should be taken up early in the morning; such of the lines as have eels at them will be drawn very tight. Dark nights in July, August, and September, are the best for this kind of fishing."

Hooks proper for this method of taking eels may be purchased, either double or single, and are called eel-hooks. When a double hook is used, I should say the following mode of baiting is better than Mr. Daniel's. With a baiting-needle, enter the point at the fish's mouth, and bring it out at the tail, letting the two hooks lie close to the mouth of the bait, as described in baiting the gorge-hook for trolling.

Trimmers baited with a live gudgeon are sure to be taken by eels. The wire to which hooks are fixed should be strong and well tempered, as the eel struggles hard to free himself. Very large eels are caught in the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland by trimmers, baited with small trout, or perch (there called bass), with the back fin cut off. On Derwentwater (Keswick lake), it is a common practice for parties to engage a fisherman, who provides twenty or thirty trimmers; the lops being painted bright red and white, that they may

be seen at a distance. The party should be in the boat by four o'clock, A.M., at the latest ; the fisherman then baits the trimmers with live bass, small trout, or minnows, and places them at equal distances across the lake, spreading to the extent of from half to three-quarters of a mile ; and if there are two or three boats belonging to the party, and the pike and eels are on the feed, the great diversion is to see the trimmers carried off by fish, in different directions at the same time, when all becomes animation and exertion in the different boats ; all rowing towards the trimmers, and eager to seize on their prey ; and very large pike and eels are often caught in this manner.

In the lake of Ulswater, where the eels are very fine and silvery, they are frequently taken by spearing ; for this purpose the water must be perfectly calm, so that the eels may be seen at the bottom, at the depth of from three to six feet. The spear must have a long handle, and when a fish is seen it must be struck with great force and quickness ; the spearing-ground generally chosen is a soft, sandy, or grassy bottom, where the spear will easily penetrate. The last time I fished on Ulswater, in 1837, the boatman, Tom Watts, an old acquaintance of mine, who rows with the strength of a giant, and knows every bay where a trout can be taken, took an eel-spear with him, and as the lake was dead calm when we reached Ramsbeck (the beautiful seat of J. Stag, Esq.), we saw the eels at the bottom, by stoop-

ing our heads down to the water's edge; and the strength and skill of Watts made him very successful in spearing them; his muscular form and graceful action reminding me of Cooper's description of the Indian, when similarly employed, in one of his spirit-stirring novels.

It is useless to throw a fly on a lake without a breeze; but the moment that springs up there is an end of spearing; for, unless the water be perfectly smooth, the eels cannot be seen; a breeze soon curled the water now, and I willingly left the spear for the fly, the eel for the trout. The spear (which may be bought at the tackle-shops) is also employed in killing eels in muddy and soft sandy rivers and ponds.

The haunts of eels are among weeds, and under stumps of trees; in holes and clefts of the earth, both in the banks and at the bottom; in plain mud, where they lie with only their heads out, watching for their prey: they are also to be found under great stones, old timber, about bridges, flood-gates, wiers, and old mills. They are best in season from May till July; and those caught in the Colne, near Rickmansworth, are considered peculiarly excellent. I can, indeed, not only recommend the goodness of the fish, but the superior way in which they are cooked at the principal inn of that town.

I have observed, that where fish of any kind are particularly good and plentiful, they are generally well dressed at the neighbouring houses of entertainment;

and, as instances of this fact, in addition to the one given, I may mention white-bait, at Greenwich and Blackwall ; Thames flounders and eels, at Putney. These, and other Thames fish, at Hampton ; lampreys at Worcester ; and trout and salmon throughout the Highlands of Scotland, and the neighbourhood of the lakes in England and Ireland.

THE LAMPREY, LAMPERNE, OR SEVEN EYES.

The lamprey much resembles the silver eel in colour and shape ; but has seven holes, like shot-holes, on each side of the head ; from whence it has been supposed to have been gifted with so many eyes.

The Thames abounds with this fish : lampernes are taken in great numbers between Battersea and Teddington, and sold to the Dutch, as bait for the turbot, cod, and other fisheries. Four hundred thousand have been sold for this purpose in one season, at the rate of forty shillings per thousand ; the Thames itself alone supplies upwards of a million of lampernes annually.

They spawn in May, and feed on insects, worms, and small fry. They seldom exceed fifteen inches in length, and are thought very delicious, either stewed or potted ; the Hop-pole Inn, in Worcester, being long celebrated for preparing them in both ways, and also some of the inns on the banks of the Thames.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE POPE, OR RUFFE.

THE pope is very like a small perch, but with a curiously formed single dorsal fin ; the colour of the back is a dusky olive green ; the sides light brownish green and copper colour ; and small brown spots are spread over the dorsal fin, the back, and tail. The pectoral, ventral, and anal fins are pale brown. This fish rarely exceeds six inches in length ; but it is nearly as good as a perch of the same size ; and its habits and haunts are also like those of the perch : it spawns in April, and feeds on small fry, worms, or aquatic insects.

The pope is common to most of the rivers and canals of England ; it is gregarious, and many dozens are frequently caught in one spot. Angle for him with a small red worm, and he will seldom refuse the bait : as his haunts are those of the jack and perch, Providence seems to have armed him with a formidable dorsal fin to protect him from their attacks.

Great numbers of these fish are caught a little above Teddington lock, and in the river Mole ; they are also abundant in the Trent, the Isis, the Cam, and the Yare.

THE FLOUNDER.

The flounder is rarely found but in waters having a communication with the sea ; those caught in the Thames are very superior to sea flounders. Mr. Yarrell says, “ they have been successfully transferred to fresh-water ponds ; being long-lived out of water, the carriage from one place to another is a matter of little difficulty.”

The flounder lives upon insects, worms, and small fry, and has been known to attain the weight of four pounds ; but the general weight of the Chiswick and Hammersmith flounder seldom exceeds six ounces. These two villages have been long celebrated for the excellence of the flounders caught in this part of the Thames. They spawn in February or March, and are considered sweet and wholesome food, being very easy of digestion.

The back of the flounder is generally a dark and light mottled olive, dotted with bright red spots; and the belly white. The body is broad and flat; the mouth small; the dorsal fin extends from the eye, almost to the tail; the fleshy part of which is narrow, and its rays elongated, and almost square at the end.

The flounder is taken with the worm, and in the same manner as the eel; either with night-lines or float-fishing; and when fishing for one, either in the Thames or the Docks, you frequently take the other. These fish may be had in great perfection at the inns at Greenwich, Putney, and Hammersmith, where they frequently accompany a dish of stewed eels; all of which are taken alive out of the well of a boat immediately before they are dressed.

THE SMELT.

The smelt is in much greater estimation with the epicure than the angler; by the one it is considered a delicacy, by the other as little worthy of notice.

The form of the body is long and slender; the colour of the back a pale green; and the belly of a silvery whiteness; the scales are oval and small; and the fins are all of a yellowish white.

Smelts are remarkable for their pleasant and peculiar smell. They spawn in March or April, and inhabit the fresh water from August to May. After spawning, they return for a time to the sea. They feed

upon insects and small fry, and are very fond of the shrimp; they seldom exceed seven or eight inches in length.

The best places to angle for smelts, near London, are in the canal that runs from Limehouse-hole to Blackwall, through the Isle of Dogs; they are also to be met with in all the wet docks below London Bridge: they are sometimes angled for with a paternoster, as in perch-fishing, baited with live shrimps, or a small piece of eel or smelt.

If you angle with a float, use a large one that will carry many shot; and have a strong line, on which is placed six or eight hooks, No. 9, about nine or ten inches apart; the bottom hook should touch the ground; the whole baited as above.

Smelts are generally taken in deep water, such as the Docks; you may fish for them from July to December, and you cannot be too early to ensure success.*

THE LOACH.

The loach, or stone loach, as it is sometimes called, from its habits of secreting itself under stones, is a very small round-bodied fish, with six wattles about the mouth, and is without scales.

* In the river Medway, fishermen sometimes take pike in a shoal of smelts. They are excellent eating.—ED.

The head, body, and sides are spotted with dark brown, on a pale olive ground; the belly a yellowish white; and all the fins spotted with dark brown: they seldom exceed four inches in length, but are said to be delicate eating, if cooked when very fresh.

The loach spawns in spring, and feeds on aquatic insects, worms, &c., and is found in shallow brooks, and clear gravelly bottomed streams. Mr. Yarrell says, "the flesh is accounted excellent; and in some parts of Europe these little fishes are in such high estimation for their exquisite delicacy and flavour, that they are transported, with considerable trouble, from the rivers they naturally inhabit to waters contiguous to the wealthy. Linnæus says, in his *Fauna Suecica*, that Frederick I., king of Sweden, had them brought from Germany, and naturalized in his own country."

They may be taken in the same manner as the minnow, with a No. 13 hook, baited with the tail-end of a red worm, without a float. The loach is a good bait for eels, and is often used to bait night-lines.



THE MINNOW, OR PINK.

This beautifully marked and perfectly formed little animal is one of the smallest of our British fresh-water fishes ; it seldom exceeds three inches in length. It abounds in most of our rivers, lakes, brooks, and canals, and I do not recollect a trout-stream without minnows ; but I cannot assert that this is always the case. Their great value to the angler is as a bait for trout, perch, chub, and jack ; and for the modes of baiting with them see page 70.

They are generally taken for this purpose with minnow-nets, purchased at the tackle-shops ; or they may be caught with a hook No. 13, and a small piece of red worm ; or with a single gentle, either with or without a float.

The minnow spawns in June, and is very prolific ; the top of the head and the back are a dark olive green ; the sides of a mottled golden hue ; and the belly shining with gold and silver, and of a pearly whiteness ;

dorsal fins pale brown ; pectoral, ventral, and anal fins lighter ; the tail, light brown, with a dark brown spot at the base of the caudal fin.

The minnow is said to be very delicate food, when a sufficient number can be procured to make a fry ; which may be done by using a small meshed casting-net.

THE STICKLEBACK.

This, the smallest of British fishes, receives its name from the sharp spines, or prickles, on its back, and is an inhabitant of salt as well as fresh water. They breed in immense quantities in almost every ditch and pond ; and they are so numerous in some parts of Lincolnshire, that they are used as a manure. Pennant says, that “ a man employed by a farmer has earned four shillings a-day for a considerable time, by selling them at a half-penny a bushel.”

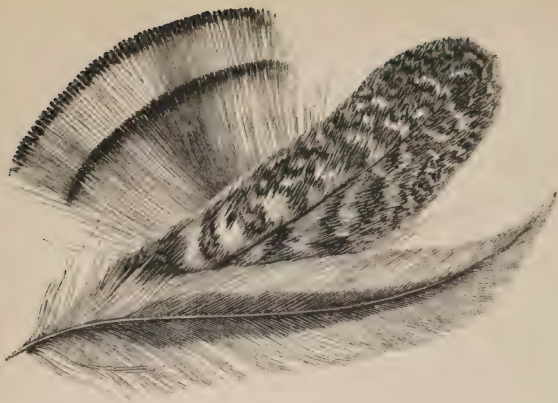
The common stickleback has three sharp spines on the back, and is rarely more than two inches and a half long ; the gills and abdomen are of a bright brown ; the back olive green ; and the sides silvery. The male is a most greedy and pugnacious fish, and will attack his own kind with the greatest ferocity. They spawn in April and May, and live on the spawn of other fishes, worms, and aquatic insects ; and may be taken with a No. 13 hook, baited with a bit of red worm ; and if the back spines are cut away may serve, for want of a minnow, as a bait for a perch or trout.

THE BULL-HEAD, OR MILLER'S THUMB.

The bull-head inhabits the clear rivers and brooks of Europe, generally lying on the gravel, or concealing itself beneath stones, and preying on worms, water insects, and very young fry. It deposits its spawn in March or April. It seldom exceeds three and a half inches in length. It is of a yellow olive colour; has a large head, slippery skin, and tapers to the tail: it is most readily taken in the night; and its flesh grows red by boiling, and is esteemed good and wholesome. The New River abounds with bull-heads; and Mr. Salter says, "I have known more than seven dozen taken in a day out of the river near Ware."

Fish with a No. 13 hook, without float, baited with a small piece of red worm, and they will bite freely; they are sometimes used, for want of minnows or gudgeons, to bait night-lines for eels.

[The bull-head, and to its credit it is recorded, seems to be the only fish which appears to shew any affection for its offspring. After depositing its spawn in a hole in the gravel, it remains and watches near the spot till the ovæ are hatched, and then keeps near the young fry. Such is the assertion of some old fishermen.—Ed.]



CHAPTER XVII.

ARTIFICIAL FLIES.

A COMPLETE fly-fisher will make his own flies, and will find much amusement in the practice of this delicate art. It will be necessary that he should provide himself with the following materials, to enable him to imitate the flies hereafter described.

HOOKS.

London, Kirby-sneck, and Limerick hooks, of all sizes. Of these, the Limerick hook is in the greatest general estimation; but in the north of England the Kirby-sneck hook is preferred for small hackle-flies.

FEATHERS.

Cocks' and hens' hackles, of all colours ; those chiefly in use are red, ginger, coch-a-bonddu, black, dun, olive, grizzle, and white : the latter for dying yellow, &c.

Peacock's herl, coppery coloured, green, and brown.

Black ostrich's herl.

Gallino fowls' spotted feathers.

The feathers of the turkey, the grouse, ptarmigan, pheasant (cock and hen), woodcock, snipe, dotteril, landrail, starling, golden-plover or peewit, wild mallard, bustard, sea swallow, wren, jay, blackbird, throistle, blue pigeon, argus and silver pheasant.

Water-rat's fur, mole's fur, and hare's ear.

Mohair, dyed, of all colours.

Fine French sewing silk, of all colours.

Flos silk, of all colours.

German wool, of all colours.

Gold and silver twist.

Silk twist ; cobblers' and bees' wax.

A pair of pliers, a pair of fine-pointed scissors, a small hand slide-vice, and a fine-pointed strong dubbing-needle.

Silkworm gut, from the finest to the strongest, and salmon gut, single and twisted.

Lengths of the white and sorrel hairs of stallions' tails.

HOW TO MAKE AN ARTIFICIAL FLY.

It has been said by some writers, that all instructions for making flies are useless, and that nothing less than ocular demonstration will be of any service; yet I cannot but think that the following directions, for which I am indebted to my friend, Captain Richardson, are so simple and clear, that strict attention to them, and a little practice, will enable the tyro to produce a tolerably well-made fly.

There are several modes adopted in making the artificial fly; one is, to tie the wings on to the hook in the natural position in the first instance; another method is, to place the feathers for the wings in a reverse position in the first instance, and naturally afterwards; and the third and last way is, to tie the wings on the hook after the body is made, instead of beginning the fly with them.

The most expeditious way to complete a number of flies is, to have every necessary material arranged immediately under your eye, and every article separate and distinct; all the hooks, gut, or hair, wings, hackles, dubbing, silk, and wax, ready assorted, and prepared for instant use. The hooks require to be sized for your different flies; the gut requires the most careful examination and adjustment; the hackles have to be stripped, and the dubbing to be well mixed; the silk assorted, and to be of the finest texture; and the wings to be tied

the length of the hook they are to be fastened to, in order that the fibres of the feather may be all brought into the small compass of the hook. This previous trouble not only saves time, but ensures a degree of neatness that is otherwise almost unattainable.

The tying of the wings is thus performed :—A piece of well-waxed silk is laid in a noose on the fore-finger of the left hand ; the wings, or feathers, are put on the under part of the noose, and at the distance of the length of the wing required ; the thumb is then applied closely to the feather, and with one end of the noose in the mouth, and the other in the right hand, the noose is drawn quite tight, and the silk is then cut within an inch of the knot, to leave a handle by which to hold the wing. If the thumb is not closely pressed, the feathers will be pulled away.

First Method.

How to make the fly with the wings in the natural position in the first instance.

Hold the hook by the bend, with the point downwards, between the fore-finger and thumb of the left hand ; with your waxed silk in your right hand give one or two turns round the bare hook, about midway ; lay the end of the gut along the upper side of the hook (if tied on the under side the fly will not swim true, but continually revolve) ; wrap the silk firmly, until you get within a few turns of the top ; you then take the wings,

lay them along the shank with the right hand, and hold them firmly in their place to the hook with the left hand. Next, tie the feather tightly at the point of contact with two or three turns ; cut off the superfluous ends of the feather, and, tying the head of the fly very firmly, you carry the silk round the gut, beyond the head, that the end of the hook may not chafe or cut away the gut ; then retrace the silk, until you come to the tying on of the wings. Divide the wings equally, and carry the silk through the division alternately, two or three times, to keep the wings distinct from each other.

Now prepare the hackle, by drawing back the fibres, and by having two or three less on the but, on the side of the feather that comes next to the hook, that it may revolve without twisting away.

Tie the but-end of the hackle close to the wings, having its upper, or dark side, to the head of the fly. The Scotch reverse this, and tie the tackle with its under side to the head ; and likewise strip the fibres entirely off that side which touches the hook. Take the dubbing between the fore-finger and the thumb of the right hand, twist it very thinly about your silk, and carry it round the hook as far as you intend the hackle or legs to be carried, and hold it between the fore finger and thumb of the left hand, or fasten it. Then, with your pliers, carry the hackle round the hook, close under the wings, and down to where you have brought your silk

and dubbing ; then continue to finish your body, by carrying over the end of the hackle ; and when you have made the body of sufficient length, fasten off, by bringing the silk twice or thrice loosely round the hook, and passing the end through the coils, to make all tight.

Some finish the body of this fly thus:—when the hackle is fastened, after it has made the legs of the fly, the bare silk is carried to the end of the intended body ; dubbing is then carried up to the legs, and there fastened.

Second Method.

This manner of proceeding differs from the first in the fixing on of the wings. When you have fastened the gut and hook together to the point where the wings are to be tied, apply the wings to the hook, with the but of the feather lying uppermost ; when the wings are well fastened, pull them back into the natural position ; and when the head of the fly is finished, pass the silk alternately through the wings ; and, having your silk well tied to the roots of the wings (and not over the roots), the fly is to be completed as in the first method, having cut off the roots of the feather.

Third Method.

This includes the Irish manner of tying flies, and is the plan generally adopted in the tackle-shops.

There are two ways of finishing a fly by the head. If the wings are to be reversed, or turned back, they are to be tied to the hook first, but not immediately turned back; the silk is carried to the tail of the fly, when the dubbing is carried round the hook until the putting on of the hackle; the hackle is tied by the point, and not by the but: having finished the body, twist on the hackle close up to the wings, and fasten by one or two loops; then divide the wings, and pass the silk between them, pulling them back to their proper position, and finishing the head: fasten off by one or two loops.

The Irish tie over the roots of the wings, which interfere with their action in the water, and render them lifeless.

If the wings are to be placed at once in their natural position, and the fly to be finished at the head, the gut must be tied on the hook, beginning near the head, and finishing at the tail; then twist on the body up to the legs, fasten on the hackle by the point, finish the body, then the legs, and then apply and fasten the wings; and, when properly divided, cut off the but-ends, finish the head, and fasten off your silk by one or two loops.

Thus concludes the method of making the winged fly.

HOW TO MAKE THE PALMER, OR HACKLE-FLY.

The making of the palmer, or hackle-fly, with the cock or hen's feathers, is simply as described in the forenamed methods, by twisting on the legs and body, taking care that the hackle has fibres as long as, or rather longer than, the hook it is to be twisted upon.

But in making hackle-flies with birds' feathers, such as those of the snipe, dotteril, &c., the feather is prepared by stripping off the superfluous parts at the but-end, then drawing back a sufficient quantity of fibre to make the fly: take the feather by the root and point with both hands (having its outside uppermost), and put the whole of the fibres into your mouth, and wet them, that they may adhere together, back to back. When the gut is fastened to the hook, you must tie on the feather near to the head of the hook, and the feather may be tied either at the but-end or the point; then twist the feather twice or thrice round the hook, and fasten it by one or more loops; the fibres of the feather will then lie the reverse way. Cut off the superfluous part of the feather that remains after tying, and twist on the body, of the required length; fasten by two loops, draw down the fibres of the feather to the bend, and the fly is finished. The fashion of the day is to call this kind of hackle, buzz.

If tinsel, or gold, or silver twist, be required for the body of the fly, it must be tied on after the hackle, but

carried round the body before the hackle makes the legs. If the tinsel be required only at the tail of the fly, it must be tied on immediately after the gut and hook are put together; the hackle next, then the body, &c.

This method of making a hackle-fly is followed in Westmoreland and Cumberland, where very few winged flies are used.

The following list of artificial flies contains thirty-nine in number; each fly is engraved, numbered, and described; so that those who do not make their own flies may have them made at any of the tackle-shops in London, by giving the description attached to each number. I purpose also to give a second list of flies, not engraved, which have been recommended to me by experienced anglers, though I think my first list, with certain modifications to be hereafter named, will be sufficient for any part of the United Kingdom.

Previously to my commencing my list, I wish to offer to my younger brothers of the angle a few general remarks on artificial flies, that my list may be better understood, and, consequently, become more efficient.

In the first place, I have avoided the usual plan of giving a list of flies for each particular month, as long experience has taught me, that the most killing flies used in different parts of the kingdom will take fish through the whole season. For instance, the variously coloured duns serve from March to September, somewhat changing their colour and size as the season ad-

vances, and the streams become lower and brighter. The same may be said of the palmer—the soldier palmer, No. 28; and the black palmer, No. 27; one or the other of them being, by some fly-fishers, used as a drop all the season through.

The green and grey drake are the only flies that, I believe, can be strictly confined to one season, *i. e.* June; but even the grey drake will answer, in July and August, for sea trout. The flies, however, described from No. 1 to No. 11 are those most employed during the spring season.

The choice of your fly must depend much upon the nature of the water you fish in, and the state of the weather. If the water be full, and somewhat coloured, your flies may be of the larger and darker kind; if, on the contrary, the water should be low and clear, and the day bright, your fly should be dressed accordingly, *i. e.* it should be pale in colour and spare in the dressing. The two engraved palmers are dressed on No. 8 hooks, and are intended for large trout or a coloured water: but for small trout and bright water these flies may be dressed on No. 9 or No. 10 hooks; and the same may be said of other large flies in the following list.

I shall here take an opportunity of making some observations on what appears to me to be a very general mistake with writers on fly-fishing—in speaking of the palmer and hackle-fly as one and the same fly; whereas the palmer is an imitation of the hairy caterpillar,

made artificially, with a long, full body, having the hackle carried over it from one end to the other: but the hackle-fly, properly so called, is an imitation of a winged fly, made in a peculiar manner, the body being made, generally, very spare, mostly of silk, or silk and fur, and the hackle is not passed over the body as in the palmer. By referring to the engraving of the soldier-palmer, No. 28, and the hackle-flies, Nos. 37, 38, and 39, my readers will immediately perceive the difference to which I allude.

These hackle, or buzz-flies, are much more in use than winged flies in Devonshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, where they are dressed on Kirby-sneek hooks; and when the streams are very bright and small they are dressed on the smallest hooks, say 11, 12, and 13; and of these hackles, the favourites are the wren, the grouse, the dotteril, the different coloured duns, the partridge, and the red and black cock's hackle.

I have before remarked, that in many of the lakes of the United Kingdom winged flies answer better than the hackle, and have attempted to give some reasons for it; but I am at a loss to account for the great preference given to winged flies in the neighbourhood of London and the rivers of Hampshire. My own practice, when fishing in these rivers, has been, generally, to use a winged fly for the stretcher, and a hackle-fly, or small palmer, for the drop.



A LIST OF ARTIFICIAL FLIES.

The following four plates contain representations of the flies in most general use :—

PLATE I.

NO. 1. THE CHANTREY.

This fly was a great favourite with the late Sir Francis Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, who was a keen and skilful brother of the angle, and a member of the Stockbridge Club ; where, from his very general use of this fly, it has been called “ the Chantrey,” and, from the manner in which it is dressed, I have no doubt that it is an excellent killer.

IMITATION.

Body. Copper-coloured peacock's herl, ribbed with gold twist.

Legs. A black hackle.

Wings. Partridge's, or brown hen's feather, or pheasant's tail.

Hook. No. 9, or No. 10.

NO. 2. HOFLAND'S FANCY.

This fly, from its having been my great favourite for many years, has, by my friends, been named as above ; and as I am convinced of its excellence as a

general fly, I am content to adopt it. Mr. Willingham, formerly of the Strand, sold great numbers of them under this name. I have had sport with it in most parts of England; but particularly in the vicinity of London, in Hampshire, and when fishing in the Wandle, the Colne, the Cray, or the Dart. I rarely use any other fly as a stretcher.

I have killed trout with this fly, at Farningham, when the may-fly has been strong on the water, and the fish have refused any other that I could offer. It may be used after sunset with success in any part of the kingdom, and in any season.

IMITATION.

Body. Reddish dark brown silk.

Legs. Red hackle.

Wings. Woodcock's tail.

Tail. Two or three strands of a red hackle.

Hook. No. 10.

NO. 3. MARCH BROWN.

This fly is also called the dun drake, and is said to change to the great red spinner; it appears about the latter end of March, and is eagerly taken by the trout. Mr. Ronalds, the author of an excellent work, the "Fly-fisher's Entomology," says, "it continues in season till the beginning of May," and he does not recommend its use beyond that time; but experience

has taught me, that, with certain modifications in size and dressing, it will be found a very killing fly, in many of the lakes in Wales, from March to September.

IMITATION.

Body. Fur of the hare's ear, ribbed with olive silk.

Legs. Partridge hackle.

Wings. Tail feather of the partridge.

Tail. Two or three strands of the partridge feather.

Hook. No. 8, or No. 9.

NO. 4. BLUE DUN.

This is an early fly, appearing in March, and is generally upon the water in dark, windy days. Later in the season, the duns appear of another colour; but, in some shape or other, they may be used with success from March to October.

IMITATION.

Body. Dubbed with water-rat's fur, and ribbed with yellow silk.

Legs. A dun hen's hackle.

Wings. From the feather of the starling's wing.

Tail. Two strands of a grizzle cock's hackle.

Hook. No. 10.

NO. 5. FOR CARSHALTON AND THE TEST.

I am not acquainted with a proper name for this

fly, but it is much used at Carshalton, and on the Test in Hampshire, and is a well-dressed fly, likely to kill in other streams.

IMITATION.

Body. Black silk, ribbed with silver twist.

Legs. A dark grizzle hackle.

Wings. The dark feather of the starling's wing, made spare and short.

Hook. No. 10.

NO. 6. CARSHALTON COCK-TAIL.

This is a dun fly, and made with peculiar neatness in the London tackle-shops, and will be found a good killer in other streams as well as the Wandle.

IMITATION.

Body. Light blue fur.

Legs. Dark dun hackle.

Wings. The inside feather of a teal's wing.

Tail. Two fibres of a white cock's hackle.

Hook. No. 9, or No. 10.

NO. 7. THE PALE YELLOW DUN.

This is an excellent fly from April to the end of the season. Too much cannot be said in its praise, and the angler should never leave his home without this killing fly.

IMITATION.

Body. Yellow mohair, or Martin's pale yellow fur, tied with yellow silk.

Wings. The lightest part of a feather from a young starling's wing.

Hook. No. 12.

NO. 8. THE ORANGE DUN.

This is another fly in much request on the Test and other southern streams.

IMITATION.

Body. Red squirrel's fur, ribbed with gold thread.

Legs. Red hackle.

Wings. From the starling's wing.

Tail. Two fibres of red cock's hackle.

Hook. No. 9.

NO. 9. THE COACHMAN.

I am unacquainted with the origin of this curiously named fly, neither have I any practical knowledge of its merits; but as it cannot have acquired an established reputation without cause, I have introduced it.

IMITATION.

Body. Copper-coloured peacock's herl.

Legs. Red hackle.

Wings. From the landrail.

Hook. No. 8.

NO. 10. COW-DUNG FLY.

This fly is in season throughout the year, and is, at times, very abundant on the water; it is used chiefly in dark, windy weather.

IMITATION.

Body. Dull lemon-coloured mohair.

Legs. Red hackle.

Wings. From feathers of the landrail, or starling's wing.

Hook. No. 8, or No. 9.

NO. 11. THE HARE'S-EAR DUN.

This is a killing fly, and in great favour with the Hampshire fishermen.

IMITATION.

Body. The fur of the hare's ear.

Wings. The feather from a starling's wing.

Tail. Two fibres of the brown feather from a starling's wing.

Hook. No. 10.

Some persons dress this fly without the whisk, or tail.



PLATE II.

NO. 12. EDMONDSON'S WELSH FLY.

This fly is constantly used in Wales by the skilful fly-fisher and tackle-maker whose name it bears, Mr. John Edmondson, of Liverpool. It may be depended upon as a killing fly in most of the large lakes and rivers of Wales, and I feel assured, from the manner in which it is dressed, that it would answer for many of the lakes of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

IMITATION.

Body. Dull orange mohair.

Legs. The back feather of a partridge.

Wings. The feather from a woodcock's wing, or the tail of a hen grouse.

Hook. No. 8.

NO. 13. THE KINGDOM, OR KINDON.

This is another well-dressed fly much in use in the Hampshire streams, and is a good general fly also, as most woodcock-winged flies are.

IMITATION.

Body. Pale yellow silk, ribbed with crimson silk.

Legs. Black hackle.

Wings. The feather of a woodcock's wing.

Hook. No. 9.

NO. 14. BROWN SHINER.

This is a hackle-fly, and is a favourite with Welsh anglers; it is an excellent fly also for the rivers and lakes of Cumberland. If used for a small, bright stream, it may be dressed on a smaller hook. If on a full, dark water, or a lake, on a dull, windy day, it may be dressed on a larger hook.

IMITATION.

Body. Peacock's herl, twisted spare, with a grouse-hackle over it.

NO. 15. GRAVEL, OR SPIDER-FLY.*

This fly appears towards the latter end of April; it is not found in every water, but where it is met with it may be fished with all day, and the trout take it freely.

IMITATION.

Body. Water-rat's fur.

Legs. Black hackle.

Wings. The feather from the rump of a partridge.

Hook. No. 10, or 11,

It may also be made with a dark dun hackle, which I prefer instead of the partridge feather.

NO. 16. THE IRON BLUE.

This small fly is in season from April till July, and may be again used in September and October.

IMITATION.

Body. The fur of the water-rat.

Legs. A light dun hackle.

Wings. The tail feather of a tom-tit, or of an American robin.

Hook. No. 12, or No. 13.

NO. 17. THE GREAT RED SPINNER,

Is said to be changed from the dun drake, or March brown, and may be used as an evening fly during the whole summer season.

IMITATION.

Body. Hog's wool, red and brown, mixed, ribbed with gold twist.

Legs. Bright red cock's hackle.

Wings. The light feather of the starling's wing.

Tail. Three strands of a red cock's hackle.

Hook. No. 7.

NO. 18. BLACK GNAT.

These little insects, at times, skim over the water in vast quantities, and they are eagerly devoured by the

trout. They are also a capital fly for dace, and may be used from April to the end of the season.

IMITATION.

Body. Black hackle, or ostrich herl, tied with black silk.

Wings. The feather from a starling's wing.

Hook. No. 13.

NO. 19. WREN-TAIL.

This little fly is an excellent killer in small, bright streams, and is in great favour in the northern counties: it is always dressed as a hackle-fly.

IMITATION.

Body. Dark orange silk, with wings and legs of a wren's tail. Although the feathers of a wren's tail cannot be properly called hackles, they are here used as such, and this remark will apply to other feathers similarly employed.

Hook. No. 12.

NO. 20. THE BRACKEN CLOCK,

Is a kind of beetle, and in some districts is so numerous in the month of June, that the fish become glutted with them before the best of the fishing season is over.

Some of the London tackle-shops sell a very close imitation of this fly, but it falls so heavy on the water that I prefer the old way of dressing it. If made upon a large hook, and like the engraved specimen, it will be found an excellent fly for Loch Awe, and other lakes in Scotland.

IMITATION.

Body. Peacock's herl, dressed full, and tied with purple silk.

Wings. Feather of a pheasant's breast.

Hook. No. 9 or 10 ; for lake-fishing, No. 6 or 7.

NO. 21. RED ANT.

This is the small red ant, and there is another of the same size, called the black ant, and two others, named the large black and red ants. These flies generally appear late in the season, and if the angler be ready when they first appear, he may expect great sport with them. I have given but one specimen, but by substituting ostrich herl for peacock's herl, and a black hackle instead of a red one, the black ant may be imitated.

IMITATION.

Body. Peacock's herl, made full at the tail, and spare towards the head.

Legs. Red, or ginger-cock's hackle.

Wings. From the light feather of the starling's wing.

Hook. No. 9, or No. 10.

NO. 22. THE SAND-FLY.

This fly is strongly recommended by Mr. Bainbridge in his "Fly-fisher's Guide," who says it is equally good for trout or grayling from April to the end of September; and the same, or a very similar fly, is much used in Hampshire, on the Test, &c. If dressed as a hackle, on a No. 12 hook, it will be found a capital October fly for grayling.

IMITATION.

Body. The fur from a hare's neck, twisted round silk of the same colour.

Legs. A ginger-hen's hackle.

Wings. The feather from the landrail's wing.

Hook. No. 9.

PLATE III.

NO. 23. THE STONE-FLY,

Is one of the larger kind of flies, and appears in April; it is used in windy weather, and is a good fly



in May and June, if used very early in the morning, or very late in the evening. It varies very much in colour, according to the season.

IMITATION.

Body. Fur of hare's ear, mixed with brown and yellow mohair, and ribbed with yellow silk. The yellow colour towards the tail.

Legs. A brownish red hackle.

Wings. The dark feather of the mallard's wing.

Tail. Two or three fibres of the mottled feather of a partridge.

Hook. No. 6.

NO. 24. ALDER FLY.

This fly makes its appearance early in May, and may be used throughout the month of June; it is an excellent fly during the drake season, and will tempt the trout even when the may-fly is strong on the water.

IMITATION.

Body. Peacock's herl, tied with dark brown silk.

Legs. Coch-a-bonddu hackle.

Wings. The brown speckled feather of a mallard's back.

Hook. No. 8.

If this fly be dressed on a No. 6 or 7 hook, and winged with the red rump feather of a pheasant, it will be found an excellent lake fly. I have myself taken fish with it in Loch Awe, when the trout would not rise at any other fly.

NO. 25. GREEN DRAKE.

This beautiful fly, so well known to every angler, appears late in May or early in June; and on some rivers they appear in such vast numbers that the trout become glutted with them, and grow fat upon their good living.

When this fly and the grey drake are on the water it is called "the drake season;" and many lovers of natural fly-fishing resort to the Rutland Arms (an excellent inn at Bakewell), and other places in Derbyshire and elsewhere, to use the blow-line; and many heavy fish are killed in this manner. I prefer the artificial fly, and use a very small one, dressed on a No. 8 or 9 hook; and by fishing late in the evening, throwing under overhanging bushes, and letting my fly sink a little, I have taken many large fish.

This short-lived insect is not to be found on every stream: I have never seen it on the Wandle.

IMITATION.

Body. Yellow flos silk, ribbed with brown silk: the extreme head and tail, coppery peacock's herl.

Legs. A red, or ginger hackle.

Wings. The mottled wing of a mallard, stained olive.

Tail or whisk. Three hairs from a rabbit's whiskers.

Hook. No. 6.

Some persons prefer them dressed on a No. 4 or 5 hook.

NO. 26. GREY DRAKE.

This fly is said to be metamorphosed from the female green drake, and what is said of one will apply to the other ; but, I may add, it is not in so much request with the angler.

Mr. Lascelles does not agree with the above opinion ; but thinks the grey drake may be found in many localities where the green drake cannot.

IMITATION.

Body. White flos silk, ribbed with dark brown or mulberry-coloured silk ; head and top of the tail, peacock's herl.

Legs. A grizzle cock's hackle.

Wings. From a mallard's mottled feather, made to stand upright.

Tail. Three whiskers of a rabbit.

NO. 27. THE BLACK PALMER.

This is a standard fly, and its merits are too well known to need description. It is a valuable drop-fly on dark, rainy, or windy weather, and in a full water.

IMITATION.

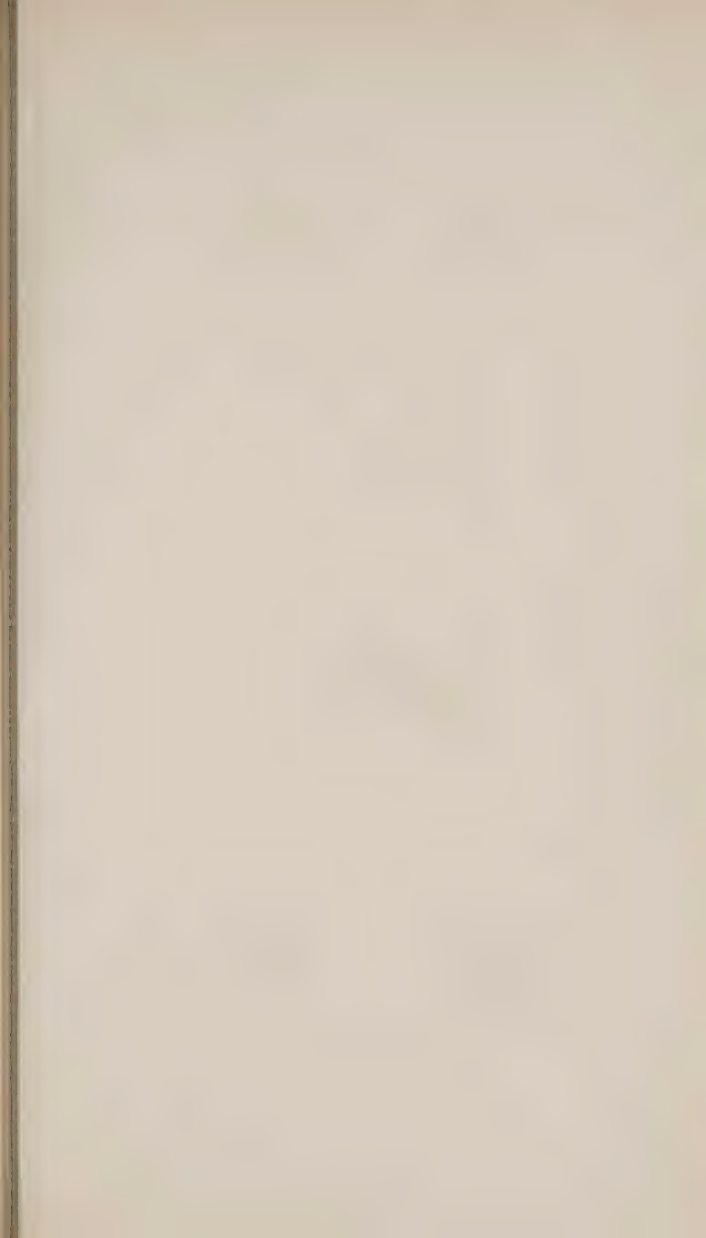
Body. Ostrich's herl, ribbed with silver twist, and a black cock's hackle over all.

NO. 28. THE SOLDIER PALMER.

This fly (and its varieties) may be considered the most general fly on the list, and many anglers never fit up a fly-link without having a red hackle, of some kind, for a drop-fly. The one given as a specimen may be used with success for large trout and a strong water, but for a bright stream a smaller hook must be adopted, and the fly must be more spare of hackle; and should the water be very low and clear, the gold twist had better be omitted, and a spare hackle be tied with red twist. Another variety is, the using a black hackle for the head of the fly.

IMITATION.

Body. Red mohair, or squirrel's fur, ribbed with gold twist, and red cock's hackle over all.



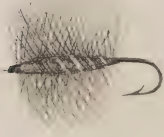
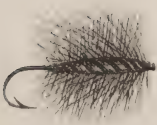


PLATE IV.

NO. 29. THE GOVERNOR.

This fly is used on the Hampshire rivers, and, from its appearance, I should think it may be employed with success in other counties. I cannot speak from experience, but it is a well-dressed fly.

IMITATION.

Body. Coppery-coloured peacock's herl, ribbed with gold twist, tipped with scarlet twist.

Legs. Red or ginger hackle.

Wings. The light part of a pheasant's wing.

Hook. No. 9.

NO. 30. FOR LOCH AWE.

This, and the following fly, I can strongly recommend for Loch Awe, in the Highlands of Scotland; which, together with the River Awe, have long been celebrated for their abundance of fine salmon and trout. In the description of Scotch lakes, I purpose giving an account of an excursion from London to this favourite resort of experienced anglers.

IMITATION.

Body. Orange mohair.

Legs. Ginger hackle.

Wings. From the feather of the pheasant's tail.
Hook. No. 8.

NO. 31. SECOND FLY FOR LOCH AWE.

IMITATION.

Body. Copper-coloured peacock's herl.
Legs, Black hackle.
Wings. The feather from a water-hen's wing.
Hook. No. 7.

NO. 32. FOR THE RIVER DEE.

This, and the following, will be found to be killing flies in the River Dee.

IMITATION.

Body. Dull yellow mohair.
Wings. Hackle from the neck of a pale dun hen.
Hook. No. 9.

NO. 33. ANOTHER FLY FOR THE RIVER DEE.

IMITATION.

Body. Peacock's herl.
Legs and wings. A dark dun hen's hackle, dressed rather full.
Hook. No. 9.

NO. 34. A FLY FOR LLYN OGWYN.

This fly, and those recommended for Loch Awe, will ensure sport on this most sporting lake. Llyn Ogwyn is in the county of Caernarvon, North Wales, and is abundantly stocked with the finest and best-flavoured trout in the Principality.

IMITATION.

Body. Peacock's herl.

Legs. Black hackle.

Wings. The dark, copper-coloured feather of the mallard.

Hook. No. 8.

NO. 35. COCH-A-BONDDU.

This fly is a well-known favourite throughout the United Kingdom, though not always under the same name; but it is more especially relied on in Wales; and the cock that furnishes the peculiarly mixed deep red and black feather necessary to make this fly is in great estimation.

IMITATION.

Body. Peacock's herl.

Legs and wings. Red and black, or coch-a-bonddu hackle.

Hook. No. 8 or 9; and in the North of England, for clear streams, it is sometimes dressed on a No. 12 hook.

NO. 36. THE YELLOW SALLY.

These flies continue in season from May to July, and in warm weather they are numerous on some waters.

IMITATION.

Body. Pale yellow fur, or mohair, ribbed with fawn-coloured silk.

Legs. A ginger hackle.

Wings. A white hackle, dyed yellow.

Hook. No. 9.

NO. 37. GINGER HACKLE.

Body. Short and spare, of yellow silk.

Legs and wings. A ginger hackle.

Hook. No. 8, Kendal-sneck.

NO. 38. GROUSE HACKLE.

Body. Varied to the water and season, such as peacock's herl, orange silk, &c.

Legs and wings. A grouse hackle.

Hook. From No. 8 to No. 12.

NO. 39. THE DOTTERIL HACKLE.

The dotteril hackle is one of the surest flies that can be used in the north of England, where it has long been a first-rate favourite, carrying the palm even from the red hackle.

IMITATION.

Body. Made of yellow silk.

Legs and wings. From the feather of a dotteril.

Hook. Kirby-sneek, from No. 6 to No. 12.

This is a killing fly on Ulswater, when dressed on a No. 6 hook ; and by being dressed on a No. 11 or 12 sneek-hook it will answer for small streams.

I have now closed my account of the engraved flies, and shall proceed to describe a few others that are not engraved, but which may be procured by their description at the tackle-shops.

NO. 40. FOR THE CONWAY.

This and the two following hackle-flies may be used on the Conway and other Welsh rivers.

IMITATION.

Body. Dun orange mohair.

Legs and wings. A dark dun hen's hackle.

Hook. No. 11.

NO. 41. SECOND CONWAY FLY.

IMITATION.

Body. Yellow mohair.

Legs and wings. Bright dun hen's hackle.

Hook. No. 10.

NO. 42. THIRD CONWAY FLY.

Body. Peacock's herl.

Legs and wings. A wren's hackle.

Hook. No. 9.

NO. 43. THE GRANNOM, OR GREENTAIL.

This well-known fly appears early in April, but is never seen unless the weather is warm. For a short season it is sometimes very abundant, and will be well taken by the trout.

IMITATION.

Body. Fur of a hare's face, pointed at the tail with a little green silk.

Legs. A cock's grizzled hackle.

Wings. The feather from a pheasant's or partridge's wing.

Hook. No. 9.

NO. 44. THE WATER-CRICKET.

This insect appears in March, and is much commended by the "North-Country Angler."

IMITATION.

Body. Orange flos silk, tied on with black silk.

Legs. Are made best of a peacock's topping. If this cannot be easily procured, a black cock's hackle will answer the purpose. Either of these must be wound all down the body, and the fibres then snapped off. This is Mr. Ronald's imitation.

NO. 45. THE BLUE-BOTTLE FLY.

This fly, and the house-fly, as I have before said, are excellent live baits when used with a float, and fished with at the bottom. They are also good as artificial flies, late in the season, for trout; but more especially for dace.

IMITATION.

Body. Dark blue flos silk, tied with brown silk.

Legs. A cock's black hackle.

Wings. Feather of the starling's wing.

Hook. No. 9 to 12.

NO. 46.

The common house-fly may be dressed on a No. 12 or No. 13 hook.

Body. Ostrich herl, rather full.

Legs. A black hackle.

Wings. The feather of a starling's wing.

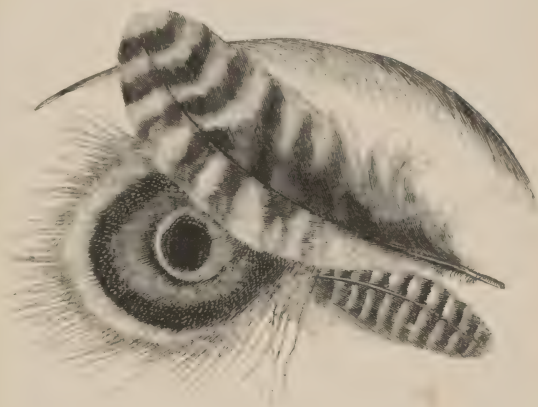
I have now concluded my list of artificial flies. My readers will perceive that this list might be greatly enlarged; indeed, by what has been already said, it will be seen that the variety of hackle-flies may be extended indefinitely. But it may be well to state that Mr. Chevalier, of Bell Yard, Temple Bar, and Mr. Barth,* of Cockspur Street, have undertaken to have in readiness a supply of the flies described in the preceding list, on their being ordered by the numbers affixed to the plates; and that they will be made by any other fishing-tackle makers by description.

For the small hackles, made on Nos. 11, 12, and 13 hooks, I prefer the Kirby-sneck. I have already made a distinction between hackle-flies and palmers. In the former, the hackle does not pass over the body of the fly, but is confined to the head of the fly, for the legs and wings; but in the palmer, or caterpillar fly, the hackle is carried all over the body.

* Now Mr. Jacobs. To this list may be added Mr. Cheek, 132 Oxford Street; Mr. Bowness, Bell Yard, Temple Bar; Mr. Eaton and Mr. Farlow, Crooked Lane; Mr. Blacker, Dean Street; Mr. Alfred, Coleman Street; and several other respectable establishments.
—ED.

I shall close this subject by observing, that a variety of killing palmers may be dressed, by making the bodies of differently coloured peacocks' herls, and by twisting over them hackles of various kinds, such as the red, the black, the dun, the grizzle, the blue, and the och-a-bonddu; and they may be dressed on hooks proper for the waters they are intended for.

Extensive and excellent as this list is, anglers will always do well to consult residents in fishing localities as to the best fly to be used.





CHAPTER XVIII.

THAMES FISHING.

THE vast metropolis of the British empire contains many thousand brothers of the angle, “who have few opportunities of exercising their gentle craft” at any great distance from home ; it is therefore a happy circumstance that they have so noble a river as the Thames in which to practise their art. The scenery on its banks is of unrivalled beauty, and few streams contain a greater variety of fish and fishing stations. I have met with anglers who affect to despise Thames fishing ; but for myself, after having cast a fly in many of the principal rivers and lakes in England, Scotland, Ireland,

and Wales, I can still enjoy a day's barbel, or roach, and dace-fishing at Richmond, Teddington, or Hampton. A fine balmy day, the delicious scenery, a cheerful and skilful companion, a pic-nic dinner on board your punt, and ten or fifteen brace of barbel to carry home, are pleasures not to be scorned; and give me leave to tell those gentlemen who despise Thames fishing and cockney anglers, that many of them would cut a poor figure in a punt, or on shore, if they had to contend with the practised neatness, quickness, and dexterity of a London artist.*

I shall now enumerate the various kinds of fish found in the Thames, and name the places where they most abound.

The salmon have been driven from the river by the gas-works and steam navigation, not one having been caught, to my knowledge, during the last twelve or fourteen years; although many were taken, formerly, of a peculiarly fine quality, within my recollection, at Mortlake, Isleworth, and other places. The brandling, salmon pink, or skegger, has also disappeared: the last

* It should be mentioned, that since the recent protection of the river Thames, under the direction of the "Thames Angling Preservation Society," anglers are generally certain of good sport. It is to be hoped that this protection will not fail for want of funds to support it. Subscriptions and donations are received by all the principal fishing-tackle makers in London, Richmond, and Windsor; of whom, also, may be had, without charge, the list of subscribers, accompanied by a printed statement of the preserves, &c.—ED.

salmon I saw taken in a net was opposite Twickenham meadows, in the year 1818.

I shall commence my list with the trout, which are few in number, but celebrated for their large size and the excellence of their flavour. They are taken from five to fifteen pounds weight.* The pike and jack are more numerous, and the following fish are abundant in all parts of the Thames, from Battersea Bridge upwards: viz. perch, barbel, chub, eels, lampreys (or seven eyes), flounders, roach, dace, gudgeons, bleak, pope, ruffe, and minnows. In some places, fine carp and tench are taken, and the delicate smelt may also be caught by angling in the docks below London Bridge.

I shall now describe the different fishing stations, commencing below London Bridge, and proceeding upwards to Streetly, in Berkshire. In the wet docks below London Bridge, perch, roach, bream, and sometimes smelts, may be taken: permission to angle is obtained from the governors or directors of the different companies. The Commercial Docks, near Deptford, abound with perch, roach, and large bream; and tickets for the season may be procured, without expense, by application to a director of the company.

Formerly, Blackfriars' and Westminster Bridges were favourite places of resort, but various causes have driven

* Any that are taken under two pounds weight by members of the "Maidenhead Trout Club," and the "Thames Angling Society," are, as a rule, thrown into the river again.—ED.

the fish further up the river ; and I now find the first station to be Battersea Bridge,* where good roach and dace-fishing may be had, during the months of July, August, September, and October, from a boat fastened to the piles of the bridge. The same kind of fishing may also be had at Putney Bridge, where boats may be hired at one shilling for the first hour, and sixpence for each succeeding hour. [The waters are now preserved for fifty yards, thirty west and seventy east of the bridge.] Two hours before and one after flood are the best periods for these stations. I may here observe, that angling is not allowed in the Thames during the three fence-months of March, April, and May. Angling commences on the 1st of June, when the gudgeon-fisher will find plenty of this "small fry," from Teddington lock to Windsor, till August, when roach, dace, and barbel-fishing commences, and continues till Christmas.

From Putney to Richmond the Thames affords few places, either for punt or bank-fishing ; I have, however, had tolerable sport off the Aits, at Brentford ; and there are some good spots for bank-fishing between Isleworth and Richmond, on the Surrey side of the river. [There is said to be excellent fishing at Isleworth, although there are no deeps. The inns are the London Apprentice, Orange Tree, and Coach and Horses ; the fishermen, S. Styles and John Platt.]

* The fishing here is now preserved for twenty yards, ten east and ten west of the bridge.—ED.

RICHMOND.

This beautiful village has long been a favourite resort, and here the angler will find the first and most extensive deep, or preserve, on the river. This, and the other preserves in the Thames, were granted by the corporation of London, whose jurisdiction extends to Staines, for the benefit of the towns in their neighbourhood, for angling exclusively ; as fishermen are not allowed to cast a net of any kind into the river westward of the bridge, as far as the Duke of Buccleuch's,



DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S VILLA.

a distance of seven hundred yards, or into any other preserve hereafter named.

The town, and its beautiful vicinity, are too well known to require description. The inns are of every possible grade, from the splendid to the comfortable ; of the latter character I should name Mrs. Durrant's, near the bridge, [the Pigeons, near the Duke of Buccleuch's, the White Cross, the Greyhound, Mills' Royal Hotel, near the bridge, Rose Cottage, and the Roebuck] ; and of the former, the Star and Garter, the Talbot, and the Castle. Punts may be hired of George Platt the fisherman, of Brown the waterman [or of Howard or Carter], at the rate of seven shillings per day, attendance included.*

The best station for barbel is in the deep, about two hundred yards above the bridge, from the middle of August to the end of October : but, in the early part of the season, I prefer a pitch at the extremity of the preserve, opposite the Duke of Buccleuch's boat-house, where the dace are very numerous, and many barbel are also caught with dace-tackle. In fact, the most general mode of fishing for barbel at Richmond is with fine tackle, as the barbel, though plentiful, do not run so large as they do higher up the Thames. The dace are very large in the deep, and if a heavy barbel be hooked, he affords much more sport with dace-tackle than with the ledger. In the last week of August, 1818, in a

* Mr. Spalding, fishing-tackle manufacturer near the bridge, makes the best flies suitable to this locality ; and is, besides, an experienced and communicative brother of the angle.—ED.

pitch in the deep, opposite the summer-house, I caught, with fine dace-tackle, three barbel in succession, after four o'clock P.M., weighing twenty-one pounds; and although I have fished in the same spot many seasons since then, I have never taken one of more than five pounds weight. The largest of these three fish weighed eight pounds, and had, hanging to his gills, three No. 10 hooks, with shotted gut; and, from the peculiar manner in which the shot were placed, I knew the fragments must have belonged to the Rev. Mr. Waring, of Isleworth, who, indeed, afterwards owned them. I shall have further occasion to speak of this most worthy brother of the angle, whom I have long considered the king of Thames fishers.

The pitches I have recommended are for a clear water; but after a *fresh*, and when the water is high, and somewhat coloured, the best stations will be found three or four yards from the bank, on the Middlesex side of the river, and between the bridge and the Duke of Buccleuch's. On the 4th October, 1835, when the water was high, and rather discoloured by two or three days' rain,* after twelve at noon, I caught twenty dozen fish, principally roach, weighing altogether twenty-five pounds. My station was three or four yards from the

* Having spoken of coloured water, I must here inform the young angler that sport cannot be expected when the river is rising rapidly, and is of a white yeasty colour, from the muddy waters of the Mole, and other tributary streams; but when it is clearing, and becomes a greenish grey, he will be well rewarded for his labour.



Middlesex shore ; and during the same season, two friends, in one punt, killed a hundred and twenty-five barbel in one day, many of them weighing from four to eight pounds each.

To make the most of a day at Richmond, the neap tide should be chosen, that is, when it is high water at London Bridge at six o'clock A.M. It will then be high water at Richmond between eight and nine in the morning, with but little tide ; you may commence at nine, and continue to fish till seven, when it will be flood, and you will then have the best hours' fishing of the whole day. If you visit Richmond during a spring tide, *i. e.* when it is high water at London Bridge at noon, you will be interrupted two or three hours by the flowing of the tide, during which time the only fishing is from the banks. The same observations will apply to Twickenham and Teddington Lock, beyond which the tide ceases to flow. From the bridge as far as the Duke of Buccleuch's, on the Richmond side, there is good fishing from the towing-path for dace and barbel ; and in the months of October and November, very good roach are taken there. From the western end of the Duke of Buccleuch's garden to Twickenham ferry, there is an excellent shoal for fly-fishing, where I have frequently taken ten or twelve dozen dace in a few hours ; it is good practice for a tyro in the art, and prepares him for taking the field for higher game—the trout.

The foot link of the angler's fly-line should be three yards of very fine gut, and hold three flies; the stretcher, or end fly, should be the common house-fly, No. 46; the first drop, the soldier-palmer, No. 28; and the third drop, No. 2, or Hofland's fancy; all dressed on No. 12 (or No. 10) hooks. It is usual in the Thames to point the fly with a gentle, but I very much prefer a small bit of white leather at the point of each fly; it will remain on the hooks the whole day, and answer every purpose of the gentle. I would recommend the same plan in fly-fishing for the chub; of course, a larger piece of leather will be required to point the hook.

The amateur painter may also here find abundance of subjects on which to exercise his pencil, or gratify his taste for nature and art; admiration of the former, and knowledge of the latter, being alike called into action by the scenery around him. The placid stream verifying Denham's description,

“ Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full,”

presents on one side emerald turf of the finest texture and brightest verdure, lofty elms, interspersed with chestnuts, poplars, acacias, and all the lighter shrubs, shading noble mansions with hanging gardens, and elegant cottages *ornée*; while on the other is seen the ancient village of Richmond, rising terrace-wise, and exhibiting every form of stately and of rural dwelling. A peculiar air of cheerfulness everywhere pervades the

scene, which is alike remote from the noise and confusion attendant on the metropolis, and the sequestration which belongs to isolated dwellings in more remote districts. The pleasures of society, and the tranquillity of retirement, are nowhere better combined and completely enjoyed than in this beautiful village and its vicinity.

The annexed view of Richmond is taken from the towing-path below the bridge, and near to Cholmondeley walk.

TWICKENHAM

Is one mile above Richmond, and was formerly an excellent station. The *deep* is one hundred and fifty yards in length,* and opposite the house and grounds long celebrated as Pope's Villa, — a more delightful station cannot be conceived: the velvet lawn, sloping down to the water's edge, adorned with clumps of brilliant flowers; the luxuriant foliage of towering trees, and the tasteful mansions that adorn this part of the river, are seen in all their beauty by the angler in this particular *deep*. I have not fished here lately, but during my residence in the village, from 1816 to 1822, I tried my skill here in all seasons. The barbel and dace were plentiful; the roach not so numerous, nor were the barbel generally so large as at Teddington, Hampton, and Shepperton: but I hooked two fish

* This preserve now extends 410 yards from the west end of the lawn, Pope's Villa, to the Ait.—ED.

there so heavy as to defy all my attempts to remove them from the bed of the river, and in the end I lost my



POPE'S VILLA.

tackle. Had I been fishing with the ledger-bait, I might have had to boast of killing one of the largest barbel ever taken in the Thames. The fishing at Twickenham has greatly improved lately. There are two good inns, the King's Head and the George; the fishermen are Redgate, Richard Coxen and Son [J. Harris, William Chamberlain, J. Hennessey and Son]. I may here remark, that little success can be expected in the early

part of the season; it is almost useless to fish these deeps sooner than September or October.

One inconvenience here the angler must be prepared for, and that is, a frequent interruption by the barges, when fishing by the edge of the channel, which is very narrow. Immediately above the deep is a small island,* where I have had good sport with the fly for chub and dace. Twickenham Ait, on which stands the Eel-pie House, is a little below the preserve, and offers an excellent place of accommodation; and some large chub may be taken under the horse-chestnut trees, on the west end of this island.

The neighbourhood of Twickenham is not only singularly beautiful and rich in its adornments of elegant villas and noble mansions, but it abounds in memorials interesting to the historian, the antiquarian, and the lover of literature and art. The Manor-house was, for a long period, the jointure-house of the queens of England. Catherine of Aragon, and Henrietta of France, have here bewailed in their day a cruel and a martyred husband. Queen Anne was born here, in York House, and lost her promising son whilst inhabiting the mansion now, or lately, the property of Sir George Pocock, Bart., which was for some years

* This island is at *Cross-Deep*, facing the splendid mansion of Mr. Chillingworth, which was originally built by John, the last earl of Radnor; the present owner has lately altered and enlarged it, but has judiciously preserved its fine ceilings and stained glass.—Ed.

inhabited by the present King of the French, when Duke of Orleans.* [It is now the property of the Earl of Kilmorey.]



STRAWBERRY HILL.

Strawberry Hill, the seat of the celebrated Horace Walpole (Lord Orford); the house where Lady Mary

* The natural and picturesque Ait, opposite Orleans House, has long been admired by the lovers of Thames scenery, and with its pretty group of trees, formed a most pleasing feature of the landscape. Here we may fancy Pope, seated in his boat, gliding gently along, reciting some of his own verses to the boatman, as he was known to have done, and calling upon the man to repeat them the next day. In this way he paid some of his visits to the celebrated Lady Suffolk. It is indeed classic ground, when we call to mind the many eminent persons who have resided at Twickenham; but, alas! this once pretty Ait has of late been sadly altered and disfigured, and the channel between it and the shore altogether stopped. The public having enjoyed a right of passage through this channel for time immemorial, it becomes very doubtful whether any individual can now assume the right

Wortley resided ; and near it that of the celebrated Duke Wharton, that of Earl Howe, and several others of great interest, are all in view ; and within a little distance is Marble Hill, immortalised by Swift, Pope, and Gay, and the residence of Lady Suffolk, the mistress of George II. [now occupied by Col. Peel] ; Ham House, the splendid seat of the Tollemaches [within which Charles II. was often entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale ; and a boudoir, in which the king delighted to sit, together with its furniture, still remains untouched] ; Twickenham Meadows House, once the property of the celebrated Owen Cambridge [now of Henry Bevan, Esq., the banker] : these met the admiring eye of the angler as he made his way to the *deep* in question, where he now rests, and from which

to shut it up. Had a bridge, in good taste, been erected to connect the meadow with the Ait, no one would have raised an objection, for then the passage of the river would not have been interrupted. But what is now the case ? A vulgar-looking embankment has been made, and forms a complete eyesore in the scenery of this part of the river. Nor is this all. When the current has been increased by rains, the tide sets round the embankment so strongly, that boats can only pass it with great labour, and, if steamers happen to be in the same channel, with considerable risk. The view, too, of the river, which was formerly enjoyed from the public path between Orleans House and the meadow has lately been walled off, to the great annoyance of the lover of the picturesque.

It is to be hoped that some effectual steps will be taken to abate such encroachments on the simplicity and romance of this delightful neighbourhood, and we feel sure that the necessary funds will be forthcoming whenever they are called for.—ED.

he gazes, untired, on that spot of ground which presents the most remarkable objects and associations endeared by time and taste.*

Here Pope wrote “the deathless satire, the immortal song,” which neither time, fashion, nor envy, can obliterate; *here* he entertained the most highly gifted men of his own, or, perhaps, any other time; the most noble, influential, and amiable. The grotto which he formed, and where he loved to sit with his friends, is before us, as well as the garden he planted; but which was much enlarged in dimensions, as well as beauty, by his first successor, as an inscription informs us:—

“The humble roof, the garden’s scanty line,
 Ill suit the genius of the bard divine;
 But fancy now displays a fairer scope,
 And Stanhope’s plans unfold the soul of Pope.”†

* It may be mentioned in this notice of Twickenham, that the numerous cedars which adorn so many villas in the parish are known to have been raised from seeds supplied by the celebrated John Duke of Argyle, whose interview with Queen Caroline, while accompanied by our favourite heroine, Jeanie Deans, is so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott. This interview took place in the opposite grounds of Richmond, the terrace of which accords well with the animated description; but it is to be regretted that the precise spot cannot now be ascertained. The Duke of Argyle is said to have resided in the fine house at Twickenham now the property of Miss Byng, and to have planted the present row of cedars in the pleasure grounds of that villa.—ED.

† He ruined Pope’s villa. We should, therefore, read for the last line,—

“And Stanhope’s wealth destroy’d the taste of Pope.”—ED.



The vignette is a group of arbele poplars, nearly opposite Twickenham Ferry.

TEDDINGTON.

The first lock and wier from London is at Teddington, one mile and a half beyond Twickenham. This place was formerly very little frequented, but it has of late become a favourite resort for the lovers of barbel-fishing; the dry seasons of the last four years having prevented the fish from passing the lock in any quantity, the consequence has been the filling the deep water under the wier with an immense number of barbel. From forty to fifty per day have been frequently taken by one party; and good gudgeon-fishing

may be had on the scowers above the lock ; but I do not consider the roach and dace-fishing so good as at Richmond, Ditton, and Hampton.

Teddington is well supplied with fishermen ; there are three of the Kemps [there are now four, viz. J. Amos, Samuel, and his son James, and William ; also Thomas Deer and Son]. I believe that Amos Kemp can furnish the angler with a good bed ; and at his cottage I have frequently enjoyed a pic-nic dinner in a snug parlour, where his wife furnished us with bread, &c., with great civility and ready attention. This is the first place in the river where trout are taken : one of the Kemps, Mr. Marshall, and many other anglers, have taken trout at the wier from five to fourteen pounds' weight, by spinning the bleak.

There are some good stands for bank-fishing in the meadows below the village, and above the lock. On an island called the Trollock there is excellent winter-fishing, or, indeed, in the autumn after a fresh of water. Small jack are also taken on the Middlesex side of the Trollock. Teddington cannot boast of its inns. [It formerly could not, but there is now a very comfortable one, the Royal Oak ; there is also the King's Head.]*

* The celebrated Margaret Woffington was buried at Teddington, and a handsome monument put up to her memory in the church. Mrs. Clive, the actress, resided at Little Strawberry Hill, near this church, and which was afterwards left by Horace Walpole to the Miss Berrys, to whom he addressed his reminiscences.—ED.



KINGSTON AND HAMPTON-WICK.



KINGSTON CHURCH.

Kingston is a mile and a half from Teddington, and twelve from London, and was formerly celebrated for the large barbel caught near the starlings of the old bridge. The late Duke of York, in early life, frequently fished here with great success, but the removal of the old wooden bridge has injured the fishing; although

good sport may still be had for barbel, perch, roach, dace, and gudgeons, in both these places, where boats may be procured: from June to August the gudgeon-fishing is particularly good. [The preserve extends seventy yards eastward to thirty yards westward of the bridge.] The inns at Hampton-Wick are the White Hart [the Swan, and the Anglers]; and the fishermen, William Bolton [John Parnham, Robert Brown, and Thomas Clark].

THAMES DITTON

Is a short distance from Kingston, and opposite Hampton Court, and is a very favourite resort of London anglers, as it deserves to be. The Swan is an excellent house [there are now, also, the White Hart and White Horse]; and here the sportsman is on the spot, and in the immediate neighbourhood, of fine fishing and fine scenery. The deep opposite Lord Henry Fitzgerald's [now Sir Edward Sugden's] seat, is five hundred and twelve yards long, and is well stocked with barbel, perch, chub, roach, and dace. [The water is carefully preserved, as is also the deep from Keene's wharf, two hundred and fifty yards northward.] The fishermen are Thomas and William Rogerson [and Henry and William Tagg]. Their charge for a punt, ground-bait, and attendance, is seven shillings a-day. The vignette at the head of this chapter is taken from the back of the Swan Inn.

[And here let me introduce a short account of some scenery on the banks of the Thames:—

“ The river calmly swells and flows ;
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its various turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round.
 The sternest heart its wish might bound,
 On earth to dwell delighted here ;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear.”—BYRON.]

A celebrated angler of the present day—one who has wandered along the sides of most of the European and some of the American rivers, with his rod in his hand—was heard lately to say, that, having seen all these rivers, he had never yet met with one in any way to be compared to the Thames, either for beauty or the good sport generally to be found in it. Like some others I have met with, his *beau idéal* of enjoyment was the possessing a beautiful villa on the banks of this river, enjoying the luxury of its charming scenery, and inhaling the soft breezes which gently fan the surface of the stream. I was glad to hear that this tribute had been paid to my favourite river,—for certainly, if its course is followed, it presents so many objects of interest, so much varied scenery, and has so many pretty and smiling villages scattered on its banks, that the eye has always some pleasing spot to rest upon, or some interesting historical fact called to mind, as we glide along the tranquil stream. Who that has visited

Pangbourne, and Marlow, and Cliefden, and viewed the scenery around Henley, will ever forget the various beauties which present themselves in connexion with the smiling and tortuous river? Sometimes the ruins of an old monastery are seen, or a little village church peeps out from a cluster of trees, surrounded by the humble cottages which compose the hamlet. Then there are the abrupt hills, covered to their summits by the embrowned beeches, and the swelling lawns belonging to some noble mansion. The valleys *smile* with the numerous flocks depasturing on them, and the fields in autumn stand thick with corn. All is peace, prosperity, and beauty. The scenes are also occasionally enlivened by fishermen pursuing their calling, or by "honest anglers" spinning their silvery baits at the foaming wiers. Sometimes we see the various wildness of Nature, and at others view her in a different garb, aided by the elegance of taste and art.

I delight in some of the small inns which may be found scattered here and there on the banks of the river, especially when they are the resort of "honest anglers." These disciples of Izaak Walton appear to have imbued the landlords with that taste for cleanliness and comfort which are so charmingly described in his "Angler." He is sure to find not only clean white sheets and comfortable beds, but that good wholesome cheer which anglers especially are so capable of enjoying after they have plied their rods through a long morning on the banks of a stream. The more I see of this class

of persons, the more convinced I am that a peculiar character attaches itself to them. The very pursuit they are engaged in argues a quiet and contented mind, and, far removed from the noise and turmoil of the world, they enjoy the charms of nature by the side of some placid river, in which they may see the reflexion of their own peaceful and serene dispositions.

Amongst the comfortable inns I have referred to, I may mention the Swan, at Thames Ditton. I do this, not so much to commend the inn, of which, however, too much cannot be said as regards its cleanliness and good cheer, as to introduce the following verses, written by the late Mr. Theodore Hook, in praise of Ditton, and where, I have reason to believe, some of his happiest days were passed. It is impossible to mention Mr. Hook without referring to the many agreeable hours I have spent in his company. His wit was most exuberant, and of the readiest kind, surprising his audience by its flashes, and wonderful application to existing circumstances, while at the same time there was a freedom from censure or ill-natured remarks on others. His good humour was perfect and unchangeable, and he was always ready to perform a kind action. His talents were most extraordinary, and his fine and powerful writings in the earlier pages of the "John Bull" newspaper have seldom been exceeded, and his political songs perhaps never. He had his defects and faults—and *who*, alas! is without them?—but it must be a con-

solation to his surviving friends to know that his latter days were passed in deploring them, and in fervently praying for forgiveness through the mercy of our Blessed Redeemer.

After this short and imperfect notice of Mr. Hook, I will proceed to give his verses in praise of Ditton, which I am sure all his old friends will readily recognise as his own :—

DITTON.

When sultry suns and dusty streets
Proclaim town's winter season,
And rural scenes and cool retreats
Sound something like high treason,
I steal away to shades serene
Which yet no bard has hit on,
And change the bustling, heartless scene,
For quietude and Ditton.
Here lawyers safe from legal toils,
And peers released from duty,
Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,
And eke the smiles of Beauty,—
Beauty with talent, highly graced,
Whose name must not be written,
The idol of the fane is placed
Within the groves of Ditton.*

* The lady to whom this compliment was paid will readily appropriate it to herself; nor will it be difficult for any one who has resided in the neighbourhood of Ditton to guess who she was.

Let lofty mansions great men keep,
 I have no wish to rob 'em ;
 I want not Claremont, Esher's steep,
 Nor Squire Coombe's at Cobham.
 Sir Hobhouse has a mansion rare,
 A large red house, at Whitton ;
 But *Cam* with Thames I can't compare,
 Nor Whitton class with Ditton.

I'd rather live, like General Moore,*
 In one of those pavilions
 Which stand upon the other shore,
 Than be the king of millions ;
 For though no subjects might arise
 To exercise my wit on,
 From morn till night I'd feast my eyes
 By gazing at dear Ditton.

The mighty queen whom Cydnus bore
 In gold and purple floated ;
 But happier I when near the shore,
 Although more humbly *boated*.
 Give me a punt — a rod — a line —
 A snug arm'd chair to sit on,
 Some well-iced punch, and weather fine,
 And let me fish at Ditton.

* The late amiable General Moore then resided in the pavilion of Hampton Court, immediately opposite Thames Ditton.

The "Swan," snug inn, good fare affords
As table e'er was put on,
And worthy quite of grander boards
Its poultry, fish, and mutton.
And while sound wine mine host supplies,
With beer of Meux or Tritton,
Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes,
Invites a stay at Ditton.

Here, in a placid waking dream,
I'm free from worldly troubles,
Calm as the rippling silver stream
That in the sunshine bubbles.
And when sweet Eden's blissful bowers
Some abler bard has writ on,
Despairing to transcend his powers,
I'll ditto say for Ditton.

HAMPTON COURT

Has stronger attractions for the antiquarian, the architect, and the lover of history, than for the angler;* it has, however, a *deep*, called the water-gallery, two hundred yards long, being from the summer-house of the palace to the eastward. [According to the official list, this preserve extends two hundred and seventy

* Now, however, it is a great resort of anglers, and deservedly so.
—ED.

yards from Weir Moulsey Lock to Lower Head Pile.] It contains barbel, roach, dace, and many fine perch, and may be fished from the shore, or in a punt. The celebrated Toy Inn has been rebuilt, and is now a comfortable, well-frequented inn. The Mitre, also, may be safely commended, as moderate charges, good fare, and great civility, will be found there. [There is also the King's Arms.]

The river assumes a new character here, after we have passed the deep just mentioned, from being so intersected by numerous islands, that it forms narrow channels only. The verdure is exquisite, and the tall elms still continue to rear their lofty heads, and verify



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

the truth of Mr. Symond's observation, "that they supply the place of mountains." The palace is a noble

pile, but offers more to the eye of an architectural draughtsman than to that of the amateur landscape-painter.

To every one the name of Wolsey, the founder, will be familiar; together with those of Charles the First, Cromwell, and William the Third, who made it their favourite residence; but, probably, many anglers, while pursuing their vocation here, will think less of the illustrious dead than of Edward Jesse, Esq., author of "An Angler's Rambles," and "Gleanings in Natural History," whose delightful works are well known to the lovers of nature. Here he resides, being conservator of the queen's palaces; and here, we conclude, he may be often seen,

"Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,"

in pursuit of the finny tribes.* [The fishermen are William Wisdom, Thomas Davis, and Henry Wignell.]

HAMPTON.

One mile up the river brings us to this delightful village, which has long been the favourite resort of anglers. The deep is three hundred and fifty yards long, being from the church to the west side of the house of Henry Hase, Esq. Opposite the centre of the

* Mr. Jesse, as editor of the present volume, had marked this passage relative to himself for omission, but the publisher sees no reason for withdrawing a compliment so richly deserved.—H. G. B.

deep stands the villa formerly occupied by the British Roscius, and for fifty years after his death by his widow, who retained her health and faculties to the great age of ninety-five. One of the best pitches in the deep is immediately opposite Garrick's summer-house (see the view opposite page 182), where the angler, in the proper season, will meet with plenty of barbel and roach. [According to the last official list, the preserve extends nine hundred and sixty yards, being from the west end of Garrick's Lawn to the Tumbling Bay.] The best months are September, October, and November; and the best time is when the water is rather high, and beginning to clear after a fresh.

Excellent gudgeon-fishing may be had in the scowes between Hampton and Sunbury, from July to October; and many perch are frequently taken while fishing for gudgeons. The principal inns are the Red Lion and the Bell, the former kept by Mrs. Lawrence, and the latter by Mrs. Bigbee, where boats and fishermen may be procured [and also the White Hart]. Milbourn and Benn are two attentive and skilful fishermen, with whom I have frequently gone out. [There is, also, William Cambers, who has the character of being equally intelligent and attentive.] The charge for a man and punt, with ground-bait and other baits, is seven shillings and sixpence.

Large trout are frequently taken here by spinning the bleak; and the Rev. Mr. Waring took one with a

large soldier palmer, which weighed upwards of six pounds ; but the large trout will not generally take the artificial fly. The wiers between Hampton Court and Hampton, and at Sunbury, in the months of May and June, contain some good trout.

The following inscriptions under the pictures of fish, in the hall of the Bell Inn, will give the angler a promise of the kind of fish he may hope to take at Hampton :—

“ A barbel, caught with roach-tackle, August 21, 1823, weight twelve pounds and a half ; taken by Mr. Bigbee.

“ A pike, caught by the Rev. Mr. Waring, of Isleworth, September 12, 1831 ; weight, ten pounds and a quarter.

“ A barbel, caught by Edwin Alderman, of Barbican, August 2, 1832 ; weight, eleven pounds and a half.

“ A bream, caught by C. Farrer, Esq., September 19, 1835, with roach-tackle ; weight, six pounds and three quarters.”

The village of Hampton* is a charming summer retreat for the lover of Thames-fishing ; it is the centre

* I cannot close this short account of Hampton without recording the many pleasant dinners I have had at the Bell Inn, with my brethren of the Walton and Cotton Club, of which I was for many years the president. I look back to them in my old age with much gratification, and to the kindness, and I might almost add affection, I received from its members.—ED.

of a beautiful vicinity, and within a short walk of the angling to be found at Ditton, Hampton Court, and Sunbury.

SUNBURY

Is sixteen miles from London, and is a pleasant, quiet village, on the Middlesex side of the Thames. Large trout are sometimes taken at the wier, and there is good gudgeon-fishing on the scowers; the deep is two hundred yards long, and lies opposite the church. [The preserve now extends six hundred and eighty-three yards from the weir, eastward, to the east-end pile of the breakwater.] The inns are the Flower-pot [the Magpie, and the Castle;] and the fishermen, Robert Goddard [James Goddard, Thomas Milbourn, and Thomas Fulcher].

WALTON.

[This place should be particularly noticed, as one of the best places for perch-fishing on the river. The scenery from it is beautiful, and it has always been a favourite resort of anglers.]

It is eighteen miles from London, on the Surrey side of the Thames; and has two fine deeps, one of one hundred and fifty yards, and the other of one hundred yards [at the east of Tankerville's, and west of the Horse Bridge, called Walton Sale; preserved]. They abound in heavy barbel, roach, dace, and chub.



WALTON CHURCH.

The Duke's Head is resorted to by anglers, but those who prefer a retired and quiet abode may be comfortably lodged with the fisherman, Mr. Rogerson, by the waterside, whom they will find skilful and attentive. [George Wheatley is also a fisherman here.] There is good bank-fishing in this village.

SHEPPERTON

Is nineteen miles from London, and is on the same side of the river as Sunbury. It has the privilege of two extensive deeps, termed the Old and New Deepes ;

the first being two hundred and forty yards long [called the Old Deep, east of the Creek rails], and the



SHEPPERTON DEEP.

second two hundred yards long [called the Lower Deep, east of the Drain ; there is also the Upper Deep, two hundred yards long : all three are preserved]. They are well-stored with roach and dace, chub and barbel ; and there is good bank-fishing, on both sides of the river, for perch, chub, and jack. The village is small, but good accommodation will be found at the Anchor,

the King's Arms [or the Crown]. Fishermen, William Rogerson and Son, and Henry, George, and James Purdue [the latter the best spinners between Staines and Richmond. Shepperton is a place of great resort for first-rate anglers, and here the late Duke of Sussex might frequently be seen in a punt. The horse-shoe reach of the river is quite beautiful, and the grounds of Oatlands are seen in the distance].

WEYBRIDGE

Is two miles beyond Walton, and has an extensive deep, being eight hundred yards from the wier at Shepperton Lock down to Holiday's Bay [which is preserved]. Fishermen, Harris [and Son, Edward and George Keen, William Purdue, and J. Milbourn. The inns are the King's Arms, the Ship, and the Lincoln Arms. There is good pike-fishing in the back river].

CHERTSEY BRIDGE

Is twenty miles from London, and about half a mile from the town; but there is a comfortable inn, the Cricketers, near the bridge. There are two deeps here; one two hundred yards long, being eastward from the wier; the other one hundred and forty yards, being from sixty yards westward to eighty yards eastward of the bridge. [According to the official list, there are four hundred and forty-five yards of preserved water

here, extending from the wier to eighty yards eastward of the bridge.] There is a small stream that runs at the back of Chertsey, called the Abbey Mill river, containing jack, perch, chub, &c., which are probably the descendants of those fish which fed the brethren of that noble monastery which was planted on its banks. Many interesting recollections belong to this place, for

“ Here the last accents flow'd from Cowley's tongue,”



PORCH HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF COWLEY.

as we see inserted in the walls of his house, by the late chamberlain of London (Sir Richard Clark), a most

admirable man and brother angler ; and Shakespere has given the village immortality in his "Richard the Third." The fishermen's names are E. Upjohn [and Son, J. Howard, and W. Galloway. The inns are the Cricketers, Crown, and Swan].

LALEHAM

Is about a mile above Chertsey Bridge, and is a very pleasant, rural village ; and as the river is here narrow and shallow, the fly-fisher may exercise his craft with success.

[Immediately contiguous is Penton Hook, where there is excellent fishing. The waters are preserved for eleven hundred and fifty yards, extending from the guard piles eastward, round the Hook, to the east end of the lock. Inn, the Horse Shoes. Fishermen, the Harrises.]

STAINES,

In Middlesex, is seventeen miles from London, and was formerly much frequented for barbel-fishing, but, since the removal of the old bridge, the sport has greatly declined.

The deep is one hundred and forty yards long, being from sixty yards westward to eighty yards eastward of the bridge. [The preserve extends two hundred and ten yards eastward of the bridge.] The principal

inns are the Bush [the Angel, and the Swan]. Fishermen, Thomas and James Fletcher [and Charles Goldhawk and Son]. Since the preservation of the Thames the fishing here is much improved.

WINDSOR.

In the neighbourhood of this royal residence there is excellent gudgeon-fishing, and some good trout are frequently taken.

[Good trout are frequently taken at the Eton wier, as well as the Surley Hall wier; and there is also excellent pike-fishing in the autumn, as well as barbel, near the bridge of Windsor. The very best station, however, in this neighbourhood, for those who either spin or fish with the fly for trout, is at and near Monkey Island, between Windsor and the pretty village of Bray. More trout, although they do not run very large, are, perhaps, caught in this locality than in any other on the river.* Wilder, at Maidenhead, is the best man to employ, as he is well acquainted with the best

* The trout-fishing in this part of the river is likely to improve, as a committee has lately been formed, under the title of "The Maidenhead Trout Club," for renting and preserving the Thames fisheries from Boulter's Pool to Pevensey Ditch, near Windsor. The river has been staked to prevent netting, and the nets of the late occupiers of the fisheries bought up. The committee hold their meetings at the Orkney Arms Inn, Maidenhead Bridge, and Charles Cooper, Esq. is treasurer, and receives the subscriptions.—ED.

casts, and he is universally allowed to be the neatest and best spinner on the river. A novice cannot do better than engage his services for a week, and it will then be his own fault if he do not learn the “gentle art” in perfection. [Haynes and Sons are also fishermen here, and rent the waters.]

I must not quit Windsor without paying due homage to its magnificent castle and its beautiful neighbourhood, and of which Eton College has been for ages the finest ornament. Windsor Castle, in its present



WINDSOR CASTLE.

renewed and improved state, is an object of veneration, not less than of grandeur and beauty; and surrounded as it is by park and forest, green meadows, and golden

corn-fields (through which the silver Thames glides on with lingering wave, as if loath to leave the paradise he decorates), is, perhaps, unrivalled in Europe.

Many fine views of its lofty towers and stately battlements will be obtained from various openings in the forest (besides that of the long walk) ; but I prefer, to any other, some which are found in the delightful grounds of W. Harcourt, Esq., St. Leonard's Hill, the plantations there judiciously hiding the town of Windsor, and giving the effect of an abrupt hill, crowned with an interminable edifice of stately towers and battlements.*

Maidenhead is twenty-six, and Marlow thirty-two, miles from London, and at either of these pleasant places the angler will find good sport, in September and October, in pike and perch-fishing.

[The views of Taplow, Cliefden, and Hedsor, as seen from the river above Maidenhead, are most beautiful ; and Lord Orkney is very liberal in allowing anglers to fish in his springs, where good sport is generally to be had.]

Perch are taken near Marlow from three to four pounds weight ; and in May and June trout may be caught by spinning the bleak. The Great Western Railway has made Maidenhead a resort for London anglers.

* The " Lily of St. Leonard's," Miss Dawson, lived in a smaller house, near St. Leonard's Hill, and her beauty has been celebrated both in verse and prose.—ED.

The Thames, at Reading, will afford little diversion ; but at Pangbourne, five miles beyond that ancient borough, the river abounds with pike, perch, barbel, roach, dace, chub, &c., and sometimes large trout are taken.

A small stream enters the Thames at Pangbourne, which contains abundance of small trout ; but this water is private property. It was formerly rented by that talented dramatic writer Mr. Morton, who was very liberal in granting permission for a day's sport.

[The perch-fishing here is excellent.]

Beyond Pangbourne is the romantic village of Streetly, and the angler, or lover of picturesque scenery, will be alike gratified by a visit to this secluded spot.

I shall now take leave of the Thames, as I am unacquainted with the localities beyond Streetly.





CHAPTER XIX.

THE RIVERS AND LAKES OF ENGLAND.

HAVING described the Thames, and Thames-fishing,
I now proceed to

THE RIVER LEA.

This river has its rise in Bedfordshire, falls into the Thames near Blackwall, and is held, in the opinion of London anglers, as second only to that noble river. It is navigable from Hertford to Limehouse, and flows through a beautiful pastoral country, adorned with villages and noble mansions, through parks and meadows, containing countless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep,

which are bordered by the sloping hills and woods of Epping Forest for some miles. In the hay-time these charming, open meadows, are truly delightful; and those who have wandered here have often witnessed the truth of Thomson's description :—

“ Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead,
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose,
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindling graces burning o'er her cheek :
E'en stooping age is here, and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.”

No one, so circumstanced, will wonder at the love our old master, Izaak Walton, had for these fields, which are generally remarkable for their quiet character, and a solitude not allied to melancholy. In spring, the angler may try his art in the Lea, when he is forbidden, by the fence-months of March, April, and May, to wet a line in the Thames, except he is fishing for trout.

The shortness of the distance from London is another inducement for brothers of the angle to congregate on the Lea, the first subscription water, the

WHITE HOUSE, HOMERTON,

being little more than three miles from London.

This water is rented and preserved by Mr. Beresford, and the subscription for a year's angling is half-a-guinea, or a ticket for the day may be had for a shilling.

White House water lies between Stratford and Lea Bridge, and is near Homerton. It abounds with jack and pike, carp, barbel, chub, perch, roach, dace, eels, gudgeon, and bleak. [The roach are said to be remarkably numerous.]

This water, and that at Lea Bridge, have the advantage of being supplied with fish from the Thames, which is not the case with the waters higher up the river, as the wiers prevent their progress upwards.

Mr. Beresford provides every accommodation for anglers, but his house is not an inn; nevertheless, excellent tea may be had at a shilling per head.

HORSE AND GROOM, LEA BRIDGE.

This favourite resort of London fishermen is about a mile above White House, and is most delightfully situated, the gardens belonging to it being almost surrounded by water, and the place itself is highly picturesque, and embowered in wood, as may be seen from the annexed view.

The subscribers to this water are very numerous; they pay half a guinea annually, and casual visitors a shilling for a day ticket; the house is kept by Messrs. Beresford and Son, and on most days, during the season, the angler will find an ordinary at two o'clock; and, if he be as fortunate as I have been, will meet with pleasant society, the subscribers being very sociable

with each other, as worthy brothers of the angle usually are. The charges are very moderate.

The fish to be met with in this water are the same as those already mentioned in the White House water. There are many good roach, dace, barbel, and gudgeon swims, and many excellent localities for pike ; and when I last traversed the banks of this pleasant water, early in the September of last year, I had the pleasure of seeing one of the subscribers, with whom I had dined, take a fine well-fed pike, weighing, I should think, from four to five pounds. It is said that the Lea is an excellent school for anglers, and with great justice, as the fish are so well fed naturally, and the water is so clear, and often low, that nothing but fine fishing can succeed.*

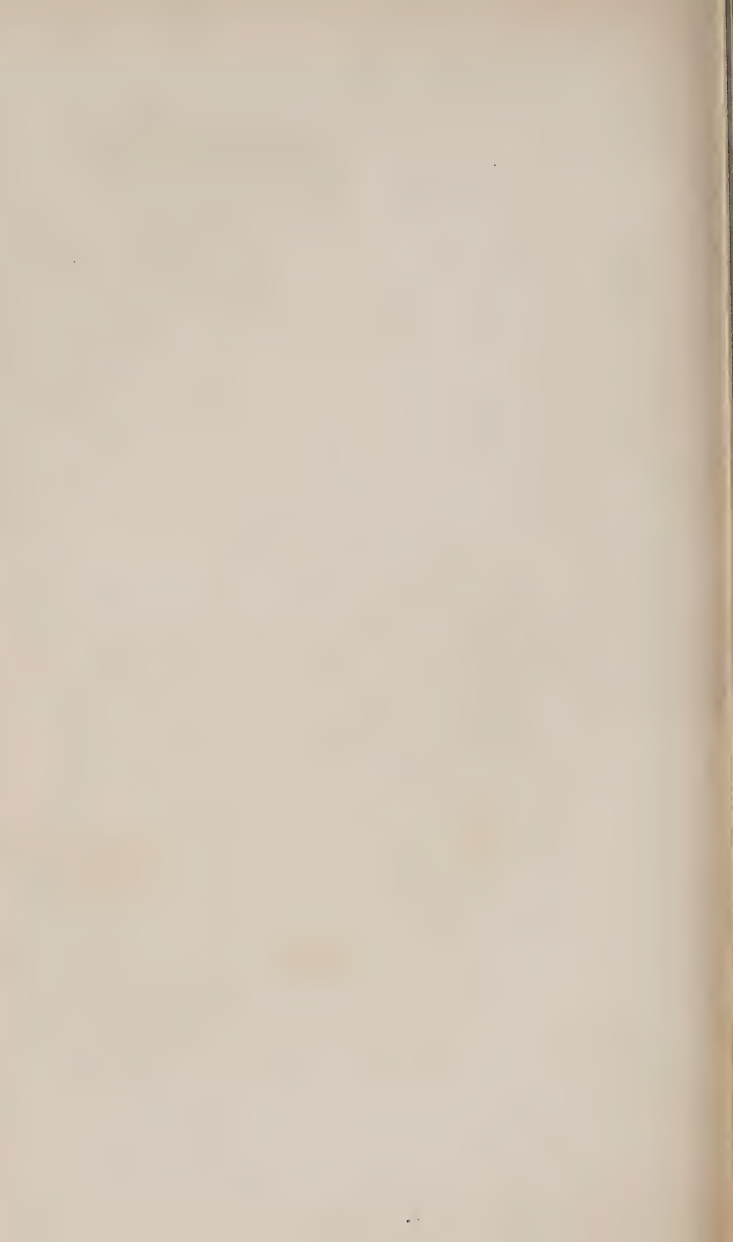
Above Lea Bridge a considerable space of the river is free to anglers, but at

TOTTENHAM MILLS,

Five miles from London, you come to Tyler's subscription water, and six miles thence is Ford's water ; the house is called the Blue House. The annual subscription is half-a-guinea for bottom-fishing only, or

* A chart of these preserved waters, and a particular account of the various swims, has been published in a small shilling manual, called, " The Angler's Companion to the Horse and Groom, Lea Bridge, and White Horse Fisheries." This may be had at either of the houses, or of Mr. Bazin, fishing-tackle manufacturer, Duncan Place, Hackney.





one guinea including trolling. The next subscription water is

BLEAK HALL.

This house belongs to Mr. Wicks, and is near to Edmonton ;* it is pleasantly situated close to the water, which is well stored with fish.

Upwards of two miles of water are here preserved, by uniting the water of Bleak Hall and that of Chingford, formerly Shurey's water ; and this part of the Lea is well stored with jack and pike. The subscription for both waters is two guineas.

WALTHAM ABBEY.

This place is twelve miles from London. The water here, for the space of at least two miles, belongs to the government, and is well preserved. Permission to angle must be gained by application to the master-general, or some of the principal officers in the ordnance department : a person of the name of Bates is employed as keeper of the water, who will furnish the angler with live bait for perch-fishing, trolling, &c., and good sport is generally to be had. [Bates is deceased, and permission to fish in these waters is no longer obtainable.]

The village is sequestered and picturesque ; the

* Here Charles Lamb lived, died, and was buried, and the angler should step aside into the churchyard, if only to read Dr. Carey's beautiful inscription on his tombstone.—EE.

venerable abbey and gateway (represented in the vignette at the head of this chapter) give a character of the "olden time" to the scene. Often have I fished here in May, and, under the gentle influence of the season and the spot, recalled to mind the beautiful lines of the highly gifted, but unfortunate, Lord Surrey:—

"The sovte season that bud and bloome forth bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll and eke the vale;
The nightingall with fethers new she singes,
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale;
Somer is come, for every spraye now springes,
The fishes flete with new repayred scale,
The adder, all her slough away she flynges,
The busy bee her honey now she mynges."

There are several wiers, or tumbling bays, here, where large trout are sometimes taken, and the whole of the government water is well stored with perch, pike, and large chub. I speak of these as most abundant, but there is no want of other fish, as roach, dace, gudgeons, &c.

There is an excellent inn, and the charges are very moderate: the best months for fishing at Waltham Abbey are September and October. Part of the water belonging to government is, I believe, rented by a party of gentlemen, and preserved for trolling.

BROXBOURNE.

The Crown, kept by Mr. T. Want, is close to the river, and has the rural appearance of a farm-house. It

is an inn remarkable for comfort, cleanliness, civility, and attention, with very moderate charges. The contemplative angler, who seeks repose from the bustle and cares of the metropolis, will be delighted with this snug retreat, which, at the same time, offers the retirement he desires, and the amusement he enjoys.

The water is well stored with fish, and visitors at the house have permission to angle, and have live-baits found them, without subscription or day ticket.

A friend of mine informed me that, in October of last year, one gentleman caught five brace of jack and pike in one day, in the water belonging to the Crown.

PAGE'S WATER.

The fishing here is better than the accommodation, and the best months here, and at Broxbourne, are September and October. Above Page's the water is private, as far as Crane's lock.

THE RYE HOUSE.

The King's Arms, near Hoddesden, is kept by Mr. Teale. It is a favourite resort for London anglers, and the accommodation is good. The water is free for visitors, and abounds with fish. I have been told, that in October fifty pounds weight of roach have been taken by one rod in one day.

The river here, in many parts, is very deep and

very still, which accounts for the number of roach it produces.

Beyond this, to Ware, the water is, I believe, private property. Hoddesden is seventeen miles from London.

In the chapter on trout-fishing, I have already described the streams in the neighbourhood of London, and shall now proceed to give some account of the rivers in

HAMPSHIRE.

This has been long considered the trout county, *par excellence*; its streams, certainly, rivalling those of Derbyshire and Devonshire, though I cannot yield them the preference,* and am inclined to think the Hampshire rivers, being nearer to London than the others, have given them precedence with the London anglers.

The principal rivers in this fine county are the Avon, the Anton, the Test, and the Hitchin, and of these the Test and the Avon are the best trout-streams. The Avon passes by Salisbury, Fordingbridge, and Ringwood, and falls into the sea at Christchurch. Very fine trout and grayling are taken out of the Avon, from Salisbury to Fordingbridge. The blue dun,

* Nothing can be better than the trout-fishing in some of the preserves—the Duke of Rutland's, for instance—in the Derbyshire rivers; but it is far otherwise in Devonshire, where the trout run small, and the rivers being but little protected are much poached. There is, however, good fishing in Exmoor Forest, and there is but little difficulty in procuring a day's angling.—ED.

No. 4; and March brown, No. 3, early in the season; and the yellow dun, No. 7; and the black or red palmers in dark weather, and with full water, may be here used to advantage through the season. The governor, No. 29; the kingdom, No. 13; and the alder fly, No. 24, are killing flies for the Avon.

In the neighbourhood of Fordingbridge the river becomes sluggish, and abounds with fine pike, and about Christchurch salmon are taken with the fly.*

The Test rises in the north-west part of Hampshire, and falls into the Southampton water. The Anton rises about twelve miles north-east of Andover, from two sources: one of these passes Whitchurch, and, meeting the Test at Wherwell, proceeds to Stockbridge and Rumsey, where, at the first, it forms several islands. It is joined by various streams from the New Forest at Redbridge, where it forms the head of the Southampton water.

* Mr. Hofland hardly does justice to the Hampshire rivers. The Avon, for instance, affords, perhaps, the best angling of any river in England. Nearer the Southampton waters, there are some pools where salmon are taken in considerable numbers by gentlemen who have formed a club, and protect the fishery. In Sir Henry Fane and Mr. Mills's waters, above the salmon pools, pike abound of a large size, some having been taken from twenty-five to thirty pounds weight, and none are allowed to be taken that do not weigh full six pounds. Upwards of a hundred weight have been taken in a day by one rod. Higher up, trout and grayling abound nearly up to Salisbury. The beauty of the river, as it flows and sparkles through the New Forest, must be seen to be properly appreciated.—ED.

WHITCHURCH,

On the Test, is fifty-eight miles from London, and the angler may gain permission to fish by taking up his abode at the principal inn. About a mile and a half of the water is tolerably well preserved. Two miles from Whitchurch the Test flows through the grounds of Lord Portsmouth, where there is fine fishing, and a proper application to the Hon. Newton Fellowes will seldom fail to procure a day's fly-fishing in this beautiful place.

Lower down the Test, near Stockbridge, a society has been formed, called the "Haughton Club," by a party of gentlemen, and the water is well preserved. They meet early in the spring, and I believe it may be truly said, they are a band of brothers; for one of the club informed me, that he had never seen a shade of temper, or heard an unkind expression, from one to another, since he had been a member.

I have been so fortunate as to have seen their commonplace-book,* in which every member is expected to narrate the events of his day's fishing; his triumphs, miseries, &c.; and I was highly delighted and amused with the gaiety and good humour which I found in this witty and curious miscellany. The book

* Mr. Penn's celebrated "Maxims and Hints for Anglers" were originally inserted in this book.—ED.

is also embellished with original sketches, by members and visitors, of caricatures, scenery, &c.

In my introduction to this work I have attempted a defence of the "Art of Angling," and should I have there failed, I am quite sure the following list of names, forming the Stockbridge Club, will alone be a sufficient answer to the sneering and prejudiced caviller, or to the morbid sensibility of those who condemn the "gentle craft."

The members for the year 1838 were,—

The Earl of Hardwicke.

Lord Saltoun.

W. H. Whitbread, Esq.

Henry Warburton, Esq.

Edward Barnard, Esq.

G. W. Norman, Esq.

The Rev. F. Beadon.

Francis Popham, Esq.

Colonel Mudge.

Colonel Long.

John Jarrett, Esq.

Richard Penn, Esq.

The Haughton is not the only Society on the Test. The Leckford Club could formerly boast of many eminent men, and skilful anglers.

When a fly-fisher visits the Test, he must provide himself with Mackintosh boots, as the river is bordered with "water meadows," that is, sluices admit the water from the Test, for the purpose of irrigation. The clearness of the stream requires fine tackle, and rather small flies. The fishing commences in April, but the trout are not in good condition till the end of May, or the beginning of June.

In that part of the Test where I have cast a line,

a fish was not allowed to be taken under a pound weight; and the last time I visited this beautiful stream I killed twenty-one fish, weighing twenty-four pounds: but fish are frequently taken from three to five pounds weight.

The grayling have not been long introduced in the Test, but they increased very rapidly, and attained a large size there; nevertheless, I have been informed by Sir Francis Chantrey, that, latterly, they have decreased in number.

The flies I should recommend for the Test are the blue dun, No. 4; the Carshalton and Test-fly, No. 5; the pale yellow dun, No. 7; the orange dun, No. 8; the hare's ear, No. 11; the alder fly, No. 24; the Chantrey, No. 1; and Hofland's fancy, No. 2. This latter fly will never fail as a late evening fly; and with a fresh breeze, in cloudy weather, it may be used all through the day. The governor, No. 29, and the kingdom, No. 13, are also in great favour for the Test.*

I may here remark, that I have omitted to name the black and red hackles, and shall continue to do so, in the list of flies recommended for different rivers, with an understanding that I consider these two hackles, whether dressed as simple hackles or palmers, as standard flies.

* A natural fly on a *blow* line is used with great success in the Test, when the water is calm and clear.—ED.

Some parts of the Itchin are well stored with trout ; and near Southampton, many salmon and salmon-trout are taken, but chiefly by traps and nets. I shall now commence with the northern rivers and lakes, for the purpose of a more equal division of the embellishments ; but this want of a consecutive account will not inconvenience the reader, as I purpose giving a copious general index, by which any lake, river, or county may be referred to at once. The annexed woodcut is one of the sluices on the Test, from a sketch by Sir Francis Chantrey.



CUMBERLAND.

This county, so remarkable for the beauty of its scenery, and for its numerous lakes and trout-streams, receives annually a great influx of tourists, artists, amateurs, and anglers. The chief rivers are the Eden, the Eamont, the Petterill, the Irthing, the Caldew, the Derwent, and the Irt.

The lakes of Cumberland are a great source of attraction to the general tourist, but more especially to the landscape-painter, the amateur, and the fly-fisher ; as they afford endless employment to the sketcher, and capital sport to the angler.

THE EDEN

Has its source in the moors of Westmoreland, near Kirkby Stephen, and passes the romantic town of Appleby, with its lofty and picturesque castle, from whence it winds through delightful wooded glens, till it reaches the magnificent ruins of Brougham Castle, a little below which it is joined by the Lowther and the Eamont.

After this increase to its waters, it runs by Kirk-Oswald and the beautiful grounds of Nunnery ; thence to Corby Castle, and, receiving the Petterill, it passes Carlisle, almost washing the base of its ancient castle,

from whence it is navigable to its mouth, where, meeting the Esk, the two rivers, in conjunction, form the great Firth of Solway.

The Eden is an excellent trout-stream, and will well repay the angler, from Appleby to Corby Castle, by tracing the banks of the river a distance of twenty miles.*

On visiting this river, the angler, artist, or amateur, would find Kirkoswald, about six miles from Penrith, convenient head-quarters for a few days. Well do I remember the primitive landlady of the little inn there, when I complained that the port was new, assuring me "she knew better than that, for she had seen it bottled herself at Penrith six months ago." She, however, made me very comfortable; and with Eden salmon, Fell mutton, and abundance of delicious mushrooms,† I fared sumptuously, and with remarkably moderate charges.

* The Eden also flows close to Eden Hall, the seat of Sir George Musgrave, Bart., near Penrith, and in no part of its course does it flow with more beauty, and the angling in this locality is excellent. In this hospitable mansion, also, is the *luck* of Eden Hall, celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in his "Marmion." The fountain is shewn where the fairy deposited the cup, or luck, and the prophecy concerning it is as follows:—

"When this cup doth break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."—ED.

† Mr. Hofland should have procured *morels* instead of mushrooms, the former being found in great quantities in the meadows on the banks of the Eden.—ED.

Kirkoswald is within a pleasant walk of two miles to the romantic grounds of Nunnery, and only half a mile from the Eden ; a small stream runs through this little town, and works two or three very picturesque mills, well worthy of the pencil.

The grounds of Nunnery belong to H. Aglionby, Esq., M.P., and nature and art have rendered them equal to any thing of the kind in England. A small river (the Croglin) passes through woods, and over rocks and stones, forming innumerable cascades of great beauty, and after winding its way through these fairy scenes, falls into the Eden, which borders this northern Paradise.

CORBY CASTLE,

The residence of Philip Howard, Esq., M.P., is about two miles lower down the stream, and stands on a high rock, between the river and the village of Corby. The grounds, for their extent, are of extreme beauty, being adorned with wood, rock, and water, in perfection.

Opposite to Corby is the village of Wetheral, and in the church is an affecting monument to the memory of the late Mrs. Howard, thought to be the *chef d'œuvre* of the sculptor Nollekens.

I have never been so fortunate as to fish the Eden in spring, which is the best season, but I have had excellent sport in September, and the flies used were

the different duns, particularly the pale yellow ; all made hackles on small Kirby-sneck hooks, together with the dotteril ; wren's tail, and grouse hackles, with Hofland's fancy, No. 2, and a very small coch-a-bonddu.

Very fine salmon and salmon-trout are taken in the Eden, of most excellent quality.

THE EAMONT

Has a very short course before it falls into the Eden, below Brougham Castle, where it has received the Lowther. Its source is the lake of Ulswater, from which it issues at once a considerable stream, passing Pooley Bridge and Dalemmain, the seat of W. Hasell, Esq., and winding through beautiful meadows, often fringed by the elegant birch and graceful alder, falls into the Eden at Ednel.

The flies recommended for the Eden will suit the Eamont.

THE PETTERILL.

This little river, so particularly famous for the excellence of its trout, rises on the moors, and passes near Greystock Park, in which is situated the castle of that name, the noble baronial residence of Henry Howard, Esq., who has greatly added to its beauty and convenience, without destroying its character as a cas-

tellated mansion. The park and grounds are of great extent, and beautifully wooded, and, from their elevated situation, form a fine feature in the distant landscape ; the two ornamental pieces of water, immediately below the stately terrace at the back of the castle, abound with trout, and I have frequently had the pleasure of taking out a handsome dish of fish before breakfast, with a very small wren's tail and grouse hackle for my flies, when I have been enjoying the hospitality of the liberal owner of the castle.

The Petterill passes the villages of Greystock, Salkeld, and Newbiggin, and falls into the Eden, about a mile above Carlisle. In addition to the flies already mentioned for the Eden, I must add a great favourite with Cumberland anglers, in the spring and early summer.

Body. Ostrich herl, made short.

Legs. A black hackle.

Wings. The light part of a starling's wing, or that of a dotteril.

Hooks. No. 8, 9, or 10.

THE IRTHING

Rises in the north-east of the county, and passing Lanercost Priory, and Naworth Castle (one of the few inhabited ancient castles), proceeds to Brampton, and falls into the Eden, below Corby Castle.

THE CALDEW

Has its source somewhere among the Skiddaw fells, and, passing under Carrick fell, runs due north, till it falls into the Eden, a little distance below Carlisle.

The Caldew runs through a wild and unfrequented district till it reaches Rose Castle, the palace of the Bishop of Carlisle, and deservedly one of the lions of the vicinity of that ancient city. It is a good trout-stream, and, at certain seasons, is visited by salmon and sea-trout.

THE DERWENT

Rises in the mountains at the head of Borrowdale, and after winding its pure transparent stream through that wild and beautiful valley, it falls into Derwent-water, and, leaving that lake at Keswick, is soon after joined by the Greta, and passing through Bassingthwaite water, becomes a considerable river; and, for England, may be called a good salmon-stream; but those who have fished for salmon in Scotland and Ireland will be disappointed with the Derwent.

[I can by no means agree with the sort of negative praise given by Mr. Hofland to the Derwent, with the exception of what he says of the beautiful scenery through which it passes; nor can an angler, in search

of the picturesque and good angling at the same time, do better than wander along the banks of the Derwent from Bassingthwaite water to Workington, at which place this river falls into the Solway. Not excepting even the Tweed, I much question whether better salmon-fishing can be had in Scotland than is to be met with in the Derwent between Workington and the salmon-wier, certainly little more than a mile in extent, but in the months of September and October affording first-rate sport to a good artist, who may take salmon of a large size. Sea-trout, or sewen, are also in great abundance earlier in the year; as are also trout above the wier up to Bassingthwaite. The fishery has been rented of the Lowther family by the present tenant and his family for a very long period, and if the salmon caught are either paid for or returned, there is no difficulty in procuring leave to fish.

Workington, until the present railway was made, might be considered as a place difficult of access. It may now be reached from London in a day; and there is no salmon-fisher who goes there, but will thank me for the information now given.—ED.]

The scenery, however, is beautiful in the extreme throughout its whole course, and it contains fine trout, and innumerable brandlings, or skeggers. Flies for the Derwent may be something larger than those recommended for the Eden. In the month of April the Derwent will furnish excellent minnow-fishing.

THE IRT

Has its source amidst the savage mountains that border Wast-water ; and, after leaving the dark waters of that dreary lake, and passing Gosforth and Irton, falls into the Irish Sea near Ravenglass. This stream runs a short course, but its immediate connexion with the sea supplies it with fine salmon and sea-trout.

THE PRINCIPAL LAKES IN CUMBERLAND

Are Ulswater, Thirlmere, or Leathe's-water, Derwent-water, Bassingthwaite-water, Buttermere, Crummock-water, Lowes-water, Ennerdale-water, Wast-water, Elter-water, and Devock-water. In addition to these, there are several small lakes or mountain tarns, most of them situated at a considerable elevation above the sea ; and, with few exceptions, they are well stored with trout. All the above lakes contain trout, and most of them pike, perch, and eels ; Ulswater, Buttermere, and Crummock-water have charr.

I shall now proceed to notice those in particular where the angler may expect sport, or the artist find subjects for his pencil.

ULSWATER

Is the largest, and, in my opinion, the finest, of the Cumberland lakes ; and although that facetious brother

of the angle, Stephen Oliver the younger, has given us a playful account of a dispute between Keswick lake and Ulswater for pre-eminence, which was finally decided, and sentence pronounced accordingly, "that they were equal in point of attraction," I am still disposed to bestow the palm on Ulswater.

This beautiful lake is ten miles long; at its foot stands Pooley Bridge, a small village, where the tourist will find a respectable inn. Formerly, when this house was kept by Russell, I frequently made it head-quarters, and have enjoyed many a breakfast after a morning's fishing, of broiled trout and perch, cooked to perfection; and after a hard day on the lake I have returned with fifteen or twenty brace of well-fed trout in my creel, to dine upon Ulswater eels and five-year-old Fell mutton.

Pooley Bridge is only five miles from Penrith, and about four from Lowther Castle; it is also a convenient point from which to visit Hawes-water, and the river Eamont runs by the inn garden. Boats for viewing the lake, or for angling, may be hired of the landlord; and my friend Tom Watts, who is acquainted with every shoal or bay where a trout can be found, will prove an excellent and useful guide to the angler: for it would be hopeless to expect success in so large a water without local knowledge of the lake. The lower end of Ulswater, near Pooley Bridge, abounds with fine perch, but I never had any sport with the fly till I reached Ramsbeck or Water-milloch, about three miles from



Pooley ; but from thence to Patterdale (the head of the lake) there are many fine reaches and bays on both sides of it. But my own favourite haunts have been near John Marshall's, Esq., at Halsteads, from whence the accompanying view of Ulswater is taken, and immediately above and below Lyulph's Tower, a shooting residence of Henry Howard's, Esq., of Greystock Castle. In the bay below the tower I never remember to have fished without success.

It is always to be taken for granted, that in this lake, and all others, a tolerably fresh breeze is indispensably necessary to success ; for without a considerable curl on the water the fish will not rise at the artificial fly : the angler must not allow himself to be disappointed, even if he finds a dead calm, for on the lakes it is often succeeded, within half an hour, by a glorious dancing of the waters.

During a calm, if the visitant have two strings to his bow, he may employ his pencil, for I am not acquainted with finer lake scenery than the succession of sublime views that present themselves, in approaching Patterdale from Lyulph's Tower.

If a dead calm, therefore, annoy the fisher, it will delight the artist, as the lakes are never seen to so much advantage as when the woods and mountains are doubled by reflexion ; these reflexions give a breadth to the scene and a character of repose, truly charming.

The various atmospheric phenomena so frequent at

the lakes produce an unceasing variety of light, shade, and colour, such as the passing shadows of clouds sailing on the lofty sun-lit mountains, or the summer shower attracted to the mighty Helvellyn, spreading its thin mist on the distant hills, and increasing their apparent magnitude.

Opposite to Lyulph's Tower is Place-fell, a bold mountain, throwing its broad rugged breast far into the lake; whilst, on your right, the majestic Helvellyn rises pre-eminent over the encircling hills—St. Sunday, Nameless, Catchedecam, and the lower woody slopes of Gowbarrow, Glencoin, and Stybarrow Crag.

Stybarrow is a picturesque rugged rock, richly clothed with deep foliage, jutting into the lake, and on a calm day the reflexions in the water are perfectly magical; every object is defined in that clear mirror with a distinctness I have never seen equalled elsewhere, so that you seem to glide between a world above and a world below, forgetting to which you belong.

Glencoin, a romantic valley, in which is placed one of the most picturesque farm-houses in Cumberland, must not be neglected by the artist; nor must Airey Force be forgotten. A road leads to it from Lyulph's Tower: it is a noble waterfall.

Proceeding over Stybarrow Crag, we come to Glen-ridden, the beautiful residence of the Rev. Henry Askew; next, pass the seat of William Marshall, Esq., M.P.; and then reach the church and village of Pat-

terdale, and find an excellent inn, where the traveller will secure every comfort, and many inducements to make this wild and secluded spot a resting-place. Boats for fishing may be had here as at Pooley Bridge.

The following lines will shew that the poet, Cumberland, entertained the same opinion that I do as to the superiority of Ulswater over the other lakes of this district :—

“ Thee, savage Wyburn, now I hail,
 Delicious Grasmere's calm retreat,
 And Keswick's sweet fantastic vale,
 And stately Windermere I greet ;
 But let her naiads yield to thee,
 And lowly bend the subject knee,
 Imperial lake of Patrick's dale ;
 For neither Scottish Lomond's pride,
 Nor smooth Killarney's silver tide,
 Nor aught that learned Poussin drew,
 Or dashing Rosa flung upon my view,
 Shall shake thy sovereign undisturbèd right,
 Great scene of wonder and sublime delight !”

April and May are the best months for fly-fishing here, as elsewhere ; but I have never been so fortunate as to visit Cumberland at that trouting-season. I have, however, for many years enjoyed what is here termed the latter season,—that is, September, and the beginning of October ; and I can, with confidence, recommend the following flies :—

Four flies may be used, and the first, or stretcher, may be No. 39, the dotteril-hackle ; the first drop-fly,

the grouse-hackle, No. 38 ; the second drop, the ginger-hackle, No. 37 ; and the third drop, a smaller fly, with a spare peacock's herl body, and a starling's wing.

These flies may be varied with the coch-a-bonddu, No. 35 ; the Chantrey, No. 1 ; Edmondson's Welsh fly, No. 12 ; the alder-fly, No. 24 (varied, by making the wings from the red feather of a partridge's rump ; and when thus dressed it will be found a killing fly in most of the British lakes) ; the governor, No. 29 ; the hare's-ear dun, No. 11, dressed on a No. 8 hook ; and a partridge-hackle, with spare orange silk body. I shall here close my list, not doubting but that these flies, with the information almost always to be gained on the spot, will serve for the lakes of the northern counties.

THIRLMERE, OR LEATHES-WATER,

Is situated a little to the left of the road, about half-way between Ambleside and Keswick ; it is two miles and a half in length, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth.

The western shore is irregular, being formed with many beautiful bays, from whence Helvellyn is seen in all its majesty. A singular Alpine bridge, connecting two far out-stretched promontories, cuts the lake into two nearly equal parts. This water contains trout, and, I believe, perch and pike also ; but of this I am uncertain, never having fished in it.

KESWICK LAKE, OR DERWENT-WATER,

Is within half a mile of the town of Keswick, which, together with Ambleside, have long been the principal resting-places for tourists to the lakes. Keswick is sixteen miles from Ambleside, eighteen from Penrith, and twenty from Workington. The two principal inns are the Royal Oak and the Queen's Head; both of which, during the height of the season, are full to overflowing; and on one occasion I could not procure a bed at either of these houses, and was obliged to have recourse to the King's Head, kept by Mr. Bowles, where I found so much comfort and attention, that I have on three subsequent visits made use of this clean, quiet, and unpretending house.*

Keswick is a great resort of the Cambridge reading men, who sojourn here, with their tutors, during the

* No honest angler will visit the beautiful scenery of Keswick without seeing the house of Robert Southey, and his grave in the parish church of Crosthwaite.

Southey was, perhaps, one of the most voluminous as well as one of the most agreeable writers of any age. As a biographer, his lives of Nelson, Chatterton, Kirke White, Wesley, and Cowper, will always delight the reader. He, besides, laboured in almost every other department of literature, till at last his fine mind became obscured by over-mental exertion, and he sank under it.

As a poet, he had, as has been truly said of him, "an exuberance of imagination seldom equalled, and a mastery of versification never surpassed; and as a prose writer, at once elegant and forcible, his name will endure as long as the language in which he wrote."—ED.

long vacation. They have private lodgings, of which there are many in the town, and they dine together at a sort of *table d'hôte* at the Royal Oak, and add considerably to the gaiety of the town. There is a museum, kept by Mr. Daniel Crosthwaite, which is well worth seeing; and no one should enter Keswick without ascending Skiddaw.

This ascent may be made on horseback by ladies with perfect safety, and the view from its summit is one of the finest in the kingdom.

It is now twenty-eight years since I first ascended this mountain; I had a friendly guide (Mr. D. Crosthwaite), and our first object was to see the sun rise from Latrig (Skiddaw's cub); but when we reached that elevation we were disappointed, as the cloudy cap of Skiddaw began to descend and obscure the sun. We were soon enveloped by a damp mist; but, as my companion was well acquainted with the way, we continued to ascend, and by six o'clock A.M. we had reached the summit.*

Soon afterwards the day began to clear, and as the white curtain of clouds that floated beneath us appeared to move, we gained occasional glimpses of the sparkling sun-lit lake and vale of Keswick, seen through

* No one should attempt the ascent of Skiddaw or the Saddleback without an experienced guide. Persons are suddenly enveloped in clouds and mists, and one false step may occasion a fractured limb or the loss of life. Accidents have frequently occurred for want of the precaution now recommended.—ED.

vistas of the rolling clouds ; and as these openings closed others succeeded, producing the most magical effects. At one moment the houses in Scotland were distinctly seen, and as suddenly withdrawn ; at another the wild mountains of Borrowdale appeared in all their majesty, thus giving a succession of the most enchanting scenes.

The wind was high and cold, so that we were glad to take shelter under the small pile of stones on the top of the mountain, where we enjoyed our breakfast of bread and cheese and brandy, and, at the same time, the magnificent moving panorama before us. We remained under shelter from the wind till the clouds had entirely dispersed, and we had an uninterrupted view of the boundless prospect around us. Looking towards the south-east were seen the mountains Grisedale Pike, and Causey Pike, and the vale of Newlands, backed by the Fells of Buttermere ; and at our feet Bassingthwaite lake ; a little more southward, immediately under the eye, were seen Keswick, Derwentwater, and the gorge of Borrowdale ; to the left of these Lowdore, Wallow Crag, and above them the towering Helvellyn. To the east lay the rugged Saddleback, and the long, lofty range of Cross Fells ; northward we saw the shining Solway Firth, and the hills of Dumbartonshire.

We now commenced a search for dotterils, one of our principal objects in ascending Skiddaw, as they are

scarce birds, and only found near the summits of high mountains, and the feathers are much prized by fly-fishers. My companion had told me these birds were said to have a singular habit of imitating any action they might happen to see ; and soon afterwards, about three hundred feet below the top of the mountain, his quick eye discovered one of them within gun-shot. As I was in possession of the only gun, he cautioned me not to miss it, and induced me, for the purpose of making sure, to fire at it sitting, but the moment I presented my gun, the creature, as if in mockery, stretched out one leg and one wing to their full extent, in so ludicrous a way, that I missed my bird by a hearty fit of laughter. We were, however, soon after, more fortunate, and returned to Keswick about noon with a brace of these scarce and, to the angler, valuable birds.

The artist and amateur will find more to interest him here than the fly-fisher, as Derwent-water will afford little sport, for the number of pike keep down the trout ; but early in the season, *i. e.* in April and May, large trout may be taken by spinning the minnow, or brandling, with a long line from the stern of a boat, rowed slowly along the lake.

Pleasant parties are formed for the ladies in summer, for perch-fishing, when great quantities are sometimes taken ; they are small, and are called by the natives bass. The eels in this lake are excellent, and are sometimes caught with trimmers, from two to four

pounds weight ; and pike have been taken, by trolling, twenty pounds weight.

A Keswick visitor must not neglect seeing Applethwaite-gill and Mill-beck, two wild ravines of Skiddaw, embellished with wood, water, and picturesque cottages. The former was thought so highly of by that distinguished amateur, the late Sir George Beaumont, Bart., that he purchased it, to prevent the possible chance of its destruction by the hands of a modern improver. The road to these glens winds along the side of Skiddaw, at a considerable elevation, and is of a terrace-like character, presenting a succession of the most delightful scenery in this romantic district. My limits will not allow me to enter more into detail, but every information the tourist may want will be readily acquired on the spot.

BASSINGTHWAITE-WATER

Is four miles north of Derwent-water, about four miles long, and nearly one mile broad. It contains trout, pike, perch, and eels, and salmon sometimes enter into the Derwent. The only house where the angler can be accommodated is Bassingthwaite Hall ; but the lover of trolling will be recompensed for some inconveniences by the capital jack and perch-fishing he will meet with.

BUTTERMERE.

The nearest way to this lake is through the beau-

tiful vale of Newlands ; the distance from Keswick is ten miles. It is surrounded by the lofty rugged mountains of Haystacks, High-crag, High-stile, and Red-pike ; its length is one mile and a quarter, its breadth about half a mile. The fish it contains are trout, pike, perch, and eels ; but it is so narrow, and surrounded by such lofty hills, that the angler will seldom find sufficient breeze for his purpose. The inn stands a quarter of a mile from the lake, and is tolerably comfortable : it had formerly some notoriety, as the residence of Mary, the unfortunate beauty of Buttermere. I saw her in the year 1809, after her unhappy marriage with Hatfield the swindler, who had paid the forfeit of his life some years before ; she had then married a respectable person, lived at the inn with her parents, and acted as waiter. She was remarkably grave, and had something dignified in her manners. She was tall and well formed, but I saw little of the beauty for which she had been celebrated.

CRUMMOCK-WATER

Is about one mile from Buttermere ; it is three miles long, and, on the average, half a mile broad. It is bounded on all sides, save the north, by lofty mountains ; and about a mile beyond the foot of the lake, at Scale Hill, is a most excellent inn, where the traveller of any grade will find good living, cleanliness, and civility,

with the most reasonable charges. The angler or artist will find this house delightful head-quarters, from whence he may visit the neighbouring lakes of Buttermere, Crummock-water, and Lowes-water: the fishing in all these lakes is capital, more especially for pike.

Notwithstanding the tyrant pike are so abundant, these waters are well supplied with trout from their numerous small tributary streams. The views from a lofty wooded hill close to the inn are of the most sublime description; and that in particular from a seat called after John Marshall, Esq. (the proprietor of this fine estate), is one of the most magnificently beautiful in this romantic region. Scale-force is a fine waterfall, about a mile from Crummock-water, and is well worth visiting. The flies recommended for Ulswater will serve for these and all the other Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes.

Ennerdale-water, Wast-water, Elter-water, and Devock, may be visited *en route* from Scale Hill; and of these lakes, all containing trout, the last-mentioned will be found to produce the largest, the reddest, and best-flavoured trout in Cumberland. The proprietor, Edward Stanley, Esq., strictly preserves the water. Of the last named lakes, Wast-water is remarkable for the wild and savage character of its scenery.

WESTMORELAND.

THE principal rivers of this county are the Eden, the Ken or Kent, the Lune, the Lowther, the Brathey, and the Rothay.

The Eden has already been noticed. The Kent rises in the vale of Kentmore, and, passing through the small lake of that name, is joined by the streams of Longsleddle and Grayrig, and on reaching Kendal has become a considerable river; from thence it passes Milnthorpe, and falls into the Lancaster sands. This river abounds with trout of an excellent quality, and formerly was well supplied with salmon and salmon-trout; but of late years the erection of several high wiers has prevented these valuable fish from making their way up the river.

[Mr. Hofland must have known but little of the river Kent when he says that salmon and sea-trout have been prevented making their way up the river of late years, in consequence of the erection of several high wiers.

Those who have visited Levens, the interesting seat of Mrs. Greville Howard, near Milnthorpe, will have seen the river Kent flowing in front of the house, and wending its way beautifully through the park. There is a picturesque salmon-leap at the extremity of the park, with fine rocks and noble trees overhanging

them ; and here, also, are some deep pools, where salmon-fishing may be had in great perfection, and in the more shallow parts there is good trout-fishing.

The house at Levens must not pass unnoticed, as it is, perhaps, at present one of the most curious and interesting to be found in this country. It is of the earliest style of architecture,—indeed so early, that its date can only be guessed at. The most scrupulous care and attention are bestowed in keeping it up, as well as the formal gardens, with the high-clipped horn-beam hedges, and the grotesque figures in box and holly.

The house is entered by a noble hall, with an oriel window on one side. The hall is hung with primitive armour, military weapons, and many antique curiosities. To the left are two fine drawing-rooms, with furniture of the early ages, all in character with the house ; but the most striking parts of them are the mantelpieces, which reach to the cieling. On the sides of each are figures in black oak, the size of life, and as finely and sharply cut as if they were of marble. The other ornaments are equally curious, having armorial insigniæ and black-letter mottoes, surrounded with oak carvings. It is difficult from memory to pursue the description of the house, with its turrets, baronial servants' hall (where a properly introduced visitor is treated with curious old ale, called Hercules, and expected to drink " Success to the House of Levens as long as the Kent

flows," from a curious old glass in the shape of a post-man's horn). But the library must not be forgotten. It is a large and curious room, full of early, and many of them black-letter books, and where there are, no doubt, Caxtons and Wynkyn de Wordes, and "the booke of St. Albans enprynted at Westmestre, with the treatyse of fysshynge with an angle."

It is hoped that this digression will be excused, as I am sure that every angler who visits the lakes will thank me for calling his attention to this interesting locality.—ED.]

The flies used by the natives in this part of the country are all hackles, and generally on very small Kirby-sneek hooks: the following list will answer for this and other small rivers in this part of the country.

The brown shiner, No. 14; coch-a-bonddu, No. 35, dressed on a No. 12 hook; ginger-hackle, No. 37; grouse-hackle, No. 38; wren-tail, No. 19; and dotteril-hackle, No. 39; all on small hooks, and with little or no body.

THE LUNE

Rises on the moors near Kirkby Stephen, and passing Kirkby Lonsdale, through a most beautiful country to Lancaster, soon afterwards falls into the Irish Sea.

This fine river abounds with excellent trout throughout its course; and near Lancaster with salmon, salmon-

trout, and morts. For trout, the flies recommended for the Kent will answer ; and for salmon-trout and morts the following may be used :—

No. 1. Body. Purple mohair, ribbed with silver twist.

Wings. A turkey's feather.

No. 2. Body. Red mohair.

Wings. The grey feather of a mallard's wing.

THE LOWTHER

Has its source in two mountain tarns, at the head of Mardale, called Small-water and Blea-tarn, and, passing through the dale, enters Hawes-water, and running by Bampton, reaches the magnificent castle and grounds of the Earl of Lonsdale,* and the secluded village of Askern. Proceeding onward, it visits Bird's Nest, the seat of Lord Brougham and Vaux, and soon after falls into the Eamont at Brougham Castle.

There is great variety in this beautiful little river ; it has its source among the loftiest mountains and most awful solitudes of Westmoreland, and it winds its varied stream through pastoral meadows, till it adds beauty to the splendour of Lowther Castle, and gaiety to the

* The angler in the Lowther should see the noble, natural terrace at Lowther Castle, and the many fine pictures which decorate its walls.—ED.

sequestration of Askern, and, finally, gives its waters to the Eamont, at the site of that noble ruin, now slowly sinking to decay. Few places of the same description boast more beauty and interest than Brougham Castle ; and often have I contemplated the proud towers and massive walls of this once hospitable and noble residence, whilst angling at the confluence of the Lowther and Eamont, with feelings allied to melancholy, yet not, therefore, unpleasing or unprofitable.

THE ROTHAY

Rises near Dunmail Raise, on the descent from which it receives several mountain torrents, and, passing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal-water, it joins the Brathay, and their united streams fall into Windermere. These two small streams abound with trout.

THE LAKES OF WESTMORELAND.

The principal lakes of Westmoreland are Ulswater, Hawes-water, Brother-water, Grasmere, Rydal-water, and Elter-water. As Ulswater has already been described, I shall commence with

HAWES-WATER.

This lake is not so much frequented by tourists as

many possessing fewer attractions ; the cause of which I should ascribe to its being more difficult of access, and from the want of a respectable inn, for the only public-house in Mardale, at the head of the lake, is of the most humble description. It is true the traveller will find every attention and accommodation in the power of the landlady to offer, and the charges are quite as humble as the house. I took up my abode there for three days in the summer of 1837, and was deeply impressed with the wild grandeur and awful stillness of this sequestered spot.

The best approach to Hawes-water is from Pooley Bridge or Penrith ; from the former place it is twelve, from the latter sixteen miles. It is three miles long, and, on the average, half a mile across ; looking towards Mardale the scene is truly magnificent. Harter Fell, High Street, and Kidsey Pike, are all grand mountains at the head of the lake, forming a bold, impressive background.

This water belongs to the Earl of Lonsdale, who has a boat-house and keeper upon it, and permission to fish may be obtained by application to this person, who provides a boat and a waterman ; but the angler would attain his object much sooner, and feel himself more independent, if his lordship (with that kind consideration he usually practises) permitted the innkeeper of Mardale to supply his wants. The fishing is excellent, as the water is better preserved than Ulswater or any

other of the lakes, with the exception of Devock-water. The flies used are the same as for Ulswater.

At the upper end of Mardale, at a considerable elevation, are two little lakes, or tarns, called Small-water and Blea-tarn ; they are full of trout, easily taken with a fresh breeze, but of very indifferent quality.

BROTHER-WATER

Is a small lake which lies near the road between Patterdale and Ambleside, being about seven miles distant from the latter place ; it is surrounded by lofty hills, and affords some good subjects for the artist. I have never cast a fly upon it, although I have more than once exercised my pencil ; it contains trout and eels.

GRASMERE.

This small but beautiful lake, about four miles from Ambleside, was elegantly eulogised by Gray, and has acquired additional celebrity by being for many years the residence of our great moral poet, Wordsworth, who is now removed to Rydal Mount, where I trust he will long breathe, with the air of his native mountains, the pure spirit of poetry. Every tourist who visits the lakes should find a corner in his portmanteau for "Wordsworth's Excursion."

The Red Lion, which stands about a hundred yards

from Grasmere church, is a good situation for those who wish to ramble in the delightful vicinity of this secluded vale.

RYDAL-WATER,

Two miles from Ambleside, is beautifully situated. It is something more than a mile in length, and less than half a mile in breadth; it contains two finely wooded islands, and offers altogether a very lovely scene. Both these lakes contain trout, pike, perch, and eels. [The waterfalls near Mr. Wordsworth's house should be seen.]

WINDERMERE

Is the largest of the English lakes, being fourteen and a half miles long, and, in some parts, nearly two broad. It contains several beautiful islands (one of which is inhabited by the ancient family of the Curwens); and at Low-wood Inn, about two miles from Ambleside, the scenery is truly charming. Immediately opposite the inn is seen the head of the lake, bordered by rocks, woods, and the sloping lawns of Calgarth, the seat of the late Bishop of Llandaff (Watson), backed by the curiously-formed mountains called Langdale Pikes. Some of the finest views of this favourite lake may be had, from various points, in the ascent to Troutbeck, a most picturesque village, about three miles from the inn. [The whole of the Troutbeck valley is well worth

seeing, and the stream which runs through it contains some of the largest trout found in Westmoreland.]

Low-wood, or Ambleside, are alike excellent stations for visiting the neighbouring lakes of Coniston, Elter-water, Grasmere, Rydal, and Windermere. This large lake claims, I must confess, rather the attention of the amateur than the angler; for, although many parts abound in pike, perch, and the delicious charr, the fly-fisher is very likely to be disappointed.

[The Royal Hotel, kept by Mr. Ullock, at Bowness, is an excellent station for an angler. His beds are good, his charges moderate, and his entertainment excellent. He is the chief purveyor of potted charr and small Westmoreland hams in this part of the lakes. He supplies boats for anglers on the lake, and *gingles* to convey them to more distant fishing stations.—ED.]

ELTER-WATER

Is a small lake near Loughrigg-Tarn, and but a short distance from Ambleside or Low-wood. It is in the immediate vicinity of several mountain tarns, all of them affording sport to the fly-fisher, whilst the artist will find himself planted amongst the most sublime scenery, Langdale Pikes being seen to great advantage from this small but beautiful lake.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE principal rivers in this county are the Tyne, the Aln, the Blythe, the Wensbeck, the Coquet, the Derwent, the Alne, the Till, and the Wooler. Of these, the Coquet rises in Roxburghshire, but within the limits of this county, flowing south-east below Rothbury, and reaches the sea at Warkworth, near which are the remains of the Hermitage,—a singular building, to which an interesting legend is attached: it is a place of great resort, and, perhaps, the only one of its description in England. At Felton Bridge, which the Coquet passes, excellent trout and salmon are taken. The Till and the Wooler are also capital streams for trout, sea-trout, and whitlings or whittings; but as I do not, in this case, speak from experience, I shall quote that lively and agreeable brother of the angle, Stephen Oliver the younger, who, in his “*Recollections of Fly-fishing in Northumberland*,” &c., has given an excellent account of the three last-named rivers; and I should recommend the northern tourist to furnish himself with his entertaining and instructive pocket volume:—

“Towards the end of July, or the beginning of August, I have been, for some years past, accustomed to take a trip into Roxburghshire, to spend a few weeks with a friend; and, as I travel at my leisure, I always enjoy a few days’ fishing by the way. Sometimes I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of Weldon Bridge, for the sake of a cast in the Coquet; sometimes I take

up my quarters with honest Sandy Macgregor, at the Tankerville Arms, Wooler, to enjoy a few days' fishing in the Glen and the Till;* and, occasionally, I drive up to Yetholm, to have a day's sport in the Bowment, with that prince of gypsies and prince of fishers, old Will Faa, as good a fly-fisher as is to be met with between Berwick and Dumfries, in which tract of country are to be found some of the best anglers in the kingdom."

There are not many trout-streams in England more likely to afford a week's recreation to the fly-fisher than the Coquet; nor would it be an easy matter to point out a river, on the whole, more interesting, and affording better sport. The angler may, undoubtedly, take larger trouts at Driffild; and, from streams more secluded, bring home a heavier creel; but, for a week's fair fishing, from Linnshiels to Warkworth, the Coquet is, perhaps, surpassed by none. The natural scenery of its banks is beautiful, independent of the interest excited by the ruins of Brinkburn Priory, and the Hermitage of Warkworth; and its waters, "clear as diamond spark," present, in their course, every variety of smooth water, rapids, and pools, for the exercise of the angler's skill.

The flies recommended by Oliver for these streams are such as I should myself have used, *i. e.* the red and black hackle, with the wren-tail, the grouse, and the dotteril.

* The Till affords excellent angling, both trout and salmon; and it abounds with perch of a large size.—ED.

The two following flies are also recommended for sea-trout in these rivers, viz. :—

No. 1. Body. Flos silk, of a dull willow-green colour, mixed with a little brown crewelling, ribbed with bright brown silk.

Wings. From the dappled feather of a silver pheasant.

Tail or Wisk. Three black hairs from the tail of a shepherd's dog.

No. 2. Body. Brown flos silk, mixed with a little bear's fur of a darker shade, and wrapped with dark purple or lake-coloured silk.

Wings. The yellowish-brown feather of the dotteril.

Wisk. As above.

The Tyne, so long famous for its salmon fishery, has been greatly injured by the traffic at its mouth, and especially by the increase of steam-boats. Very few salmon, comparatively speaking, are now taken in the Tyne.



DURHAM.

THE rivers of this county are not capital trout-streams ; but the scenery on the banks of the Tees and the Wear is of the most varied and beautiful description. These two rivers, with the Bandor, the Lune, and the Skene, are the chief.

THE TEES

Rises on Stanemore, in Cumberland ; and at Barnard Castle, which it half encircles, the artist will find abundant scope for his pencil. Passing by Rokeby Park, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's poem, it receives the Greta from Yorkshire, and, proceeding on its rapid course by Raby Castle and Stockton, soon falls into the sea.

THE WEAR

Has its source also in the Cumberland moors ; it passes the park of Bishop's Auckland, where it receives the Guanless, and follows a winding course, in deep dales, till it reaches Durham ; flowing under the hill on which stands the castle and cathedral, forming altogether an unrivalled landscape.

About four miles below Durham are the ruins of an abbey, where there is excellent fly-fishing, and the ruin is well worthy the attention of the artist and the antiquary. This river also runs through the park, and near Lambton Castle, the magnificent mansion of the Earl of Durham. Near its confluence with the sea it

is crossed by an iron bridge, of great architectural beauty, beneath which vessels may pass in full sail ; it consists of a single arch, which spans two hundred and thirty-six feet, and rises, at its centre, one hundred feet above high-water mark.

LANCASHIRE.

THE rivers of this county are the Mersey, the Irwell, the Leven, the Wyre, the Lune, the Kent, the Ribble, and the Duddon ; of these, the Lune and the Kent have been already noticed as belonging to Westmoreland.

THE MERSEY

Rises on the west side of Blackstone-edge, and, after receiving many smaller streams, becomes a navigable river of great commercial importance, pursuing its course till it reaches the splendid port of Liverpool.

THE IRWELL

Has its source on the moors which divide Yorkshire and this county, and, after receiving two or three tributary streams, passes Manchester, where it is joined by the Irk and the Medlock, from whence it flows westerly till it falls into the Mersey.

THE LEVEN

Rises in Westmoreland, and, passing through Grasmere and Rydal-water, falls into Windermere; and thence, passing Newby Bridge, runs, together with the Crake, from Coniston-water, into the sea at Leven Sands.

THE WYRE

Is composed of several small rivulets from the moors dividing Yorkshire and Lancashire; it passes Garstang, and forms its estuary near Poulton. It abounds with trout and brandlings.

THE RIBBLE

Rises on the Yorkshire moors, in the district of Craven; and, after passing through forty miles of that county, enters Lancashire at Clitheroe, receiving the West Calder in its way before reaching Ribchester, whence it flows through Ribblesdale, and thence by Preston; soon after which, receiving the Darron, its estuary forms a noble arm of the sea, discharging itself by a broad sandy outlet, after flowing through a vale of great fertility and beauty. This river is famous for its fine salmon, and many parts of it abound with trout. The flies recommended for the Kent and the Lune will answer for the Ribble.

THE DUDDON

Rises near the borders of Westmoreland and Lan-

cashire, and has been immortalised by the beautiful sonnets of Wordsworth. After a short course it falls into the Irish Sea. It is well supplied with salmon, salmon-trout, and trout.

[The Duddon is but little visited by anglers, in consequence, probably, of the difficulty of access to it. Indeed, its course cannot be followed, except by a pedestrian, and then the wild and romantic scenery through which it passes will amply repay the difficulties which may be met with. Here are no snug inns for anglers, such as good Izaak Walton describes ; but the traveller must trust to the hospitality of the owners of small farm-houses : nor will he be disappointed, for nothing can exceed the kindness and hospitality of the *Dalesmen*.]

" SONNET.

TO THE RIVER DUDDON.

" My frame hath often trembled with delight
 When hope presented some far-distant good
 That seem'd from heaven descending—like the flood
 Of yon pure waters, from their æry height
 Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite ;
 Who, 'mid a world of images imprint
 On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
 Appears to cherish most that torrent white,
 The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all !
 And seldom hath ear listen'd to a tune
 More lulling than the hum of noon,
 Swoln by that voice—whose murmur musical
 Announces to the thirsty fields a boon,
 Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall."

THE LAKES OF LANCASHIRE.

The lakes of Lancashire are Windermere (already described), Coniston-water, Esthwaite-water, and Levers-water.

CONISTON-WATER

Is eight miles from Ulverstone, and about the same distance from Ambleside; it is five miles in length, and is said to produce the best charr in England. At Coniston-water head is a good inn, where the tourist may generally be supplied with charr (which is here kept in preserves) and Fell mutton for his dinner. This delicious fish, formerly, was only caught in nets, in the months of November and December, but they are now frequently taken by spinning the minnow, with a long line from the stern of a boat rowed slowly along the lake. There are also trout, pike, perch, and eels, in abundance.

The scenery here is of a very grand character, some of the finest mountains in Cumberland coming into view, at different stations, on the borders of the lake. Near to the inn rises abruptly a singularly shaped mountain, called "the Old Man," which forms a very bold feature in the landscape.

ESTHWAITE-WATER

Is about two miles long, and half a mile broad, and

is bordered by a good road leading to Ulverston. It is situated in a pretty pastoral valley, and, in passing round the lake, the tourist will observe three remote, but distinct, distances,—the Langdale Pikes, the Fells of Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside ; Gummer's How, and these mountains, from many stations near the lake, form very pleasing subjects for the pencil. This water affords much better sport to the angler than either Coniston or Windermere ; the fish are pike, trout, and perch. [Pike of an unusually large size are frequently taken.]

LEVERS-WATER AND LOW-WATER

Are two small lakes, well stored with trout, which may be very easily visited from Coniston-water head ; the road leading to them is steep, wild, and picturesque, winding along the side of the Old Man.

I shall now bid adieu to the English lakes, with regret that I have been compelled to give so imperfect an account of them. I have visited this beautiful part of our country for many successive years, and every time with increased pleasure and interest.

YORKSHIRE.

This extensive county contains within itself every variety of landscape scenery to be found in Great Britain.

The chief rivers are the Don, the Calder, the Aire, the Hodder, the Ribble, the Wharfe, the Nid, the Ure, the Swale, the Ouse, the Hull, the Tees, and the Humber.

The Ribble and the Tees have been already mentioned, and as the Don, the Calder, the Ouse, and the Humber, are not trout-streams, but navigable rivers only, I shall confine my remarks to those rivers where the angler and the artist may find exercise for the fly and the pencil.

THE WHARFE,

One of the most beautiful and varied streams in this or any other county, has its source in the high moors of the north-west part of the West Riding, and, after receiving many tributary rivulets as it runs through a wild country, it passes Kilsey Crag, a singularly bold rock; from thence, after leaving Bardon Tower, it enters the tremendous gorge called the Strid, memorable for the melancholy legend which was the origin of the monastery at Bolton, to which place it

now proceeds with a widening and brawling stream, between banks of surpassing loveliness and grandeur.

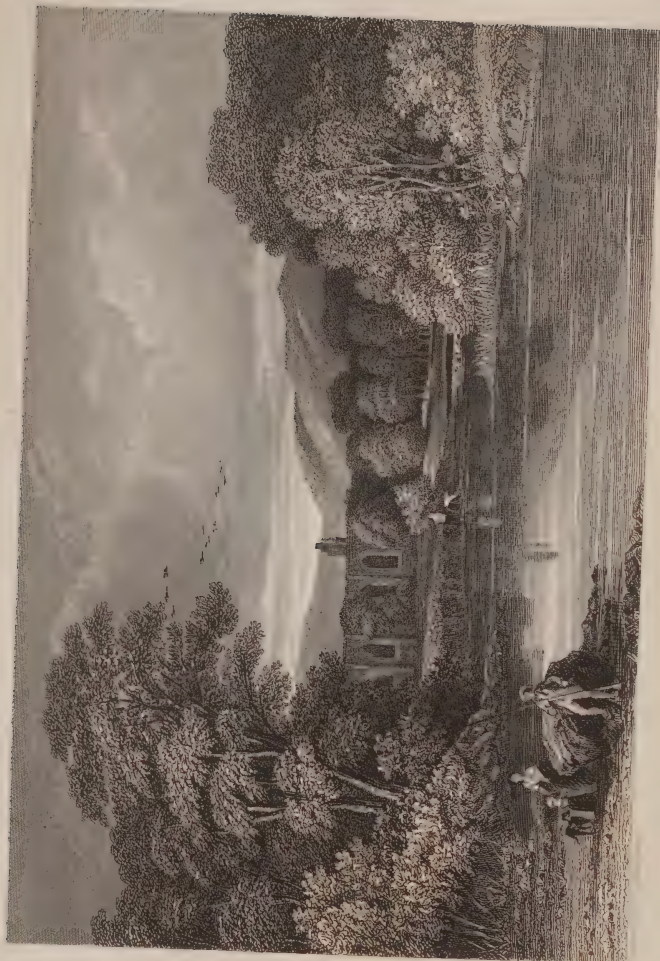
Being permitted by the late and present Duke of Devonshire to reside at a shooting-lodge of his grace's (formed out of the Priory gateway), I am well acquainted with every "dingle, nook, and mossy dell," to be found in the purlieus of this enchanting place, which I believe to concentrate, within a few miles, a greater variety of rich, wild, and beautiful scenery, than any other place in Great Britain. I consider my opinion justified in consequence of having met with Major Smith (the once envied possessor of the peerless Piercefield on the Wye) at Bolton, and walked with him over most of the grounds, and he candidly declared that, taken altogether, he gave a decided preference to Bolton Abbey.

Much of the beauty of Bolton has been rendered accessible of late years by the good taste of the vicar, Mr. Carr, who was empowered by the noble owner to make pathways, and open vistas, where necessary. The charm of association also accompanies the fascination of exquisite scenery ; for here the Shepherd Earl, the lover of Prior's nut-brown maid, wandered in desolation, at once the heir and the exile, and in the tower of Bardon closed, in honoured age, his eventful and interesting life.

The water of the Wharfe is remarkably clear, and will not yield its excellent trout and grayling to a

bungler. The finest tackle and the smallest hackle-flies must be used in the summer and autumn ; but in the spring, when the river is full and less bright, flies somewhat larger may be adopted. The blue and yellow dun, the wren-tail, dotteril, woodcock, grouse, dun, and coch-a-bonddu hackles, dressed on No. 11, 12, and 13 hooks, tied on a single hair, or gut equally fine, will be found successful.

From Bolton Priory, given in the annexed view, and which, though not extensive, is highly picturesque, and forms a fine feature in the landscape, the Wharfe runs on to Otley, and thence to Harewood Bridge, seven miles from Leeds, and close to the neat village, the splendid mansion of the Earl of Harewood, and the ruins of that ancient castle where once dwelt the fair but false Elfrida. Here the grayling are much more abundant than at Bolton ; I have seen shoals of them swimming near the starlings of the bridge. Trout are also very plentiful, and, though not large, are very good. During my residence at Harrowgate, some years since, this was a favourite resort of mine, the inn being close to the river, and affording respectable accommodation, whilst the stream, both above and below the bridge, offered excellent sport. On one occasion, when the water was too much coloured after rain for the fly, I caught a trout, by spinning the minnow, close to the bridge, which weighed nearly four pounds ; and although this would be thought nothing of at Driffild,



or on the Thames, in the Wharfe it was considered extraordinary. So well pleased was I with my acquisition, that I lost no time in mounting my cob and hastening home, where I first painted my fish, and the following day eat him ; thus making the most of my prize.

I may here remark that in the spring of the year, or whenever the waters in the Wharfe, the Ure, or the Swale, are coloured, or are beginning to clear into an amber colour, then the minnow-fishing is most excellent. The Wharfe proceeds from Harewood to Wetherby and Thorp-arch, and afterwards falls into the Ouse near Cawood.

THE URE

Rivals the last-mentioned river in its variety and romantic character. It rises in the North Riding, on the borders of Westmoreland, and, passing through Middleham and Wensleydale, forms many beautiful cascades, and thence pursues its course through rich pastoral vales to Masham ; after which it visits the most splendid and lofty amphitheatres of wood in Britain,—at Hackfall, the property of Mrs. Lawrence of Studley, and Fountain's Abbey, whose beautiful domain is equally worthy attention with Bolton and Hackfall. This river passes by Tanfield, formerly the seat of Lord Marmion, and, after receiving the Swale, falls into the Ouse. All that has been said of flies, &c. for the Wharfe, will apply to the Ure and the Swale.

THE RIVER, NEAR DRIFFIELD.

This river (the Driffield, I believe,) has long been famous for the size and excellence of its trout, and I am informed that a club has been established for the preservation of this superior breed of fish. [The fishing is excellent, and the fish are strictly preserved, but a member of the club can always give a day's sport to a stranger.]

MALHAM TARN,

In the district of Craven, is a fine sheet of water belonging to Lord Ribblesdale, and containing abundance of large trout. Permission to fish can be obtained of his lordship, and a keeper attends the sportsman, who is very properly not allowed to use any other bait than the artificial fly, nor to pouch a fish under two pounds weight.

THE HODDER.

I am indebted for the following account of White-well, on the Hodder, a favourite resort of the Liverpool and Manchester fly-fishers, to Lister Parker, Esq. one of the most skilful of our north-country anglers.

“The river Hodder is a beautiful stream for fly-fishing; it rises in the hills above Slaidburn, and in a short course hurries itself into the Ribble, at Mitton Demesne, where, according to the old saw,—

‘Hodder, Calder, Ribble, and rain,
Meet together in Mitton Demesne.’

“It has several pleasant brooks running into it. Dunsop and Sykes’ beck are both famous for good angling.

“The fish in the Hodder are small trout and grayling, or omer (the latter are now scarce, though formerly, and within my time, very plentiful and fine); also pinks and smelts, which afford good sport in April and May, when they depart with the first flood for the sea, and come up again in the autumn and following summer fine morts and salmon. The best months for taking the better kinds of fish are August and September. They (*i. e.* sea-trout, &c.) take a middle-sized fly; the favourite colour, a turkey’s feather wing, purple mohair and silk body, ribbed with silver twist; a second fly is the grey feather of a mallard’s wing, with red mohair body.

“The trout take small flies, like those in use on the Lune and the Ribble. A blue, the under part of a snipe’s wing; a brown, the woodcock’s wing, and a golden plover.

“The inn at Whitewell is most comfortable, and very beautifully situated, both for sport and scenery; it lies among the West Yorkshire hills, in the trust of Bowland, and on the very edge of North Lancashire, about sixteen miles from Preston, six from Clitheroe, and twenty from Lancaster, being in the direct road between the two last-mentioned towns.”

I am indebted to my talented friend Mr. Linton for the loan of the picture of Whitewell, from which the

annexed plate is engraved. Mrs. Gornal, the landlady of this pleasant retreat, is proverbial for her good housewifery and attention to her guests.

Mr. Parker also mentions Lilly Tarn, or Mere, on the fells between Sedburgh and Kendal, belonging to Mr. Upton of Ingmere. He says, "The trout are good in colour, and I caught nine fish, weighing fourteen pounds and a-half, honest weight, in two hours; and many fish there, from their appearance on rising, must have been from four to five pounds weight."

DERBYSHIRE

Ranks with Hampshire as a fishing county, and for its infinite variety of wild and romantic scenery it is unrivalled. The principal rivers are the Trent (already described), the Erwash, the Blythe, the Tame, the Dove, the Manifold, the Derwent, and the Wye.

THE ERWASH

Rises near Mansfield, and divides the counties of Derby and Nottingham during the most of its course, and falls into the Trent, a little below Shardlow Bridge.

THE BLYTHE

Rises a few miles eastward of the Trent, which it joins near King's Bromley, after receiving the Soar from Eccleshall, and the Peak from Penkridge.



THE TAME

Springs in two branches, not far from Coleshill, in Warwickshire, and flows westward, to its junction with the Trent, above Burton. [There is excellent fishing in some preserved portions of it.]

THE DOVE.

This classic trout-stream, rendered immortal by Walton and Cotton, rises in the Peak of Derbyshire, and divides that county from Staffordshire ; after passing the wild moors and mountains of the high Peak, it reaches

DOVEDALE,



One of the most sequestered and beautiful of the rocky dells of England. It is five miles from the town

of Ashbourne (the fine old church of which boasts a beautiful monument by Banks), and there is now a good inn at the entrance of the dale ; but formerly, the nearest houses of entertainment, and those of a very humble description, were the Dog and Partridge, upwards of two miles from Dovedale, and a small inn at Mapleton, still further distant. My friend, Mr. Rhodes, of Sheffield, author of "Peak Scenery," is so excellent a painter with the pen, that I shall make free use of him whilst in Derbyshire ; we have travelled together more than once over the places I am about to speak of, and I can bear witness that his enthusiasm has not destroyed the fidelity of his description.

"The river Dove is one of the most beautiful streams that ever gave a charm to landscape ; and while passing along the first, and least picturesque division of the dale, the ear is soothed with its murmurings, and the eye delighted with the play and brilliancy of the water. In some places it flows smooth and tranquilly along, but never slowly ; in others, its motion is rapid, impetuous, and even turbulent. The ash, the hazel, the slender osier, and the graceful birch, hung with honeysuckles and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the stream, and break its surface into beautiful ripples. Huge fragments of stone, toppled from the rocks above, and partly covered with moss and plants that haunt and love the water, divide the stream into many currents ; round these it bubbles in limpid rills that

circle into innumerable eddies, which, by their activity, give life and motion to a great variety of aquatic plants and flowers that grow in the bed of the river; these wave their slender stems under the surface of the water, which, flowing over them like the transparent varnish of a picture, brings forth the richest and most vivid colouring. Occasionally, large stones are thrown across the stream; over, and amongst these, it rushes rapidly into the pool below, forming, in frequent falls of this description, a series of fairy cascades, about which it foams and sparkles with a beauty and brilliance peculiar to this lively and romantic river.

“Honest Izaak Walton, and his friend Cotton, have paid due homage to the river Dove, and near ‘Beresford’s enchanting glen,’ the old fishing-house, a memorial of their friendship, still exists upon its banks.

“The third division of Dovedale succeeds. This is a narrow cleft between the rocks, affording just space enough for the river, and a contracted pathway along one side of it; on the other, the stream washes the foot of the rocks. Proceeding forward, this channel, narrow as it is, becomes still more contracted, and, for a short distance, the only means of advancing is by stepping from one stone to another in the bed of the river. Here the rocks, on the right, tower perpendicularly to a fearful height, and seem almost ready to topple on your head. On the opposite side, they are almost covered with luxuriant trees, that dip their pendant branches in

the stream. (See the frontispiece, taken from this part of the dale.) A little beyond this narrow pass, the third section of Dovedale terminates. On the left, an immense isolated pillar of rock, called Ilam Stone, disrupted, as it were, from the mighty mass with which it appears to have been once connected, stands half way in the stream, on the right, and narrows the chasm, through which a pleasant but remote prospect appears. This portal forms the entrance into a fourth division of the dale, where the scenery assumes a widely different character."

What angler can read the above description of the Dove, and not regret that my friend never cast a fly in his life?

Thirty years since, in company with two brother artists and anglers, I enjoyed, in this enchanting valley, some of the happiest days of my life; the season was fine, and we took up our abode at the Bowling Green, at Mapleton, from whence we sallied every morning, carrying with us provisions for the day, and two or three bottles of old Mr. Wood's brisk, light, bottled ale, together with our fishing-tackle and sketching apparatus; and after a walk of four miles entered the dale, where we passed eight successive days (Sundays excepted) in alternately sketching, painting, fishing, and rabbit-shooting. We generally took our meal at one o'clock in the day, either in Reynard's Hall, a picturesque cave in the rocks, or under the shade of the



alder-trees skirting the stream, which furnished us in abundance with the finest water-cresses. We returned to Mapleton about nine in the evening, when we always found a substantial supper prepared for us, which was mostly of our own providing, *i. e.* trout and rabbits. At this period, fishing in Dovedale was as free to us as it had formerly been to our father Walton and his disciples ; but the water is now strictly preserved by Jesse Watts Russell, Esq., of Ilam Hall, a splendid mansion, situated in a beautifully wooded valley, through which the Manifold winds its clear stream towards the Dove.

Since that time I have twice visited this happy valley, and on the last of these occasions under less fortunate circumstances ; being in company with a brother artist and angler, with whom I had formed an acquaintance at Matlock. We left that place for Dove-dale, and on reaching the Dog and Partridge, engaged the two beds, which were all the house furnished. From thence I sent a note to Ilam Hall, to request a day's fishing, but as Mr. Watts Russell was from home this could not be granted, which was a great disappointment ; but the next morning I stored my fishing-basket with our lunch, and a small flask of brandy, and ordered a late dinner. The day proved very fine, though extremely hot ; but on arriving at the dale I found, at length, a cool, sheltered situation, and commenced painting, whilst my companion, who preferred

fishing without leave to sketching, borrowed my basket and rod, which I unluckily yielded to him, thus giving the staff out of my own hands. I then lost sight of him for several hours, and when he returned I was exhausted by heat and hunger, and immediately proposed that we should take our lunch. Judge, gentle reader, what were my sensations on learning that at two different periods since we parted he had eaten both the rations ! I then, with a faint heart, inquired for the brandy ; alas ! it was with the same result.

Old Dilworth says, “ hunger makes a man fretful, peevish, and uneasy with himself and all around him : ” most probably, I proved no exception, for my companion again left me ; but I had scarcely time to calculate the distance to the Dog and Partridge, when a smart-looking *tiger* made his appearance, with his master’s compliments, requesting I would join his party and take some refreshment, to which I readily assented.

The boy led the way through some copse-wood, and I soon came in sight of the most Boccacio-like scene I had ever beheld. A fine, portly, florid-looking gentleman, in the prime of life, in a light summer costume, was sitting in the midst of a bevy of beautiful and elegantly dressed women and girls ; before them was spread on the grass a well-furnished table-cloth, and sundry baskets of wine. I was made heartily welcome by the founder of the feast, who proved to be Bache Thornhill, Esq., who had long made it a custom to give

his young friends an annual *fête champêtre* in Dovedale.

I did ample justice to the good cheer before me, and the champagne soon gave me spirits to enter into the gaiety of the scene. By a kind of freemasonry, not easily understood, my kind and generous entertainer guessed my name before I had announced it, and crowned his hospitality by giving me an invitation to Stanton House, his seat, for a week's shooting in the autumn. Alas! in the first week of September of the same year he was killed by the accidental discharge of a friend's gun, in passing the gap of a hedge, and thus was cut off in the midst of a life of innocent enjoyment.

This river, after leaving Dovedale, flows through rich cultivated meadows, and, passing Uttoxeter and Tutbury Castle, falls into the Trent at Egginton.

The flies recommended for the Yorkshire rivers will serve for the Dove, and other Derbyshire trout-streams, *i. e.* small different-coloured hackles. The grayling in the Dove are plentiful, and very fine. They are sometimes taken from three to four pounds weight, with a gentle, which is the best bait for them.

[The following hints may be useful to grayling fishers:—

“Those who are strangers to this sport, and indeed many who have fished for grayling all their lives, when the water is very low and clear immediately betake themselves to the streams and curls, from the idea that

the fish will see your line in the dead water. By so doing, they will, perhaps, catch a few trout, and some *shelt* grayling. But go yourself to a deep, dead part of the river; never mind if there is no wind, or if the sun is hot. Use the finest gut you can procure, and two flies, and when you have thrown your line as light as gossamer, let it sink for eight or ten inches. You will not see a rise, but a slight *curl* on the water, which, by a little practice, you will understand quite as well; and when you strike you will have the pleasure of finding, most probably, a good fish tugging away at the end of your line.

“ This is the *real* secret of grayling fishing, and you may often fill your basket while other fishermen on the water, using the very same flies, will not have managed to kill a decent dish amongst them.

“ It may also be remarked, that another circumstance, very well known to be true in regard to salmon, is equally applicable to grayling, viz. that on certain streams they prefer particular flies. In one stream, for instance, they will only take the orange tag-tail, often refusing every other fly; and in any other stream no fish would look at the tag-tail. But no rule can possibly be laid down for this, as it can only be learnt by experience; and I would therefore strongly recommend, that when once you have got a fly that kills fish. *never change it*. This is *old* advice, but it is particularly applicable to grayling, as sometimes the water is literally

alive with them, and they will not even look at the fly—the most mortifying thing on earth to a fisherman.

“Although it is almost impossible that every true angler should not prefer the fly, yet I am bound to allow, that the largest grayling are killed by the maggot and grasshopper. The most destructive way with both these baits is to sink and draw; and it is not unusual to kill four or five fish in a day exceeding two pounds in weight, while you seldom get much above ‘*a pounder*’ with the fly.”—ED. From his “Angler’s Rambles.”]

The following vignette represents an isolated rock at the upper end of the dale:—

“The silver *Dove*, how pleasant is the name!”—COTTON.



THE DERWENT

Rises in the woodlands of Derbyshire, and flowing past Derwent Hall, the fine old manor-house of John Reed, Esq., through Ashopton to Baslow, enters the park, and passes close to Chatsworth House, the splendid mansion of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the Palace of the Peak—a place so richly endowed by nature and art, that a mere catalogue of its claims on admiration would far exceed so cursory a view as my limits allow, but to which the author of “Peak Scenery” has done ample justice.

The Wheat Sheaf, a small inn at Baslow, will be found an excellent station for the angler, where he will meet with good accommodation and moderate charges; the landlord is empowered to give tickets for fishing in the duke’s waters to a considerable extent. Lower down the stream is Rowsley Bridge, another convenient fishing station, where there is also a good house of entertainment, and excellent trout and grayling close at hand, this house being also within a short distance of the Wye.

From Rowsley, the Derwent runs to Matlock, where it is bordered by the most romantic and picturesque assemblage of woods, rocks, and buildings, that can be conceived. Matlock has long been celebrated for the beauty of its situation, the salubrity of its air, and the invigorating properties of its baths. There are several

fine hotels, and some excellent boarding-houses, with others of a more humble description ; and the artist will meet with innumerable combinations of wood, rock, and water, producing endless studies for the pencil. Of these, perhaps, the most striking are the rock at the boat-house, at the entrance of the vale from Rowsley ; and the High Tor, a vast precipitous rock, rising three hundred feet in perpendicular height from the bed of the Derwent.

Willersley Castle, the magnificent seat of Richard Arkwright, Esq., terminates the vale : a note addressed to this gentleman will procure a fishing-ticket for the season ; and below Willersley there are some fine trout and grayling-streams : but I do not consider the fishing so good as at Rowsley, Baslow, and still higher up the stream. The Derwent now continues its course through Belper, Darley, and Derby, and falls into the Trent a little below Shardlow-bridge.

THE WYE

Rises in the moors above Buxton, and immediately below that fashionable watering-place becomes a considerable stream, and, pursuing a sinuous course, reaches Monsaldale, one of those beautiful valleys which are the charms of Derbyshire. Thence it meanders to the pretty village of Ashford-in-the-water, remarkable for its marble quarries and works, and a beautiful *cottage ornée*, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which, in

summer, is literally a bower of roses. A short course then brings the Wye to the pleasant and picturesque town of Bakewell, where, at the Rutland Arms, kept by Mrs. Greaves, the tourist will meet with every thing he can desire, as it is considered one of the best houses of entertainment in Great Britain. In the drake season, at the beginning of June, this house is the resort of anglers from all parts of the kingdom, for the purpose of fishing with the natural may-fly.

The Wye now winds in many a serpentine fold, till it laves the grounds of Haddon Hall, an ancient baronial mansion, the property of the Duke of Rutland, which every traveller ought to inspect. The grandeur and fine proportions of its stately halls, the faded ornaments of its venerable chapel, the convenience of its extensive offices, alike attest the magnificent and hospitable style of its former inhabitants; and the gardens which surround it are in admirable keeping with the edifice,—the frequent terraces and massive balustrades resembling those so commonly pertaining to palaces in Italy; and from the loftiest tower an extensive prospect is obtained over a country as rich and fair as ever guerdoned chieftain, or portioned noble heiress: by the latter medium it entered the family of Manners.

A little beyond Haddon, the Wye is joined by the Lathkill, of which Mr. Rhodes observes,—“Near Over Haddon is the source of the Lathkill, one of the most brilliant streams that play among the dells of Derby-

shire. The cradle of this rivulet is pleasingly romantic ; from a cavern in a mass of broken rock, whose sides and summits are adorned with branches of trees, the Lathkill issues into day, and, running down a gentle declivity amongst huge stones, by which it is divided into separate currents, it is sometimes an object of considerable beauty."

This sparkling and pellucid stream abounds with trout of the finest quality, but it is strictly preserved by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for the amusement of himself and friends ; after the junction of the Lathkill and the Wye, they soon fall into the Derwent at Rowsley.

At Bakewell, excellent small hackle-flies may be bought of a saddler, such as I have previously recommended for the Wye and the Derwent.

There are various other small streams in this land of many waters ; one of which rises in the neighbourhood of Brailsford, and, passing Longford and Sutton-on-the-hill, falls into the Trent near Eggington, after a short course, and contains abundance of fine trout, of excellent flavour : but I am not acquainted with its name.

BERKSHIRE.

THE principal rivers in this county are the Kennet, the Loddon, and the Lambourne.

THE KENNET

Is famous for its large trout ; it rises in Wiltshire, and falls into the Thames, near Reading.

HUNGERFORD,

On the Kennet, is sixty-five miles from London, and in the vicinity of this town the trout-fishing is equal to that of any other river in the kingdom ; the water belongs to different proprietors, and is strictly preserved. [Excellent trout-fishing may be had at Hungerford by paying for tickets by the day or month.]

NEWBURY,

To which may be added Speenhamland, are the next fishing stations on the Kennet ; and the waters in their neighbourhood abound with fine trout and silver eels.

[“ The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown’d.”—POPE.]

READING

Is thirty-nine miles from London, and near this neat and beautifully situated town, through which the Kennet

runs on its way to the Thames, very few trout are taken; but large ones are sometimes caught, from five to ten pounds weight, by spinning the bleak, within a sufficient distance to be "free from the busy haunts of men."

The flies named for the Test will answer for the Kennet; but, as the latter is a deeper and fuller river, the flies may be dressed on somewhat larger hooks; and, in addition to those given for the Test, I should recommend the March-brown and the stone-fly.

THE LODDON,

" . . . with silver alders crown'd."—POPE.

This small stream rises in Hampshire, and passes slowly through a beautiful country, until it ornaments the pleasure-grounds of our illustrious Duke at Strathfieldsaye. Many of the charming scenes so exquisitely painted by Miss Mitford, in "Our Village," are taken from the banks of the Loddon; it is not, however, a trout-stream, but is well furnished with pike and perch: and it is a common practice on this water, though a singular one, to fly-fish for the perch, with a large red or black palmer. I have myself caught many perch in the lakes of Killarney, when trout-fishing, by letting my fly sink a few inches below the surface of the water.

WILTSHIRE.

THE Nadder rises in the south-west border of this county, and runs by Chilmark. The Walley rises near Warminster, and runs by Yarnbury and Wilton. The Bourne springs in the easternmost part of Wiltshire, and these rivers fall into the Avon, in the neighbourhood of Salisbury.

The Kennet, already mentioned, rises also in the centre of this county, not far from Marlborough, which town it passes in its course towards Berkshire.

All these are trout-streams, and some of them contain grayling.

SHROPSHIRE.

THE Severn is the chief river of this county, and enters it in conflux with the Vyrnwy, a most excellent trout-stream. Fine salmon are taken near Shrewsbury, and numbers of these fish run up the Severn into Wales. Salmon, trout, carp, perch, roach, chub, and grayling, are taken ; the latter of which, in some instances, weighing five pounds.

THE CLUN

Rises near Bishop's Castle, and passes by Ludlow, where it is joined by the Corve, and, proceeding to Tenbury, falls into the Severn near Worcester.

The Clun is celebrated for its trout and grayling, but the latter are superior to the former. Downton, on this river, is so well described in "*Salmonia*," that I shall give some extracts from that admirable work :—

"SCENE—*Leintwardine, near Ludlow.*

"You have reached your quarters,—here is your home,—a rural, peaceable, and unassuming inn, with as worthy a host and hostess as may be found in this part of England. The river glides at the bottom of the garden, and there is no stream in England more productive of grayling. The surrounding country is not devoid of interest, and the grounds in the distance are covered with stately woods, and laid out (or rather their natural beauties developed) by the hand of a master, whose liberal and enlightened mind can condescend to regard the delights of the angler; and he could hardly have contributed in a more effectual manner to their comforts than by placing the good people, who were once his servants, in this comfortable inn.

"The small river to the left is called the Teme,

or Little Teme ; and, though the least stream, it gives name to the river : the other, and more copious stream, is called the Clun. The Little Teme contains principally trout ; the Clun, both trout and grayling : but the fish are more abundant in the meadows between this place and Downton, than in other parts of the river ; for above the stream is too rapid and shallow to be favourable to their increase, and below it is joined by other streams, and becomes too abundant in coarse fish. It is impossible to see a more perfect specimen of a grayling river than that now running before us, in this part of its course. You see a succession of deep, still pools, under shady banks of marl, with gentle rapids above, and a long, shelving tail, where the fish sport and feed.

“ If there are no such pools in a river, grayling will remain, provided the water be clear, and will breed ; but they cannot stem rapid streams, and they are generally carried down lower and lower, and at last disappear. You know the Test, one of the finest trout-streams in Hampshire, and, of course, in England ; when I first knew this stream, twenty years ago, there were no grayling in it. A gentleman brought some from the Avon, and introduced them into the river, at Longstock, above Stockbridge. They were, for two or three years, very abundant in that part of the river ; but they gradually descended, and though they multiplied greatly, there are now scarcely any above Stockbridge. There

were, four years ago, many in the river just below Haughton. I ought to mention, that the water is particularly fitted for them, and they become larger in this river than in their native place, the Avon, some of them weighing between three and four pounds.

“I see some yellow flies beginning to come out; they have already felt the influence of the warm air; and, look! a fish has just risen opposite that bank, and has risen again: let us prepare our tackle.

“*Poietes*.—What flies shall we employ?

“*Halieus*.—I recommend at least three; for the grayling lies deeper, and is not so shy a fish as the trout, and, provided your link is fine, is not apt to be scared by the cast of flies on the water. Now, for the lowest fly, use a yellow-bodied fly, with red hackle for legs, and landrail's wing; for the second, a blue dun, with a dun body; and for the highest, the claret-coloured body, with blue wings.”

Not having fished in the Clun, I have given the above flies, as recommended by Sir Humphry Davy, and I proceed to quote his description of the scenery:—“How beautiful these banks! and the hills in the distance approach the character of mountains; and the precipitous cliff, which forms the summit of that distant elevation, looks like a diluvian mountain, and as if it had been bared and torn by a deluge which it had stemmed. But though this spot is beautiful, to-morrow I hope to shew you a more exquisite landscape—cliffs,

and woods, and gushing waters, of a character still more romantic.”

DOWNTON.

“This spot is really very fine. The fall of water, the picturesque mill, the abrupt cliff, and the bank covered with noble oaks. Above, the rivers compose a scene such as I have rarely beheld on this island.”

The trout in the Clun are not very good; but, I believe, there are few better grayling rivers than the Clun, and the various other streams in the vicinity of Ludlow. I should recommend a stranger to add to Sir Humphry Davy’s short list of flies, the pale yellow dun, No. 7; the dotteril hackle, with a yellow orange silk body; and the wren hackle, No. 19.

SOMERSETSHIRE

Is not a trout county, but the following rivers contain abundance of common fish, and several of them are remarkable for the excellence of their eels; viz. the Yare, the Axe, the Avon, the Brent, the Frome, and the Parrett.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

"If the breathless chase, o'er hill and dale,
 Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream
 Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the bounds
 Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
 Such, Eden, sprung from Cambrian mountains; such,
 The Esk, o'erhung with woods."—ARMSTRONG.

[This county has been long celebrated for the large pike taken in its rivers and ponds. Of the former it can boast of the Trent, Manifold, Chernet, Penk, Dove, Blith, and some others. Plot mentions the enormous pike of this county; and I once saw three taken from a pond, one of which weighed thirty-six pounds, and the other two thirty-five pounds each. Indeed, they may almost be said to be indigenous in this fine county. They are not only well-flavoured fish, but generally have their colour more defined than any I have met with elsewhere.—ED.]

This county has the honour of being the source of one of our finest British rivers,—

THE TRENT,

Which rises in the north-west part of the county, on the borders of Cheshire; taking a south-east direction, it crosses Staffordshire, to the verge of Leicestershire

and Derbyshire; then takes a north-east direction, and crosses the counties of Derby and Nottingham to Newark: from thence it passes through a part of Lincolnshire, and, joining the Ouse, the united streams become the Humber.

This noble river abounds with fish through its whole course. It has been said to derive its name from the thirty streams which it receives in the meanderings traced above.* Near its source, and for many miles afterwards, it contains very fine trout and grayling; but when it reaches the counties of Nottingham and Derby, they are few in number.

THE TAME

Rises in the hundred of Sirdan, in this county, where, being joined by Walsal-water, after passing Drayton, Basset, and Tamworth, and becoming enlarged by Blackbrook and other streams, it falls into the Trent.

This county has also many meres, pools, and lakes, which abound with large pike and perch.

* It has also been said to derive its name from the thirty sorts of fish found in it.—ED.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE principal rivers in this county are the Severn, the Isis, the Wye, the Upper Avon, the Lower Avon, the Cam, and the Stroud.

THE SEVERN

Rises on the eastern side of Plinlimmon, a mountain in Montgomeryshire, and soon becomes a considerable river. It almost encircles Shrewsbury, and, after receiving the Tern, a little below that ancient town, runs through Colebrook dale, and thence to Bridgenorth, where it is joined by the Wort and the Stour, below Bewdley. From thence it proceeds to Worcester and Gloucester, dividing, near the latter city, into two channels, which, soon reuniting, constitute a great tide river; and, after being joined by the Wye and the Lower Avon, it assumes the name of the Bristol Channel.

The Severn is rapid and muddy, and contains no great variety of fish, but salmon are abundant, and of the finest quality.

THE ISIS,

Which forms part of the Thames, rises in the parish of Coates, in this county.

THE WYE

Rises on the south side of Plinlimmon mountain, at a short distance from the source of the Severn, and is remarkable for the variety and beauty of the scenery through which it flows. For many miles it divides Radnorshire from the county of Brecknock, after which it enters Herefordshire, near Hay; and then, passing Hereford, Ross, Monmouth, the romantic grounds of Piercefield, Tintern Abbey, and Chepstow, falls into the Bristol Channel.

Very fine salmon are taken in the Wye; and the whole course of this beautiful river, through the counties of Brecknock and Radnor, will afford excellent trout and grayling fishing. Flies, coch-a-bonddu, No. 35; Hofland's fancy, No. 2; the March-brown, No. 3; the brown-shiner, No. 14; the wren-tail, No. 19; the sand-fly, No. 22; and the grouse, dun, dotteril, red and black hackles, will be found successful.

[In order to appreciate the beauties of the Wye, and combine them with angling, it should be traversed between the Hay and Buylth, and, indeed, higher up. The scenery between these places is constantly varying, and so is the appearance of the river. Sometimes it flows over rocks, having, as it seems, regular steps cut in them, with a deep salmon-pool below them. Sometimes it foams over irregular waterfalls, and at others glides through deep fissures in rocks, till it expands



into a calm and steady stream ; then it meets with some obstruction, when it again brawls and foams, as if angry at being thus checked in its onward passage. Every fall of rain rapidly fills it, in consequence of the numerous mountain streams which empty themselves into its bosom. The sides of the river are generally precipitous, and are well clothed with wood, many of the trees being of a large size. After a flush of water, when the fish can ascend from the sea, the pools will always be found with salmon in them, and excellent sport is generally to be had with the fly ; when the water is low, there is good trout and grayling fishing. Some of the former have been taken as large as seven pounds in weight, but this does not often occur.

I have seen most of the rivers in England, but I have no hesitation in giving the preference to the Wye ; not only because I so greatly admire the sport it affords, and the beautiful scenery which is found on its banks, but because it has not hitherto been approached by railroads in the locality referred to, leaving the peasantry in all their native simplicity of manners, not infected by contact with their English neighbours, or losing their cordial greeting when they meet a stranger. The high-peaked beaver hat, with the white cap underneath, are characteristic of the women of Breconshire ; and, certainly, handsomer women, with their dark full eyes and white teeth, are seldom to be met with. The

mountain lakes, or tarns, afford good pike and perch fishing, and all the little streams have trout in them.—
ED.]

THE UPPER AVON

Rises on the borders of Leicestershire, and, passing Warwick Castle, winds through a beautiful country to Stratford-on-Avon, where it is joined by the Lesser Stour, and from thence traverses the great Worcestershire level by Evesham, and falls into the Severn at Tewkesbury.

The Chelt, the Stroud, the Cam, and the Little Avon, all fall into the Severn; the Stroud was well stored with trout formerly, but on a late visit to the borough of that name, through which the river runs, I found the fish had been destroyed by the number of works for dyeing, &c. A few miles from the town of Stroud there is a canal (called, I believe, the Berkeley Canal), which abounds with fine pike. The water is preserved, but I obtained permission from one of the proprietors living on its banks, and had excellent sport.

THE LOWER AVON

Rises near Wootton Bassett, and, for some distance, divides Wiltshire and Somersetshire, and, passing Bath and Bristol, falls into the Bristol Channel.

DEVONSHIRE

MAY rank with Hampshire and Derbyshire for the number and value of its trout-streams ; but, unfortunately, I have never had an opportunity of trying more than one of the many rivers of this beautiful county. A few years since I visited Ilfracombe, Lymouth, Linton, and other parts of the north coast of Devon, and was delighted with the grandeur and beauty of the scenery, more especially with Lymouth, and the stream that falls into the sea at that romantic village, which abounds with small trout of excellent flavour. After a fresh, in August or September, the sea-trout run up the river in considerable numbers.

An artist would find Lymouth, or Linton, a delightful retreat, lodgings and provisions very cheap, and subjects for the pencil without end. As I cannot speak from much experience on the subject of Devonshire fishing, I must content myself with a mere list of the rivers.

THE TAMAR

Has its source in Moorwinstow. It divides this county from Cornwall, and, running into Hamoaze, becomes very wide and deep at its estuary ; thus forming the finest harbour in Great Britain for the royal navy. Very excellent salmon are caught in the Tamar.

THE PLYM

Rises on the east side of Dartmoor, and, running south-east, forms Catwater, a large basin beneath the old town of Plymouth.

THE YEALME, THE ERNE, AND THE AVEN

Are three small rivers also rising in Dartmoor. The celebrated Ivy Bridge is on the banks of the Erne, which is here a mountain torrent.

THE DART

Is the chief of all those rivers which have their source in Dartmoor. Rapidity is the great characteristic of the Dart, which it retains till it reaches the rich plains in the southern part of the county. Passing by Totness, King's Weare, and Dartmouth, it falls into the sea.

THE EXE

Rises in the hills of Exmoor, in the western part of Somersetshire, and running by Tiverton, and receiving the Loman, the Creedy, and the Culm, proceeds to Exeter, from whence it forms a grand estuary to Exmouth, where it meets the sea.

THE OTTER, THE SYD, AND THE AXE.

Each of these rises near the border of Somersetshire.

THE TEIGN

Rises in Dartmoor, near the village of Chegford, and terminates in the bay of Teignmouth.

THE TAW AND THE TORRIDGE

Contribute to form the great bay of Barnstaple and Bideford. The Taw has its source in the central mountains of Dartmoor, and is increased by the Moule, from South Monckton to Barnstaple, from whence it turns westward, as if to meet the Torridge, which rises close to the head of the Tamar, near the border of the south part of Cornwall.

This river, after receiving the Oakment, runs due north to Bideford, and, after its junction with the Taw, falls into the Bristol Channel. Most of these rivers abound with salmon, and all of them with trout.

[Although, generally speaking, the rivers in Devonshire do not afford first-rate sport, the angler will be amply compensated by the beauty of the scenery. Many of the rivers wind through rich and extensive meadows, covered with the sleek red cattle of Devonshire, from whose milk the far-famed cream of the county is prepared. On these meadows may frequently be seen noble elm-trees, some single, and others in groups; while spreading hawthorns, mixed with hollies, and entangled with honeysuckles, add to the charm of this meadow scenery.]

As the river flows calmly and peaceably along, a bridge will here and there be seen, having a single elliptic arch, covered generally with ivy, and above it, perhaps, one of those picturesque mills, formed of boards, mossed over here and there, with its thatched gables, and rapid wheels. These spots artists delight to transfer to their canvass. The bridges, from their structure, are peculiar to Devonshire :

“ An auncient bridge of stone :
A goodly worke when first it reared was.”

And these are the spots where the best trout fishing may generally be had.—ED.]

CORNWALL.

THE principal rivers are the Tamar (already mentioned in the county of Devon), the Camel, the Fal, the Fowey, and the Looe.

THE CAMEL

Springs near the hills of Rhwitter, or Rough-tor ; passes by Camelford and Bodmin, to Wadebridge, and thence to the harbour of Padstowe.

THE FAL

Rises near St. Columb, and swells into a large basin near Truro.

THE FOWEY

Rises between Bodmin and Launceston, and passes Lostwithiel and the ruins of Restormel Abbey.

THE LOOE

Is composed of two branches, one of which runs from Liskeard, and both unite in the port of Looe.

The trout of Lostwithiel are considered very excellent.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

THE principal rivers in this county are the Wye, the Lug, the Monow, the Arrow, the Frome, the Loden, and the Tame.

THE WYE.

At Hay, the Swan Hotel, and at Builth, the Lion Hotel, are good houses of entertainment, and the fishing is capital. For flies used on the Wye, see Gloucestershire.

THE LUG

Springs in Radnorshire, and enters this county at Presteigne, and running easterly to Leominster, receives the Oney, the Endwell, and the Arrow; after

which it falls into the Wye, below Hereford. At Leominster, good quarters will be found at the Oak Hotel, and excellent fishing in the neighbourhood.

THE FROME AND THE LODEN

Run south until they unite near Stratton, and soon after fall into the Wye.

THE MONOW

Is formed by several small streams rising in the Hatterel Hills, and, after flowing through the "Golden Valley," falls into the Wye at Monmouth.

From six to ten miles above Monmouth the trout-fishing is excellent, and the artist would find subjects for his pencil in the picturesque ruins of an ancient castle.

THE TEME

Rises in the county of Radnor, and falls into the Severn, two miles below Worcester.

At Leintwardine, the Lion Inn, and at Ludlow, the Angel Inn, are both capital fishing stations. At Brampton Brian there is the best fishing on this river, as it is preserved by the Earl of Oxford.

THE ARROW

Falls into the Lug, near Leominster, and is a very good trout-stream.



WORCESTERSHIRE.

THE principal rivers are the Severn, the Teme, the Avon, the Bow, the Salwarp, and the Stour.

The Severn, the Teme, and the Avon, have already been described.

THE BOW

Rises in Firkenham Forest, and, passing Pershore, falls into the Avon.

THE SALWARP

Comes from the north-east, and runs by Droitwich and Bromsgrove.

THE STOUR

Rises in the celebrated groves of The Leasowes, and, running through Stourbridge and Mitton, falls into the Severn a little below Stourport. In these rivers the angler will find salmon, trout, grayling, &c. ; near Kidderminster the trout are very fine in colour and flavour, and the Severn has been long famous for its lampreys.

CHESHIRE.

THE principal rivers in this county are the Mersey, the Dee, and the Weaver.

The Mersey has already been mentioned as a great navigable river.

THE DEE

Rises in Merionethshire, North Wales, in two springs, which, uniting, form the lake of Pimble-mere; from thence it passes through the county of Denbigh, by Llangollen and Wrexham, to Chester, and then flows on to the Irish Sea. The Dee is justly celebrated for the variety and beauty of the country through which it flows. Llangollen is remarkable as being for many years the residence of two maiden ladies of family, who left the world in early life, and sought retirement in this sequestered vale. This beautiful village is a good station for either the artist or the angler; the river is well stored with salmon, salmon-trout, grayling, &c. The flies I should recommend are the coch-a-bonddu, No. 35; the wren-tail, No. 19, and Nos. 32 and 33.

The Allan meets the Dee near the towns of Farnden and Holt; a rapid torrent, also, issuing from the well of St. Winifred, beneath the town of Holywell, turns a number of mills in its short course to the Dee's estuary, near the ruins of Basingwork Abbey in Flintshire.

THE WEAVER

Rises in Shropshire, not far from the romantic and picturesque grounds of Hawkestone ; runs through the central parts of Cheshire to Namptwich and Northwich, where it is joined by the Dane from Staffordshire, and the Wednoch from Middlewich ; it then proceeds to its port at Frodsham, a little below which it is lost in the Mersey.

In this county there are many large meres and pools, all of which abound in carp, tench, pike, perch, and eels.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

THE YAW

Rises in the Mendip Hills, and, after, a short course, falls into the Bristol Channel.

THE AXE,

Also, rises in the Mendip Hills, and, passing Axbridge, winds through a tract of marshes to the Bristol Channel.

THE AVON

Enters this county near Bath, and is the boundary

between Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, and, passing Bristol, falls into the mouth of the Severn.

THE BRENT

Rises on the eastern edge of the county, and runs westward, by Glastonbury Abbey, below which it becomes a large lake, and then falls into the Parrett.

THE FROME

Rises in the grounds of the Marquis of Bath, at Longleat.

THE PARRETT

Has its source in the southern part of the county, and this river and the Thone form their junction near the centre of Somersetshire, the latter rising in the Quantox Hills. The Parrett likewise receives the Yeo and the Ivel, and, after traversing the marsh of Sedgemoor, passes by Bridgewater, and forms a bay in the Bristol Channel.

Some of these rivers produce abundance of common fish, and a few trout may be taken a short distance from Bath.

DORSETSHIRE.

THE Charr, the Eype, the Wey, the Stoure, and the Froome, are the chief streams of this county. The three former rivers are all bordering upon Devonshire; they descend from the Dorsetshire Downs. The former makes its exit at Charmouth; the Eype, joined by the Brit from Beminster, falls into the sea in Bridport harbour; the Wey falls into the sea at Weymouth.

THE STOURE.

The Stoure has its source in six springs at Stourton, in Wiltshire, three of which are in the Park at Stourhead. Passing Gillingham Forest and Shaftesbury, it runs to Sturminster; from thence, pursuing a south-east direction, it is joined by the Allan from the north, at Winborn, and soon after entering the Avon, the united rivers fall into the sea opposite the Isle of Wight.

THE FROOME

Rises in the Downs, and, passing Marden Newton, flows on to Dorchester, and after receiving many tributary streams turns eastward to Wareham, and constitutes Poole harbour.

The trout in the Stoure are very numerous, and also in the water near Dorchester.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

THE Usk (see Brecknockshire) ; the Wye (see Herefordshire) ; the Monow, the Trothy, the Lug, and the Gavenny.

THE TROTHY,

After a short course, falls into the Wye below Monmouth.

The Monow has been noticed under the head of Herefordshire.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

THE rivers in this county are the Nyne, the Leam, the Cherwell, the Ouse, and the Welland.

The Nyne or Nen, the Leam, and the Cherwell, rise very near each other, but pursue different courses. The Nyne runs eastward, by Northampton and Peterborough, and enters the fens of Cambridgeshire. The Leam flows westward, and, uniting with the Cherwell, divides this county and Oxfordshire.

THE OUSE.

This river, rising near Brackley, partly waters this

county, but soon enters Buckinghamshire, and discharges itself in the great gulf between Norfolk and Lincolnshire.

THE WELLAND

Rises on the north border of the county, and is well stored with fish.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE Soar rises in the western part of the county, and, after receiving the Wreke, falls into the Trent.

The Avon, which flows into Warwickshire, and the Anker and the Welland, which have a north-east course to Harborough, also rise in the western part of the county. The principal sport to be had in these sluggish rivers is in pike and perch-fishing.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE Trent (already described) passes the western edge of this county.

THE WELLAND

Has its source in a range of hills between Lutterworth and Harborough, and divides Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, Rutland, and Northamptonshire, and sinks into the fens of Lincolnshire, below Deeping.

THE WITHAM

Rises near a village of that name, and runs by Grantham to Lincoln, from thence to Boston, and ultimately forms a part of Foss Dyke. These rivers abound with pike, perch, and eels.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

THE great river of this county is the Trent (see Staffordshire), which falls into the Humber; formerly salmon of a superior description were caught in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, but few are taken now. Three or four miles above or below the town I have had capital pike and perch-fishing in the Trent; large barbel and chub are also abundant, and every other kind of coarse fish, but close to the town the river is too often fished by the stocking-weavers to afford much sport. An angler who makes a halt at Nottingham,

will find much to interest him in the town and neighbourhood; the castle stands upon a noble, isolated rock, commanding a widely extended view over a flat, but richly cultivated country. Clifton Grove, and the villages of Wilford, Snenton, and Colwick, are of a rural character.

I must not leave this county without speaking of a peculiar mode of fishing for gudgeons practised in this river, and called "mudding for gudgeons." The angler wades in the shallows, and, stirring up the gravel with his feet, draws the fish to his bait, thus effecting the purposes of the rake used in the Thames. Should the angler be in want of tackle, he may be well supplied, at a very moderate charge, by E. Lees, at the sign of the Salmon, 5 Sussex Street, near Broadmarsh. I cannot help lingering at Nottingham, where I first wetted a line, and imbibed a love of angling.

THE IDLE

Rises in Sherwood Forest, and flows through the beautiful and extensive parks of Wellbeck, Clumber, and Thorsby. Its course is northward through the forest, afterwards eastward; it meets the Trent at the entrance of the Isle of Axholme. This stream, in its course through the parks, abounds with trout, but a great part of it is strictly preserved. There is also a small stream near the pretty town of Worksop, well stored with fine trout.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THE Cam is the chief river in this county, and has two sources ; the one giving its name springs near Ashwell, and the other, the classic Granta, rising near Newport, in Essex, flows through Audley End, and, after receiving several small tributary streams, unites with the Cam near Cambridge, above and below which place there is excellent pike and perch-fishing. The Cam, soon after it leaves Cambridge, sinks into the fens ; and near Harrimere its junction with the Ouse takes place, and thence passing through a dreary tract of marsh to Downham, in Norfolk, the exit of these rivers is at the flourishing town of Lynn : they furnish excellent pike and perch, and abundance of common fish.

NORFOLK.

THE Yare rises near Attleborough, receives the Wensam, the Tase, and other small streams, and, becoming navigable, flows to Yarmouth, when, after receiving the Waveney, the Bure, and the Thyrn, and passing North Walsham, it falls into the German Ocean.

THE OUSE

Divides Norfolk from Suffolk and Cambridgeshire, and, after receiving the Little Ouse, empties itself into Lynn Deep.

The chief sport to be had in this county is in the vast Broads, or Meres, which are numerous and extensive, and from which immense numbers of large pike and perch are taken.

SUFFOLK.

THE Lesser Ouse rises in the north of this county, and divides it from Norfolk. The source of the Wave-ney is also in the north, running to the north-east, and, passing Beccles, it forms two streams, one of which runs towards Lowestoff, the other flows northward, and falls into the Yare near Yarmouth.

The Ald, the Deben, and the Blyth: the first forms its estuary at Orford; the second runs by Debenham to Woodbridge, and falls into the German Ocean, north of Harwich harbour; the third proceeds from two small springs, which unite near Halesworth, and, running to Royden, empties itself into the sea at Southwold.

THE ORWELL, OR GIPPING,

Rises in the centre of the county, and, running to

Ipswich, it makes a curve to the south, and meets the Stour opposite to Harwich.

THE STOUR,

Rising in the south-west, runs to Bury, and joins the Great Ouse near the north-west angle of this county. Many of these rivers are well-furnished with jack, perch, and coarse fish.

ESSEX.

THE Blackwater and the Chelmer are the principal rivers in this county, with the exception of the Thames.

THE COLNE

Is a small river which rises on the borders of Suffolk, and, running by Halstead and Colchester, empties itself into a creek of the sea, between Mersey Island and the Main.

THE STOUR,

Of Essex, rises at Sturmer, on the borders of Cambridgeshire, and, passing Sudbury and Mistley, it is joined by the Brett, near Neyland, and dividing this county from Suffolk, meets the Orwell from Ipswich, and both rivers fall into the sea at Languard Fort.

THE LEA

Rises near Luton, in Bedfordshire, in a marsh called Leagrave, and pursues a south-east course to Hertford and Ware; its remaining course has been already described.

These rivers produce pike, perch, carp, tench, eels, and every kind of coarse fish, but very few trout; although this latter fish is met with in some parts of the Lea.

 HERTFORDSHIRE.

THE principal rivers of this county are the Lea, the Colne, and the New River. The two former have already been fully described. The New River has its source near Ware, it partly supplies the city of London with water, and is also a great school for young anglers.

 RUTLANDSHIRE.

THIS small county is said to claim but one native river, *i. e.* the Guash, or Wash, to which Drayton alludes in his "Polyolbion:"—

" Small shire that can produce to thy proportion good,
 One vale of special name, one forest, and one flood."

The Guash rises in Leicestershire, and winds through this county from east to west. There are other considerable streams which produce pike, perch, &c.

KENT.

SEVERAL of the rivers of this fine county have already been described in my account of the principal trout-streams near London ; but the

MEDWAY

Is the principal river of the county. It enters Kent near Penshurst, and crosses the country to Maidstone and Rochester, below which it joins Chatham Dock, and from thence falls into the mouth of the Thames, between the isles of Sheppey and Grain.

THE STOUR

Rises in the Weald, and, flowing by Canterbury, falls into the sea below Sandwich. Izaak Walton speaks of the Fordwich trout as “being very peculiar, and of a distinct species,” but I have no doubt that the fish he alluded to were the salmon-trout, which are frequently taken in the Stour. I have had good sport in this river, but, of late years, the fishing has been injured by the great increase in the number of pike.

SURREY.

THE rivers of Surrey have been described under the head of "Trout-streams near London," with the exception of the

WEY,

Which rises in two branches, in the eastern part of Hampshire; one of these runs through a pleasant vale to Farnham, and, after their union, flows eastward by Godalming, and from thence, north-easterly, to Guildford, and falls into the Thames below Weybridge.

This river is well supplied with fish, and is said to breed very fine carp.

SUSSEX.

THE principal rivers are the Arun, the Adur, the Ouse, the Cockmare, the Rother, the Breke, and the Levant.

THE ARUN

Rises near Harsham, and, passing Arundel, falls into the sea two or three miles below it.

THE ADUR

Rises in the same district as the Arun, and falls into the sea near Shoreham.

THE OUSE AND THE COCKMARE

Rise in the Wealds, the former forms two branches ; they unite near Lewes, and run into the sea at Newhaven.

THE ROTHER

Rises near the village of Mayfield, in Kent, which county it separates from Sussex. The Breke joins the Rother below Winchelsea, and the united streams fall into the great basin to the east of the port of Rye, and form Ryhaven. The Levant runs by Chichester.

These streams afford abundance of common fish, and the Arun is famous for mullets, of a delicious flavour, said to be imparted to them by their feeding upon a particular weed which grows in that river.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

THE Nen, the Nyne, or Nine, rises in two branches on the north and south sides of Daventree.

THE OUSE

Enters the county by St. Neot's, and runs by Huntingdon.

There are also many meres in this county, of which

Whittlesca is the largest, being six miles long and three broad, abounding with large pike, perch, eels, and bream.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

THE rivers of this county are the Thames, the Ouse, the Coln, and the Wick.

THE OUSE.

This river nearly surrounds the town of Buckingham; the Coln flows by the rural villages of Bibury and Barnsley, and thence to Rickmansworth. In a branch of this river, near Cheyney, Sir Anthony Carlisle, one of the most skilful fly-fishers in England, once killed sixty brace of trout in a few hours.

THE WICK

Rises not far from West Wycombe, runs through the park grounds of Lord Carrington and the town of High Wycombe, and after thus winding through a rich country, and supplying a number of paper-mills, it falls into the Thames near Marlow.

I have already spoken of this beautiful little river, under the head of "Trout-streams in the vicinity of London."

OXFORDSHIRE.

THE Thames, the Isis, the Windrush, the Evenlode, and the Cherwell, are the principal rivers of this county ; the two first have been already described.

THE WINDRUSH

Rises in the Cotswold hills, and, running by Burford and Witney, falls into the Isis ; after this junction, the Isis takes a north-east course to Eynsham, and there unites with the

EVENLODE,

Which also rises in the Cotswold hills, and flows by Whichwood Forest and Charlbury.

THE CHERWELL

Has its source in Northamptonshire, and, after flowing through the middle of this county for some distance, joins the Isis.

These rivers afford a few trout, and are abundantly stored with pike, perch, eels, and common fish.

WARWICKSHIRE.

THE principal rivers are the Avon, the Tame, the Anker, the Blyth, the Arrow, and the Leam; nearly the whole of these rivers have been already described.

THE LEAM

Rises in the eastern borders of the county, and joins the Avon, near Warwick. Some of these streams furnish trout, and all of them common fish. The Blyth and the Tame are noted for their large bream.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

THE rivers are the Ouse, the Hyel, and the Ivel.

THE OUSE

Rises in the county of Northampton, and, passing through Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Cambridge-shire, and Norfolk, falls into the German Ocean below Lynn.

The Hyel runs by Woburn, and the Ivel by Biggles-wade, and both these streams fall into the Ouse; they are sluggish rivers, but abound with pike, perch, and coarse fish.

MIDDLESEX.

THE rivers of this county are the Thames, the Coln, and the Lea; these rivers have all been described under the heads of "Thames-fishing," and "Trout-streams in the vicinity of London."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RIVERS IN WALES.

THIS picturesque portion of Great Britain is alike attractive to the angler and the artist, and there is scarcely a district in the principality that will not furnish employment for the one or the other. In my notice of the Welsh rivers I shall confine myself to those in which I have fished; and having made five several excursions, viz. two to North Wales, and three to South Wales, for the purposes of sketching and fishing, I shall be enabled to describe several of the principal rivers and lakes, and thus accompany my scenery. For an account of the numerous streams with which I am unacquainted, I can, with confidence, refer the angler to a work entitled "Trout and Salmon-fishing in Wales," by George Agar Hansard, as he gives a copious and detailed account of all the

lakes, rivers, and fishing-stations in the principality. I have already described the Dee and the Wye, under the heads of Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and Cheshire.

On my first visit to North Wales I went by way of Chester, and walked from that picturesque and ancient city to Mold, ten or twelve miles, where I found a beautiful stream, I believe the Clwydd, and had excellent sport. This river waters the celebrated and extensive vale to which it gives its name, and from thence, after its junction with the Elwy, below St. Asaph, it soon falls into the sea. The trout-fishing in the vale of Clwydd is good, and in the vicinity of St. Asaph salmon and salmon-trout are taken. From Mold to Ruthin, a walk of twelve miles brought me to another pretty trout-stream; and in a mill-dam I caught a number of fine trout, by using a small quill-float, and a No. 12 hook, with a couple of house-flies, or a green-bodied fly, caught on newly dropped horse or cow-dung, and fishing near the bottom. I had recourse to this mode, because there was not a breath of air to stir the water of the mill-pool, and of course the artificial fly would have been useless.

There are the remains of an old castle at this place, but not of a very picturesque character; from thence I proceeded to Denbigh, where I saw the ruins of a very fine old castle, and then to St. Asaph, where good fishing may be had. I visited some romantic rocky

scenery up the Clwydd, about five miles, where the trout-fishing was capital.

Two miles below St. Asaph there is an old castle, on a gentle elevation, which is a very picturesque object ; and at certain seasons of the year the river is well furnished with sea-trout.

From St. Asaph I went by Abergeley to Conway, where the castle is a noble object ; and, indeed, the whole town being fortified, walled, and protected by twenty-four towers and four gates, has something in its appearance very novel and striking. The Conway here is a considerable river, and a few miles higher up the stream there is good trout-fishing, and salmon are sometimes taken with the fly. The flies I should recommend for trout are the dark dun-hackle, No. 42 ; and a wren-hackle, with peacock herl body, No. 43.

Soon after leaving Conway, I wound my way along the coast under the mighty Penmaen-Mawr, to the Bull Inn at Aber, where I remained two days, and had tolerable sport in the small stream that falls into the sea at that place. I traced its course upwards for about two miles, and then found this narrow ravine terminated by an immense semicircular barrier of perpendicular rocks, from the summits of which were precipitated the river, in two distinct channels, called the " Falls of Aber." The scenery is very grand, and forms a fine subject for the pencil : the great fall is

nearly perpendicular, but the lesser one may be called a succession of small cascades, and I was enabled to climb up the rocky steps to a considerable height, and can safely say, I caught one trout, at least, in every one of the rocky basins formed by these tiny waterfalls; amongst which I should have continued much longer, had I not been deterred by the number of slow-worms which I met with in my rugged path, as I then suffered under the vulgar error of believing these reptiles to be highly venomous.

In the stream below I caught a number of small trout and brandling, with blue, red, and black hackle-flies, and was informed that, after the first fresh in August, sea-trout come up the stream from the sea, and afford great sport.

From Aber I proceeded to the little city of Bangor, which possesses a cathedral and palace for its bishop, but has, of late, become more remarkable for having one of the finest inns in Great Britain, "The Penryn Arms;" and for its vicinity to the celebrated Menai Bridge. On arriving soon after at Caernarvon, I was struck with the extent of the castle; but, as I was in search of rivers and lakes, rather than cities and castles, I proceeded at once to the lakes of Llanberris. I was in company with an amateur artist, and we were informed that, on taking the nearest road, we should only have seven miles to walk to the small public-house on the borders of the lake.

After receiving instructions as to our route, we set off from Caernarvon, about seven o'clock in the evening (early in July), thinking we should have sufficient daylight to reach our quarters for the night ; but, after walking briskly for two hours, without any sign of a lake, we anxiously inquired of the few persons we met "if we were in the right road to Llanberris ?" but received no other answer than a surly "*dim Sassinach.*" In short, we wandered several miles further on, till darkness overtook us (the night being cloudy), and as we had more than once fallen into a bog, came, at last, to the determination to rest upon some large stones until the break of day. Here we sat from midnight till soon after dawn, when we found ourselves within a hundred yards of the solitary house of entertainment we had been so long looking for. This house was then (thirty years ago) of the humblest description ; but on my re-visiting these lakes five years since, I found a comfortable inn, and a large new hotel, building.

Having obtained admittance, and enjoyed a few hours' rest, in the morning we were delighted with the grandeur of the scene before us. The sparkling lake, the old tower of Dolbadern, the far-sounding waterfall, lofty surrounding mountains, and, towering above all, the majestic Snowdon, with its alpine peaks, formed a *coup d'œil* of matchless beauty. I had not much sport on the lake, for, even at that time, the fishing had been greatly injured by the copper mines.



11. Fishing on Lake

A walk of nine miles carried us, through the wildest and most sterile pass of rocks and stones I had ever seen, to Beddgelert, where we found a comfortable inn, with good trout and mountain mutton for dinner, and a Welsh harper to amuse us during our meal. The church here is almost as small as that of Buttermere, in Cumberland.

A walk of two miles by the side of a mountain torrent (the Colwyn) brought us next to Pont-Aberglaslyn, the bridge which unites the counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon. It consists of one wide arch, and connects two perpendicular precipices, one of which is an impending craggy rock, full eight hundred feet in height; near the bridge, the river falls down a rugged break of about twelve feet, forming what is called a "salmon-leap." This fall is only a few miles from the sea, and has long been remarkable for the number of salmon which come up the river in the beginning of October, in order to deposit their spawn in the sandy shallows. It is not an uncommon thing at this season to see from twenty to thirty in the course of an hour attempting to pass the fall, many of which succeed. In the deep pools below the bridge numbers of salmon are taken by spearing.

There are fine studies for the artist in this wild pass.

Below the bridge I caught some good trout and a number of brandlings, but was not so fortunate as to

raise a salmon. I met with an Irish gentleman who was spinning an artificial minnow, certainly very well made, who informed me "that he had hooked two fine salmon the day before with the same kind of bait, but in both instances lost his fish and his tackle."

This was the extreme point of our excursion, and we returned to Caernarvon by a road which leads to Nant Mill, long a favourite study of artists. About midway between Beddgelert and Caernarvon there is a public-house, from whence Snowdon may be ascended, and a guide procured. I found the ascent laborious, but was amply repaid by witnessing a glorious sunset from the highest peak of this king of the British mountains.

Opposite the inn, at the distance of about half a mile, there is a small but deep lake, which we were told contained charr. I had a favourable breeze, and caught some very large trout. Leaving this lake, we arrived next at Nant Mill, of which we made sketches, and then proceeded to the little village of Bettws, where we had a late dinner of ham, eggs, and salad, with a quart of ale as bright as amber, for which we were charged altogether one shilling and ninepence. Another walk of five miles brought us to Caernarvon, where, the next day, we took a passage for Chester, in a trader bound to that city.

My next visit to Wales was for the purpose of making the tour of the Wye, with two brother artists; and as they were not fishermen, and our great object

was painting from nature, I had the resolution to leave my rod at home.

My third excursion was into South Wales, made principally with a view to fishing in the Usk, in consequence of my having read "Familiar Letters on Angling, by Robert Lascelles, Esq.,"* where that river receives a very flattering testimony in its favour. I was accompanied by my wife, and we took lodgings at the beautiful little town of Crickhowel, in Brecknockshire, one hundred and fifty-four miles from London; and I do not think a more delightful summer retreat for the artist and angler could be found. Although small and unpretending, this place has the ruins of a castle; and in the neighbourhood are many gentlemen's seats. The rich valley, noble river, mountains cultivated almost to their summits, which are crowned by lofty precipitous rocks, numerous trees and corn-fields, then waving with their golden store, rendered every view presented in our walks a terrestrial paradise.

The appearance of the Usk is every thing that a trout or salmon-fisher can desire; alternate deep pools and rippling shallows, torrents over rocky beds, smoothly flowing streams, and gravelly shoals everywhere give promise of sport. I must confess that my first day's fishing, nevertheless, greatly disappointed me: during

* Perhaps one of the best anglers that ever threw a fly: Mr. Lascelles taught, I believe, dancing at Liverpool.—ED.

the heat and brightness of the day I did not raise a single trout, though I caught some brandlings ; but as this was early in August, the water very low and bright, and the sun intensely hot, I ought not to have expected sport. After sunset I caught a few fine trout, with Hofland's fancy, No. 2 ; and the coch-a-bonddu, No. 35.

Before I return to fishing on the Usk, I must express my regret that this fine river is badly preserved, and shamefully poached. The gentleman who succeeded Admiral Gell preserves the water contiguous to his house and grounds, and requires visitors to Crickhowel to ask his permission to angle in the Usk ; but still the water is dreadfully poached ; and the same may be said of the neighbourhood of Brecon. I must confess that I tried the Usk at the worst season of the year, viz. the months of July and August. Should the season happen to be a dry one, very little sport can be expected in rivers during these months, except for an hour after sunset ; but should the weather be showery, and the water high and a little discoloured, sport may be expected.

For several days after my arrival at Crickhowel the weather continued intensely hot and bright, and I contented myself with fishing for brandling, with three small hackle-flies, a red, a blue, and a black ; each fly pointed with a gentle. These beautiful little fish are numerous in the Usk, and are very good eating ; in

the evenings, so long as I could see to manage my fly, I could kill trout.

The fifth day after my arrival we had a violent thunder-storm, and many hours of heavy rain ; the day after which I found the water in fine condition, as it was rapidly clearing. I used for a stretcher Hofland's fancy, No. 2 : the blue dun, No. 4 ; and the small soldier-palmer, No. 27 ; and with these three flies had capital sport, killing ten brace of fine trout in a few hours : the water clears and falls so rapidly that, the day following, I had but little success.

I had not any salmon-tackle with me, but I raised a fine salmon with a trout-fly, but did not take him ; a friend of mine has frequently taken small salmon in the Usk with a trout-fly, but these fish are said to be not so good in the Usk as in the other rivers of South Wales. I must here relate a circumstance which occurred during my stay, which is so complimentary to Hofland's fancy, No. 2, that I should not have ventured to tell the story without having a witness of its truth. My friend, Mr. Linton, the landscape-painter, soon after our arrival at Crickhowel, joined us in our lodgings ; and, although he was at that time no fisherman, enjoyed the trout I caught for dinner, or more frequently for supper, and on one occasion, after tea, proposed walking with me to the river, and seeing me take them. We reached the water-side at twilight, and having prepared my tackle, with a small soldier-palmer and Hofland's fancy, I ob-

served a small red spinner very strong on the water ; having caught one, I pointed out to Mr. Linton the near resemblance of my fly to the natural one I had taken. Immediately opposite to us rose a wooded slope, the trees overhanging the stream, but the river was of sufficient width to prevent my fly reaching the wood ; yet, on my first cast of the line, I felt a check which induced me to suppose I had caught the trees, but on looking I found I had hooked a swallow. Having wound up my line gently, Mr. Linton secured the poor bird, which was firmly hooked through the upper bill ; I carefully extricated him, and, having a witness to the deceptive character of my favourite fly, I gave him freedom.

The romantic and sequestered village of Llangynider is five miles from Crickhowel ; the scenery consists of the most beautiful combinations of woods, rocks, and water, and the fishing is excellent. The accommodation at the public-house is of the humblest description, and our friend was so much alarmed at the kind of lodging offered him—in the same room with our landlady and her two daughters—that he walked back to Crickhowel. There is a canal which runs nearly parallel to the Usk, towards Llangynider, well stored with trout, and they may be taken by fishing with a small quill-float and one shot on your line, and a hook, No. 10, baited with a gentle, or with house-flies.

There are many first-rate situations on the Usk for

bush or shade-fishing, as there are many overhanging trees and deep pools, and trout may be taken in this manner with the natural fly, when the weather and the water are too bright for the artificial fly. We next took up our quarters at Brecon for some weeks, and were all delighted with that picturesque old town, and its beautiful vicinity. The Van, sometimes called the black mountain, is equal, in form and grandeur of character, to any thing in North Wales; and the old castle, the priory church, and the river Hodni, are all objects of great interest. The fishing in the neighbourhood is quite equal to that of Crickhowel.

[Mr. Hofland has hardly done justice to the fishing in the Usk, or to the beautiful scenery through which it flows. The vale of Usk is truly delightful, and the river winds in a tortuous and picturesque manner through the middle of it. The bleak mountains, sometimes partially obscured by fleeting clouds, and then bursting into full view, with the whitewashed cottages and farm-houses which help to enrich the scene, are viewed with the happiest effect. The Usk, like a playful child, sometimes hides itself, and then again bursts into view in the most smiling manner. The trout caught in it are larger, and of a deeper colour and higher flavour, than those of the Wye, and the salmon-fishing is excellent.

The river appears to great advantage from the romantic town of Brecon, where so much that is interest-

ing and beautiful is to be seen. Here are ruins of almost every kind ; old towers, old churches, occasionally rapid torrents, with broken grounds and a charming combination of trees, rocks, and a foaming stream, as you enter the town from Hay.

But there is one place at Brecon to which the wandering angler's attention should be directed. It is the interesting old cathedral—now fast mouldering away, neglected, forsaken, and almost unknown. Who can see it without feelings of the deepest regret? No solemn anthem now ascends to heaven, no choral praise is heard. The insidious ivy creeps through the roof, the floor is damp, and the old oak stalls, with their curiously carved Misereries, are fast falling into decay. And why is this? Are there no funds to keep it in repair, no estates attached to its original foundation? Where is the dean who occupied the stall on which his name is inscribed, or the precentor or presbyters who sat in the others? Did they resign their ecclesiastic duties because their decaying incomes kept pace with the decay of the sacred edifice? Nothing of this is the case. The Bishop of St. David's is the dean, and there are no less than *fifteen* prebendaries ; all of them, the bishop included, deriving considerable incomes from this neglected cathedral. It might have been thought that the monument of Dr. George Ball—that learned bishop—who did so much honour to his country, and to the diocese of St. David's, over which he presided, would

have called forth some compunctions, some regrets, when the auditor paid the half-yearly incomes of these sinecurist churchmen for a church they neither visit nor uphold. And then the noble monument—one of the finest in England—of the Lucy family, and many others of great interest and antiquity, all are neglected and subjected to spoliation, for there was no one present to protect them when I entered the venerable sanctuary. Even the sexton, with his paltry salary of five pounds a-year, has not received one farthing of it for many long years. Yet the estates flourish, the rents are paid, and the dean and prebendaries pocket the money. The livings which pious men left to this church are still held by them, and yet it is all decay, ruin, and desolation!

If the good, and excellent, and venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, should ever read these lines (and his commendation of some of my writings has been a source of the highest gratification to me), let me hope that he will exert his powerful influence in protecting one of our earliest and most interesting churches from further neglect and desecration.—ED.]

The flies I should recommend for the Usk, in addition to those already mentioned, are the March-brown, No. 3; the stone-fly, No. 23; Edmondson's Welsh fly, No. 12; the hare's-ear dun, No. 11; and the iron-blue, No. 16.

I must here remark of the Usk, that the trout are much earlier in season in that than in many other

rivers ; the fishing commences in March, and the trout are in good season in the latter end of April, or beginning of May, at which time they rise more freely than at any other period of the year.

There is a lake between Crickhowel and Brecon, called Llyn Savador, containing pike, perch, and eels, of enormous size, sometimes weighing forty pounds.*

We returned by way of Monmouth, which town, though pleasantly situated on the Wye, is not a good fishing-station ; but a few miles up the stream the sport improves, and continues to do so to the source of this beautiful river, in the mountain of Plinlimmon.

The Monow falls into the Wye a little below Monmouth. I fished this pretty stream about ten miles above the town, and had good sport ; but it is in most parts closely wooded, and it is difficult to throw your fly successfully, without wading.

My next visit to North Wales was again by Chester. A dear friend gave me a place in his carriage from that city to Capel Curig ; our route was by Wrexham Wynnstay (the seat of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.), and the noble aqueduct, Pont-y-Cyssy-ilte, over the river Dee. The scene from this elevated point, looking down upon the river and the rich vale of Llangollen, is of enchanting beauty. From the romantic town of Llan-

* This is evidently a mistake : Mr. Hofland must mean that the pike sometimes weigh forty pounds.—ED.



gollen (previously described) we proceeded to Corwen, and from thence to the picturesque village of Bettws-y-Coed, a little beyond which, to the right of the Capel Curig road, is the fine waterfall called Rhaidery-wennol, and five miles further brought us to the inn at Capel Curig; and at this delightful fishing-station I took up my abode for ten days, whilst my friend made an excursion to Dublin.

The inn here is large and commodious, and in the centre of the most sublime scenery. From the garden of the house, immediately below the eye, are the two lakes, Llyn-y-Elider Vawr and Llyn-Cerig, or Curig, backed by the whole range of Snowdon, which is here seen to the greatest possible advantage. The accompanying view is taken from this point.

My visit was in the beginning of August, 1831, and we had had a long dry season, so that the rivers and lakes were very low, and promised but little sport; but, fortunately, the rain began to fall as we left Rhaidery-wennol, and continued for twenty-four hours, so that on the second day after my arrival the water was in the best possible order. The river Llugwy, which falls into the lake, was beginning to clear, and in a few hours I caught thirty brace of small trout, with Hofland's fancy, No. 2, and a small red hackle palmer. The next day the water had run down, and I had little sport on the river; but I tried the lake with great success: it had risen considerably, and the fresh water had made the

fish all alive. I had a fine breeze, and with the following flies killed twenty-five brace of trout, generally from half a pound to a pound weight, not more than two or three exceeding a pound. March-brown, No. 3; grouse hackle, No. 30; the alder-fly, No. 24; the Llyn Ogwin fly, No. 34; and the coch-a-bonddu.

When the breeze is strong on the water, I use four flies on my foot-link; but if the curl on the water be slight, I only use three flies. Lord Valentia,* a keen and skilful fly-fisher, who was staying at the inn, had the goodness to invite me to join him in his boat on the lake, and we had several days' pleasant and successful fishing together. His lordship's practice was to fish with six flies on his foot-link; and mine, with three or four, at most: and the result was that he killed more in number, whilst mine were most in weight.

Lord Valentia was obliged to leave his sport in order to attend a grand jury in Ireland, and recommended me to try Llyn Ogwin and Llyn Idwell, two lakes about six miles on the road to Bangor. The nearest house of entertainment to the former is nearly four miles beyond the lake, on the road to Bangor, and there I took up my quarters for some days. The accommodations were of a very humble description, but the charges were moderate in the extreme, my whole expenses being somewhere about two shillings per day.

* Now Earl of Mountnorris.

There is a boat on the lake, and a man may be hired to manage it; it is not a large water, but it abounds with the finest flavoured trout I ever tasted. The flesh is as red as salmon in high season, but they are not large, the average weight being from three-quarters of a pound to a pound and a quarter.

The flies I used (and very successfully) were the Llyn Ogwin fly, No. 34; the alder-fly, No. 24, dressed with the red feather of a partridge's rump; the March-brown, No. 3; the grouse-hackle, No. 38; and the Dee flies, Nos. 32 and 33.

LLYN IDWELL

Is several hundred feet above Ogwin Lake, being what would, in Cumberland, be called a mountain tarn. It is nearly surrounded with almost perpendicular rocks and mountains, and the shadows and reflexions give the lake a dark, and even awful character. The trout are good, but neither so large nor excellent as those of Llyn Ogwyn; and I should advise the use of smaller flies than those above mentioned for that lake.

I must not quit this country* (the Angler's Paradise) without recommending the fly-fisher in Wales to take up his abode for a time in the neighbourhood of Tal-y-Llyn, near Dolgelly, in Merionethshire, situated at the head of a beautiful lake called Llyn Mwyngil. It is about three miles in circumference, and the accom-

panying scenery is of the most striking and romantic character. The flies used may be the dotteril-hackle, No. 39; the alder-fly, No. 24; the coch-a-bonddu, No. 35; Edmondson's Welsh fly, No. 12, dressed on No. 9 hooks.

At Festiniog the angler will find excellent quarters at Martha Owen's, and great courtesy and attention, with the most reasonable charges. Within a circle of three miles there are no less than six lakes, among which may be named Llyn-y-Mowynion and Llyn-y-Gamalt, as two of the best trout lakes in North Wales. The river from Festiniog to the sea abounds with salmon and trout. I must now take leave of Wales, again referring my readers for a fuller account of its lakes and rivers to the work I have already mentioned.

SCOTLAND.

TWENTY-TWO years since, in company with three amateur artists, I made a tour of the western Highlands of Scotland: we visited Lochs Achray, Arklet, Cateran, or Katrine, Dochart, Earn, Earn-head, Fine, Lomond, Long, Lubnaig, Tay, Vennachar, and Loch Ard.

I found the best trout-fishing in the Lochs Arklet,

Achray, Katrine, Dochart, and Loch Ard; and at the head of Loch Lomond, in Glen Falloch, the pike-fishing was superior to any thing I had previously met with in England. Loch Arklet is a small lake situate in Glen Arklet, in the pass between Inversnaid, or Loch Lomond, and Loch Katrine. It is well stored with trout, but is, unfortunately, at a considerable distance from any house of entertainment.

LOCH ACHRAY

Is a small lake near the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, immortalised by the great Magician of the North. The wild and rugged Benvenue and the Trossachs are seen to great advantage from the lake. It is a short distance from Ardchinachrochan, where Jamie Stuart accommodated the traveller with great hospitality in his cottage, which has since that time been converted into a comfortable inn.

LOCH KATRINE,.

Rendered so great an object of interest by the "Lady of the Lake," is about two miles from the inn at Ardchinachrochan, through the wild pass of the Trossachs. This beautiful lake has been so often described, that I shall speak only of its fish. During this my first visit I had most excellent sport, killing from thirty to forty brace of trout per day; and on one

occasion, when the breeze lessened, and the sun shone out brightly, and my sport ceased, I requested my man Archy to row me across the lake to Sir Walter Scott's "den of the ghost;" I placed my rod at the stern of the boat, trailing a line of about thirty yards, and when we reached the middle of the loch, a smart breeze springing up, and a cloud passing over the sun at the same time, I perceived a tug at my line. I immediately ordered the man to rest on his oars, and, taking my rod and shortening the line, in three successive casts I caught six trout. I am sorry to be obliged to give a very different account of the present state of trout-fishing in Loch Katrine. On my last visit to this charming lake, in 1835, I found the pike had so greatly increased, that the trout were nearly destroyed. The flies I used were the March-brown, No. 3; the grouse-hackle, No. 38; the dotteril-hackle, No. 39; the alder-fly, No. 24; and the stone-fly, No. 23.

LOCH DOCHART

Is about eight miles above the head of Loch Lomond, at the head of Glen Falloch. The scenery is very fine, and the fishing capital; I had also excellent sport in a small shallow loch, near to Killin. I caught a number of fine trout in the middle of the day, without the slightest breeze on the water, and used the same flies I did at Loch Katrine.

LOCH ARD

Is a short distance from Aberfoyle ; the scenery here is grand, the western end of the lake being bounded by the lofty Ben Lomond, and the shores are beautifully wooded. The trout-fishing I found excellent, using the flies as above. The romantic village of Killin, at the head of Loch Tay, furnishes an infinite variety of fine subjects for the pencil ; its picturesque watermills, old bridges, and cottages, the burial-place of the Mac Nabs, and the towering Ben Lawes, in the vicinity, all give interest to the scene ; and although the lake will not afford much sport, the rapid Dochart and the Lochy contain abundance of small trout and brandlings. And I may here remark, that the feeders and outlets of all these lochs are well supplied with trout, and most of them with brandling.

AN EXCURSION

FROM LONDON TO LOCH AWE, LOCH ECK, LOCH LONG,
LOCH FINE, AND LOCH GOIL.

AT the period of my first visit to the Highlands of Scotland, in 1813, soon after the appearance of Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," the romantic scenery of the Trossachs and Loch Katrine was beginning to arrest the attention of the English tourist, and every successive work from this Magician of the North increased the popularity of a Highland tour. Jamie Stuart's little farm-house at Ardchinachrochan, the only place near Loch Katrine where food and shelter could be procured, was soon metamorphosed into a considerable inn, to accommodate the increasing influx of strangers; but it was not till the steam navigation on the Clyde so greatly increased the facilities of travelling, that the more distant parts of the western Highlands received such a vast accession of visitors as are now to be found.

During my many summer tours in Cumberland and Westmoreland, I frequently met with brothers of the angle, on Ulswater, who spoke enthusiastically of the fishing at Loch Awe, the river Awe, and Glen Orchy, and of the sublime scenery in their vicinity. As the information came from men whose skill I had wit-

nessed, and who had travelled several successive years from Manchester to Loch Awe, for the sole purpose of fishing for salmon and trout, I could not doubt their assertions, and became exceedingly anxious to try my hand on the waters of this (now celebrated) station for anglers.

On the 28th July, 1834, I embarked on board the *Monarch*, at Blackwall, for Edinburgh. This fine steam-boat was then the largest and most commodious that had yet been built in this, or, perhaps, any other country; and everything about it was admirably conducted, under the command of Captain Bain, an experienced officer, formerly a master and commander in the king's service. We sailed at two o'clock A.M. down the well-known course of the Thames; and when I turned out on deck, at six in the morning, I found myself off the Essex coast; and as we were very near the shore, and the day was clear and fresh, we had successive views of Harwich, various Martello towers, Orfordness lighthouse and castle; No. 1, Schedule A, *i.e.* Aldborough; Dunwich, Southwold, and Soleby bays, on the coast of Suffolk; Lowestoff, with its lighthouse,—a picturesque object; and Yarmouth Roads,—the dread of mariners, from the numerous sand-banks, shoals, and rapid tides.

A few miles further, and we passed Cromer, in Norfolk, the Wash, and the Humber; we then stood out for sea, and lost sight of land till the next morning,

when, at five o'clock, I found myself off Scarborough, and its bold, commanding old castle, and iron-bound coast. Ten miles further is Robin Hood's Bay, and next Whitby and its ancient abbey; then followed, in full view from our crowded deck, Hartlepool, Sunderland, and South and North Shields, Tynemouth with its abbey and lighthouse; beyond these are Blythe, with the remains of a castle; and fifteen miles further is Coquet Island, opposite to which, on the mainland, appear the ancient ruins of the castle and hermitage of Warkworth. At a short distance stands the town of Alnwick, and the princely castle of the Duke of Northumberland. We then passed the Fem Islands, sailing close to them, and perceiving the innumerable wild fowl that people their shores. Opposite to these, on the mainland, stands Bamborough Castle, the remains of an important fortress, of a very early date. Seven miles further, Holy Island claimed a sigh for the betrayed nun, the sweetest of all Sir Walter's creations; or, perchance, a curse

“ for him, the deceiver,
Who could win ladye's love,
Ruin, and leave her.”

Still, on we went, “ splash, splash; ” passed the mouth of the Tweed, St. Abb's Head—a bold promontory in Berwickshire; then Dunbar, and its old castle: the evening was fine, and we were all delighted with the enchanting scenery of the Frith of Forth. Now, full

in view, illuminated by a declining sun of surpassing splendour, stood the Bass, a bold, isolated rock in the sea, covered with solan geese and other water-fowl ; and on the opposite coast the picturesque and extensive remains of Tantallon Castle, situated on a rocky eminence, backed by a fine conical hill, nine hundred feet high ; and beyond these several rocky islands and various villages, giving a charming variety to this unrivalled view.

The evening was delightful, but not sufficiently clear for us to discern the distant Highlands. On the right was seen Inch Keith ; on the left, Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crags, backed by the Christorphine Hills, which spring abruptly from the fertile plain at their feet ; and beneath them appeared the Calton Hill, the castle, and castle rock of Edinburgh,—the Old and New Town stretching away in vast perspective above the ports of Leith and Newhaven,—presenting a *coup d'œil* of unequalled grandeur.

We landed at Newhaven at eight o'clock, amidst a bustle and confusion far exceeding a landing at Calais pier, which those who have tried it will scarcely think possible. What with coaches, omnibuses, hackneys, and chariots ; waiters, porters, and sailors, all assailing you together, and each seizing, if possible, some separate portion of your luggage, they render “ confusion worse confounded,” and require no small nerve to stand up against it. All this might be avoided by the con-

struction of a pier, where steam-vessels, of a large class, might land goods and passengers.

From Newhaven to Edinburgh, by coach, two miles, for a shilling. I took up my quarters at the Black Bull, which will be found a central situation, and a comfortable house; but, indeed, the inns and hotels in Edinburgh are almost all good, and reasonable in their charges. Having visited the "modern Athens" before, I remained there only one day, being anxious to reach Loch Awe. I shall, therefore, not attempt any description of this unrivalled city, which, for its extent, must certainly be considered the finest in the world. I only found time to see the Botanic Gardens, and was surprised to find them superior in extent and arrangement to any I had hitherto seen, not excepting the Royal Gardens at Kew.* They contain a theatre, which is attended by a very large class of botanical students, and the whole establishment is under the management of a professor of botany, and Mr. M'Nab, whose activity and zeal have given these gardens their acknowledged pre-eminence. Unfortunately, "Christopher North" had left Edinburgh in his shooting-jacket, or I might have been lucky enough to have been introduced to that prince of fly-fishers.

July 2.—Left Edinburgh, by coach, for Glasgow;

* The Kew Gardens have lately been much extended and improved.—ED.

and I must here recommend the tourist not to go by canal, which I was nearly tempted to do, in order to enjoy the scenery on its banks ; but have been since informed that the passage is extremely uncomfortable, from the confined form of the boats, &c.

The first fifteen miles from Edinburgh is through a rich and finely cultivated country ; but from thence to Glasgow (in all forty-two miles) is sterile and uninteresting. I arrived at the latter city at three o'clock, after an absence of twenty years, and found it as much increased in size, and improved in appearance, as I had already found Edinburgh. There are three new bridges over the Clyde, built within that time, and a noble one in the course of erection near the Broomielaw, the arches of which are of a larger span than those of Waterloo Bridge on the Thames. As I have before said, my object is not to describe cities ; but I cannot forbear to remark how much I was struck by the beauty and regularity of the houses in the New Town ; the length, breadth, cleanliness, and elegance of the streets ; and by the architectural splendour of the Exchange, one of the most graceful and superb buildings in Europe, and in which strangers are, with great liberality, admitted to read the public papers, for one month, without introduction or subscription.

July 3.—Sailed from the Broomielaw, on board the *St. Catherine* steam-boat, at seven o'clock, A.M. The quay was crowded with steam-boats for Liverpool,

Belfast, and various ports of the Clyde and the Western Islands, in number upwards of twenty. The river at Glasgow is narrow, and of no great depth, so that ships of heavy burden cannot come further up the Clyde than Greenock and Port Glasgow; but great exertions are making by the corporation to improve the navigation of the river. After passing Kelvin Water the stream expands and the scenery improves, and many villas appear on each side of the river. The first town of any consequence is the ancient burgh of Renfrew, which gives its name to the county; a few miles further bring you opposite to Paisley, and Gleniffer hills. Here the river again expands, and the hills of Dumbartonshire appear on both shores, finely wooded, and falling in gentle undulations to the margin of this beautiful river.

Further on, to the right, is Dalnotter Hill; and beyond this, the village and church of Kilpatrick, said to be the birthplace of the titular saint of Ireland. Here the voyager is suddenly struck by one of the finest scenes in Great Britain. Before him spreads the expansive Clyde, bounded on the right by finely wooded hills, and on the left by the cultivated slopes of Renfrewshire; whilst immediately in front, stretching into the river, are the castles of Dunglass and Dumbarton, backed by the towering mountains of Argyleshire.

Dumbarton rock and castle now become the prin-

cipal objects before you ; and beyond the castle, on the right, is the town of Dumbarton, at the confluence of the water of Leven with the Clyde. Further to the left are seen the towns and shipping of Port Glasgow and Greenock, and near the former the ruins of Newark Castle, now the property of Lord Belhaven. Beyond this port, to the north, is Helensburgh, a favourite summer resort for the families of the Glasgow merchants.

We next approach Greenock, a very considerable sea-port, with fine quays and docks, and a handsome custom-house, said to have cost 120,000*l*. Beyond Greenock there are many pretty villas ; and two miles from thence is the neat little village of Gourock, another watering-place much resorted to from Glasgow.

From this time we began to approach the entrance to Loch Long, and to have a fine view of the point of Roseneath, the hills of Dumbartonshire, and the entrance to Loch Long. On the left are the Islands of Bute, Arran, and Cambray, and the Craig of Ailsa ; and in front, the blue mountains, coasts, and woods of Argyleshire : we soon entered the mouth of Loch Long ; on both shores the mountains are precipitous, serrated, and lofty, varying in their appearance with the continual windings of the loch, and constantly offering new and grand combinations of form and picturesque effect to the delighted spectator. After passing up the loch

sometime, on the left is seen the entrance to Loch Goil, and on the right a continuation of Loch Long, leading to the inn, at Arrachor, at its head.

We proceeded through Loch Goil amidst bold, mountainous scenery, to St. Catherine's, a small village at its head. I had been fortunate enough to recognise in the steam-boat a friend I had not met for many years, and who now shared with me the vehicle intended for our conveyance; and such a coach, such harness, such horses, and such a driver, it is certain neither of us ever had seen before, or ever will forget. The road is equally without parallel, and is, *par excellence*, called Hell Glen; it is truly the most wild, desolate, and awful mountain pass, I have ever seen. Notwithstanding hills that would alarm a Derbyshire or Cumberland coachman, at the bottom of many of which we had to make a sudden turn at a right angle, and not seldom over a low parapeted, narrow bridge, at full speed, we arrived at St. Catherine's in safety, by the skill and good fortune of our bold but eccentric coachman. He managed his strange team with admirable dexterity, encouraging them with a singular mixture of Gaelic and Scotch-English, whilst we assisted his efforts by walking up the almost perpendicular hills, which gave us an opportunity of admiring the sublime scenery of this savage glen in all its recesses.

The descent to St. Catherine's gave us an extensive

view of Loch Fine, a salt-water lake, or arm of the sea, upwards of forty miles in length, and famous for its salmon and herring-fishing.



From St. Catherine's, over the ferry, to Inverary, is four miles ; and there we landed at two P.M., when a waiter presented us with a card of Mr. Walker's hotel, to which myself and friend consented to go, and we therefore committed our luggage to his care. We found our inn clean and comfortable, with active attentive waiters, good beds, and reasonable charges. That my brothers of the angle, who, like myself, wish to travel economically, may judge, I subjoin my expenses from Glasgow, and Mr. Walker's charges :—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Steam-boat and coach to Inverary, a distance of 76½ miles	5	6
Breakfast of tea, coffee, eggs, and broiled fish	1	9
Dinner	2	6
Tea	1	6
Bed	2	0*

There is a much larger inn, or hotel, at Inverary; but a plain angler seeks for comfort rather than style.

The herrings here are considered a great dainty, and are thought to be the best that are caught on the British coasts; they are, indeed, a luxury, when newly taken out of the nets, and broiled for breakfast.

The Duke of Argyle has a magnificent castle here, and finely wooded pleasure-grounds, watered by the Aray, which falls into the loch under a fine bridge of two arches, behind which is seen the lofty and well-wooded hill of Duniquaich.

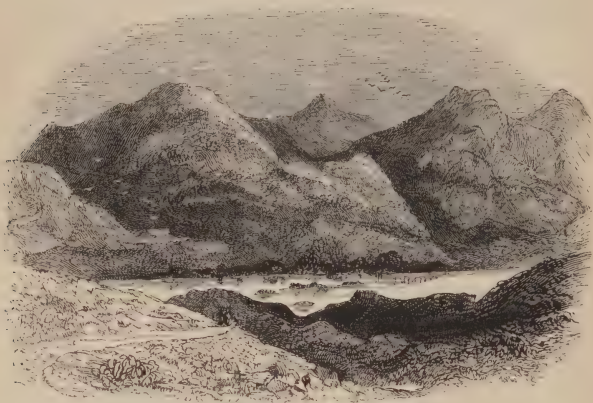
The river Aray is a beautiful stream, abounding with small falls and deep pools; and in spring, and also after the first fresh in August, will afford excellent sport with the fly, for burn-trout, salmon-trout, and grilse. Here I first wetted my line, but with little success, the water being too low and the evening very bright. I caught ten brace of brandling, or salmon pinks, but only raised one good trout, which I did not kill; in

* The angler must not expect to find these reasonable charges in the present time, the numbers of travellers have greatly increased.—ED.

showery, dark weather, even in July, I am convinced good trouting may be had in this pretty stream ; and a tyro may at all times, during the summer months, practise his hand on the salmon-pink, which are very numerous, and will take freely any small fly, such as the common house-fly, the soldier-palmer, and the midge, all with No. 10 or 12 hooks. With three or four of these small flies on a fine gut bottom, three yards long, the young angler, with very moderate skill, may kill ten or twelve dozen in a day ; and, though small, they are an excellent fish for the table. I have, in the former part of this work, given some account of this beautiful little variety of the *salmo* tribe.

July 4.—Joined a young Irish gentleman in a car to Port Sonnachan (my friend having pursued his own route from Inverary) ; the road first passed through the extensive and delightful plantations of the Duke of Argyle, and on our right ran the sparkling Aray. About three miles up the river there is a small, but picturesque, waterfall, with a rustic wooden bridge thrown over it, for the convenience of travellers who may wish to see both sides of this pretty cascade. At twelve o'clock the heat was intense, and we were glad to reach the summit of the lofty hill, which gave us the first view of our land, or rather, our *water*, of promise. The matchless Loch Awe lay below us, flashing its light beneath a burning sun, studded with numerous wooded islands, and backed by the mighty Ben-Cru-a-chan, and

his attendant hills. A station towards the bottom of the hill is called Burke's View, from the admiration it elicited from the author of the "Sublime and Beautiful."



The outlet of the Awe is seen, with the river foaming through a narrow ravine of Ben-Cru-a-chan; to the right appear Ben-Laoidh, and Ben-a-chleidh, rearing their heads to the clouds, with numerous connecting hills of lesser magnitude, many of them beautifully wooded to the water's edge, forming bold, rocky, headlands, promontories, and sheltered bays.

From this point, near the village of Cladish, you turn to the left; and three miles of hilly road, on the margin of the loch, bring you to Port Sonnachan, that now celebrated and favourite station of the brothers of

the angle. Here I found many of my fellow-passengers on board the steamer, who had arrived the day before for the purpose of salmon-fishing.

This port is twelve miles from Inverary, and is situate a little above the middle of the loch; the inn is small, but tolerably comfortable; it has a ferry, which crosses the loch with passengers to Oban, and the picturesque ash-trees, which overhang the landing-place, give shade and beauty to the scene. Looking towards the lower end of the loch, the hills being small, the general view is tame and uninteresting; but, towards the head of the loch, is seen the perfection of lake scenery. In the evening I met with a young, stout Highland sportsman, a Campbell, the son of a landed proprietor and farmer, who gave me much valuable information on the subject of Loch Awe fishing.

I learnt that, the day before, twelve salmon had been taken in the river Awe, by different parties from Port Sonnachan; two parties had on the same day been trout-fishing on the lake, with but little success, as the sun was bright, with very little wind; and when that is the case, sport cannot be expected, for lake-fishing requires a fresh breeze, particularly when the day is brilliant.

Under these circumstances, I should recommend the angler to troll for bull-trout, a fish found in this loch, and in some of the lakes of Cumberland and

Westmoreland, and which is sometimes caught as heavy as forty pounds weight. For this purpose, the troller will require a line, or strong salmon-reel, one hundred yards long; and he must use the snap-tackle described at page 72, and bait with a small trout, or pink, placed on the tackle in the manner there explained, so that the fish will spin well in the water. The boatman will guide you to the deeps, and, from the stern of the boat, you must let out your line, to the extent of from forty to fifty yards, when he will row slowly by the side of the deeps, the islands, &c.; and if you hook a fish, it is likely to be a good one, and afford excellent sport; the first efforts of this fish being more vigorous than even those of the salmon or the burn-trout; and a fish from ten to fifteen pounds weight will give good play, and try your skill and tackle. For my own part, I prefer using the fly for trout, but as this can only be practised with a good breeze, trolling for bull-trout on a still day will be a good *dernier ressort*.*

Soon after I arrived at Port Sonnachan, one of the fishing parties came in, bringing a bull-trout, which I saw; it weighed seven pounds, but was by no means a handsome fish, being very black, with a large head, and the body broad, but thin: it cut much redder than salmon—more, indeed, like beef; and, when dressed,

* This is by far the most successful mode of fishing in Loch Awe, the fly seldom affording good sport.—ED.

we thought it inferior to either salmon or burn-trout. Very large true trout are sometimes caught in Loch Awe, for I was told that, in the summer of 1832, an officer of the hussars took one by trolling, twenty-six pounds weight (my impression is, that it was a bull trout). He came from Glasgow on a pony, went on the loch two hours in the morning, caught his great fish, had him carefully packed up, and returned in triumph to Glasgow.

After gaining what information I could, my young Irish companion and myself prepared for a day's fishing on Loch Awe; a boat and man were ordered to be ready by six the following morning, and at five I rose, and saw a glorious breeze curling the waters of the loch. My companion was equally on the alert; but, alas! when we reached the water-side, neither boat nor man were visible, and we had, from some kind of negligence or other, to wait till nearly eight o'clock before we were fairly afloat.

As I was totally unacquainted with the lake, and our boatman was ignorant of the best parts for fishing, I had to depend on previous experience in this kind of angling. I chose those bays where the water was not so deep but that the stony, or gravelly bottom, might be just visible by leaning over the side of the boat. My next object was to have the boat so placed, that the wind would carry it across the bay in a direction parallel to the shore. I commenced with three flies:

the March-brown, No. 3, for the stretcher ; the dotteril-hackle, No. 39, for the first drop ; and the alder-fly, No. 24 (with the wings made of the red feather of the partridge's rump), for my second drop. I soon raised a fish, and killed him ; and in this bay I caught six trout, five of which were taken with the alder-fly. I then changed my flies, by using the alder-fly as the stretcher, and substituting a grouse-hackle for the dotteril-hackle ; and with this link I continued to fish the whole day, and pouched thirty brace of trout in beautiful condition, all, with the exception of two or three, being taken with the alder-fly.

My companion was delighted with the sport, and, for a novice, was very successful ; we continued moving onwards to the head of the lake, enjoying the magnificent scenery, and, during the heat of the day at noon, we landed on one of the beautifully wooded islands, near the outlet of the river Awe, and enjoyed our dinner, bottled porter, and whisky. We composed our excited spirits with a cigar, and then returned to our sport ; but my young Irishman, from the heat of the day and exercise, was induced to make too free with Guinness's stout. On our return to the inn, we found several of the fishing-parties arrived before us : one large bull-trout had been taken in the loch, and several salmon in the river Awe ; but the trout-fishers had entirely failed, which they attributed to an easterly wind ; but when I exhibited my fish, it led to the com-

parison of flies, and I found that none of them possessed the one I had found successful. A skilful hand soon produced some imitations, and I was afterwards informed they were in great favour.

The next day my young companion was confined to his bed by fever, probably produced by the fatigue and excitement of the previous day. I took a boat and two men for the purpose of fishing, to the head of the lake, and proceeded from thence to Dalmally. I embarked at six o'clock A.M., with a favourable wind but a falling barometer, and before ten o'clock the mountains put on their caps, and gave notice of rain; but the trout had the start of the hills, for they told me, as plainly as I had often been told before, that we should have rain, by not rising to any fly I could offer them. I only killed eight brace during the whole day, and these were taken with the same fly, No. 24.

At two P.M. we landed on Heathery Island, where are the ruins of a castle, which I examined with difficulty, for the vegetation was so rank that I could scarcely force my way through the lofty weeds and wild flowers that surrounded the slight elevation on which the edifice stood. The variety and beauty of the Flora here and in the vicinity of Dalmally surpass any thing I ever saw in England.

Here we dined, and, whilst thus agreeably employed, we discovered a young gull; the Highlanders immediately gave chase, and, as the gull took the water we

took our boat, and drove him on shore, where he was soon captured : young as he was, and half fledged, he was audaciously impudent, fighting any of us that touched him, and gobbling down a small trout, cut in pieces, with all the apparent relish of a true glutton. The boatmen said they would carry home their prize, and make it a pet at Port Sonnachan, so that some of my readers may hereafter, perhaps, become acquainted with the gull captured on Heathery Island.

We passed several other wooded islands on our approach to Glen Strae, beyond which, at the head of the lake, stood the picturesque ruins of Kilchurn Castle, formerly one of the largest strongholds of the Scottish



Highlands. The annexed vignette represents its present state.

Here we landed, and a walk of two miles brought us to the comfortable inn at Dalmally; the village is altogether the most sequestered and romantic of any I have hitherto seen. The view from the old stone bridge over the river Orchy, is magnificent; looking westward, beneath you is seen the winding river, with its dark black salmon-pools, and its sparkling streams, and shining, gravelly shoals, everywhere skirted by alder, ash, willow, birch, and pine trees, with rich meadows sloping to the water's edge, and every bank and brae covered with innumerable wild flowers; the rose, the honeysuckle, the foxglove, the campanula, heaths, and orchises of various colours, and many others unknown to me, but which would delight the botanist; the view is terminated by the mighty Ben-Cru-a-chan and the adjacent mountains.

I fished the river, but it was so low and clear that I could only take brandlings during the day; though the rain had fallen many hours, it was not sufficient to colour the water: but, occasionally, salmon and salmon-trout-fishing is very good in the Orchy. I returned to Port Sonnachan by land, the distance twelve miles, and on my arrival had the pain of finding my Irish gentleman still confined to his bed, and with a dangerous fever. I remained here some days, fishing every day with various success, and, on many occasions, killing two trout with one cast of my flies. Those which I found most successful, next to the alder-fly, were the

Loch Awe flies, Nos. 31 and 32, and a palmer with a coppery herl body and purple hackle.

I left my pleasant quarters and still suffering friend with regret, and retraced my steps to Inverary, where I had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Carmichael, my late landlord, the day following, who informed me that the Irish gentleman was decidedly better. I returned to Glasgow by way of Loch Eck and Kilmun, but as I have already alluded to this part of my tour, I shall pass on to that city, where I had the pleasure of meeting a friend from London, and we entered a steam-boat for Dumbarton, for the purpose of visiting Lochs Lomond and Katrine.

Our expedition was delightful, but the fishing very indifferent. On my return from Loch Katrine I visited Glen Falloch, at the head of Loch Lomond, but was disappointed in the pike-fishing I had expected, as the water was too low. In the months of September and October, a single party will sometimes take two hundred weight of pike in one day's fishing at this place.

The inn nearest to the loch is at the lower end of Glen Falloch; it is unpretending, and so are the charges: the following is a copy of my bill for dinner, tea, breakfast, lodgings, and whisky:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Eating	3	6
Toddy	1	0
Lodging	1	0

The stream that runs through Glen Falloch abounds with small trout, and, near its junction with Loch Lomond, with fine perch and pike.

I must now bid adieu to the Land of the Mist; but I can assure my brother anglers and artists, that every loch and river of the Highlands of Scotland will afford employment for the fly and the pencil.

The following is a list of the principal rivers and lakes of Scotland :—

ABERDEENSHIRE.

The Dee, the Don, the Urie, the Yethan, and the Deveron.

AYRESHIRE.

The Ayr, the Lugar, the Doon, the Girvan, the Stincher, the Dusk, the Glemap, and the Irvine.

ARGYLESHIRE.

The Orchy or Urchy, the Awe, the Wrotry, the Aray.

BANFFSHIRE.

The Spey, the Aven, and the Deveron.

BERWICKSHIRE.

The Black-adder, the White-adder, the Tweed, the Eye, and the Lauder.

CAITHNESS.

The Thurso, the Wick, the Rice, and the Berrindale. The Thurso is noted for a draught of fish, July 23 (O. S.), 1743-4, when, at one haul, there were caught two thousand five hundred and sixty salmon.

DUMBARTONSHIRE.

The Clyde, the Aven, the Giel, the Leven, and the Tendrick.

DUMFRIES.

The Nith, the Lugar, the Cairn, the Annan, the Esk, the Ewes, the Liddel, and the Sarke.

MID LoTHIAN.

The water of Leith, the Almond, the Forth, and the Esk.

ELGINSHIRE.

The Spey, the Findhorn, and the Lossie.

FIFESHIRE.

The Leven, the Eden, the Orr, and the Lochty.

FORFARSHIRE, OR ANGUS.

The North and the South Esk, and the Tay.

HADDINGTONSHIRE.

The Tyne and the Yester.

INVERNESS.

The Ness, the Oich, the Fyers, the Dundreggan,
and the Clonnie.

KINCARDINESHIRE.

The Bervie, the Dee, and the North Esk.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

The Nith, the Dee, the Orr, the Deugh, the Fleet,
and the Ken.

LANARKSHIRE.

The Clyde, the Annan, the Tweed, the Nethan, and
the Avon.

NAIRNSHIRE.

The Nairne, the Findhorn, and the Calder.

PEEBLES-SHIRE.

The Tweed and the Lyne.

PERTHSHIRE.

The Tay, the Lochy, the Lyon, the Tumel, the
Garry, the Amon, and the Earn.

RENFREWSHIRE.

The Clyde, the Grief, the Duchal, and the Black and White Cart.

ROSS.

The Beauley, the Conan, and the Orrin.

ROXBURGHSHIRE.

The Tweed, the Tiviot, the Ale, and the Liddal.

SELKIRKSHIRE.

The Tweed, the Gala, and the Yarrow.

STIRLINGSHIRE.

The Forth, the Tieth, the Allan, the Devon, the Carron, the Aven, the Endrick, the Doune, and the Blane.

SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

The Diurness, the Naver, the Strathey, the Brora, the Fleet, and the Ailesh.

WIGTONSHIRE.

The Piltaton Burn, the Luce, the Cree, the Tarf, and the Bladenoch.

Most of these rivers are well stored with trout, and many of them with salmon.

The following are the principal lochs or lakes of Scotland :—

LOCHS OR LAKES OF SCOTLAND.



LOCH LOMOND.

Loch Achray

—— Aline

—— Ard

—— Arklet

—— Arkeg

—— Au-nan-carp

—— Awe

—— Aylort

Loch Cateran or Katrine

—— Chon

—— Craignish

—— Crinan

—— Dochart

—— Dubh

—— Earn

—— Eck

Loch Eil

—— End

—— Ericht

—— Etive

—— Feochan

—— Fine

—— Gilp

—— Goil

—— Laggan

—— Leven

—— Linnhe

—— Lochy

—— Lomond

—— Long

—— Lows

—— Lubnaig

—— Meikly

Loch Melfort

—— na Garr

—— na Keal

—— of Cluny

—— Ness

—— Oich

—— Rannoch

—— Ransa

—— Ridon

—— Skene

—— Slapin

—— Straven

—— Tay

—— Tummel

—— Vennachar

—— Voil.

AN EXCURSION TO IRELAND.

IN the month of July, 1836, I embarked at Liverpool, in a government packet, for Ireland, for the purpose of visiting the far-famed lakes of Killarney. I was



company with three friends, one of whom was well acquainted with the country we were about to explore. I was delighted with the bay of Dublin, the broad streets, and architectural beauties of that fine city, but was under the necessity of pressing forward to my object.

The first portion of our journey was to Limerick, where I failed not to visit the successor of O'Shaughnessy; we then strolled on the banks of the Shannon,

and were struck with the castle, the cathedral, and the general character of antiquity the city presented. From thence we proceeded to Killarney; but, as I have already spoken of that delightful station in the chapter on Salmon-fishing, I must return to Dublin, and give a short account of a fishing excursion in the county of Wicklow.

On our return to the metropolis, the first visit was to Martin Kelly's fishing-tackle shop in Sackville Street, where my friends furnished themselves with tackle for their first essay in the art of fly-fishing; we then hired a jaunting car, and at seven o'clock A.M. the next day left Dublin, on a beautiful morning, with an intention of breakfasting at Enniskerry.

A few miles brought us to a wild-looking pass, called the Scalp; on either side the road, for about half a mile, rise lofty, precipitous rocks, immense fallen fragments of which are spread to right and left, and the end of the pass is closed by a lofty conical hill, called the Sugarloaf. Two miles further brought us in sight of the beautiful village of Enniskerry. The view from the hill we were about to descend was every thing an artist could desire; immediately below the eye was a deep ravine, through which a small stream wound its way towards a picturesque old bridge, beyond which were seen the white houses of the village on the hill side, peeping out amidst the deep foliage of the sycamore, and the whole terminated by the Sugarloaf Mountain.

On entering Enniskerry we saw two inns near each other, and of apparently equal pretensions; we therefore suffered our driver to make his choice, and found every thing dirty, uncomfortable, and ill-arranged. From this place we visited Powerscourt; the house is large, and consists of a centre and two wings, the demesne is finely wooded, but the great attraction of the place is its grand waterfall: the rock is nearly three hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular, over which the river falls, but the body of water is scanty in dry seasons.

In summer time the foot of this cascade is a favourite spot for Dublin parties to take their picnic dinners in, and on this day such parties were numerous, and the scene was one of great gaiety as well as beauty. A drive of six miles brought us to Roundwood, where we found very comfortable quarters, and real *small still* whisky. Early the next morning we drove to Luggela, over three miles of very dreary road; after which, reaching the summit of a hill, we began to descend a steep road, richly skirted with wood, its winding course presenting gleams of the lake and the distant mountains. To the left, a stream, issuing from Luggela, or Lough-tay, meanders through a valley, till it falls into another lough, the head of which is seen.

There is a house, or lodge, at Luggela, belonging to Mr. La Touche; and his woodsman, Charley Carr,

is permitted to attend fishing parties with a boat. The appearance of this same gentle Charley is singular, as he is very tall, thin, and pale, and wears a very long beard. He was very taciturn for an Irishman ; but we found him skilful in the management of the boat, and well acquainted with the best courses on the lake for casting the fly. Whilst the boat was preparing, I caught a brace of trout from the shore, which augured well ; but our sport was not good, nor were the fish we caught fine, either in colour or flavour. The flies I found most successful were the wren's tail, No. 19 ; the Carshalton fly, No. 5 ; the grouse-hackle, No. 38 ; and Hofland's fancy, No. 2.

The fishing is somewhat better at Loughdan, which is a larger lake, and the trout are of a better quality. The scenery here is certainly very beautiful, but wants the grandeur and variety of the Lakes of Killarney, and of those in Cumberland and Scotland. We returned late in the evening to Roundwood ; and the next day, after furnishing ourselves with a bottle of "the craythur," we visited the Seven Churches (about five miles distant from Roundwood), taking Charley Carr with us as a guide.

After again driving over two or three miles of dreary road, we saw, to the right, some extensive buildings on the hill-side, which, Carr informed us, were Lara Barracks, erected immediately after the rebellion

of 1798. A short distance then brought us to a picturesque old bridge, over a mountain torrent, and we entered

GLENDALOUGH,

literally, the Glen of the Two Lakes. We were now in the valley of the Seven Churches; and, after passing through a small village, we came in sight of one of the round towers, and, from this point, had successive views of the scattered ruins of the Seven Churches. These remains of former days are not far from each other, and none of them are of great extent, but the scenery around is singularly wild and solemn; and the dark, craggy mountains, encircling the two lakes, at the head of the valley, as seen from the foreground on which stands the lofty round tower, have an awful character.

The origin and antiquity of the round towers of Ireland have been a source of much learned controversy; but I looked at the one at Glendalough with the eye of an artist, not of an antiquary, and it certainly is an imposing feature in the scene. Whilst contemplating these ruins, I became deeply interested by observing a funeral which took place in the interior of one of these mouldering churches. It was attended by many of the peasantry of the humblest kind, but not by any officiating priest; and before the coffin was lowered into the shallow grave they had dug, it was placed by its side, and the mourners and bearers knelt

down, and in silence offered the homage of their subdued and grieving hearts to the Creator. I could not refrain from kneeling in company with these simple worshippers, and joining in their aspirations to our common Father.

We now proceeded from the ruins to the lakes, and, on the upper one, procured a boat ; but we had again indifferent sport, and the fish were not better than those caught in Luggela. The boatman informed us that the lake contained very large trout, but that they would not take the fly. On our return, the additional weight of Charley, standing on the step of the car, broke one of our shafts, and we were detained several hours, while the united skill of the whole village was employed in repairing our vehicle, so that we did not reach Roundwood till eleven o'clock P.M.

At a short distance from our inn runs a small river. The course of this stream, for some miles, is over a rocky bed, but forming many fine pools and eddies for the fly ; and the trout are of better quality than those of Luggela, although small. This stream forms the waterfall at the head of the

DEVIL'S GLEN,

one of the lions of the county of Wicklow.

We had ordered our carriage to wait for us at the foot of the glen, and enjoyed our independence in this

wild romantic solitude. The cascade at the head of the ravine where we entered, falls over a perpendicular rock, at least a hundred feet high. The glen is about a mile and a half in length, and is very narrow. The



DEVIL'S GLEN.

richly wooded hills and rocks, on both sides, are lofty, and nearly perpendicular, the river running over a much more rugged bed than that of the Dove, in Dove-dale. The wood is also infinitely superior to that of the Derbyshire glen; but the rocks of the Dove exceed in height and character those of its Irish rival.

The luxuriance of the vegetation here is truly surprising. I have never (with the exception of at Dal-mally, at the head of Loch Awe) seen such a variety of wild flowers, or such tall grasses and ferns. The fishing

in the glen must depend on the state of the water. When it is low, the only sure way of taking trout is by dropping a small red worm, with very fine gut, or a single hair, into little pools or eddies, by the sides of large stones ; but when the river is tolerably full, and is clearing, good sport may be had with the fly.

We dined at Newrath Bridge, near the demesne of Rosanna, where the gifted authoress of "Cupid and Psyche" composed that beautiful poem. The inn is tolerably comfortable, and is much resorted to by parties from Dublin. Every traveller must be delighted with the Glen of the Downs, which we passed on our way to Bray, a small town only ten miles from Dublin, much frequented in the summer season for the purpose of sea-bathing. It is, indeed, beautifully situated, having the sea on one side of it, and on the other a delightful valley, through which flows a meandering trout-stream, the banks of which are, in many parts, fringed with wood, the whole view being terminated by the lofty and picturesque Sugarloaf Mountain, which is seen from this point to the greatest advantage.

I found the stream too low for fishing. The stranger at Bray will be surprised at the extensive establishment of the hotel kept by Mr. Quin ; it is only, if at all, inferior to the Penryn Arms, at Bangor.

From Bray we visited the Dargle, a rocky glen, which has been compared with Dovedale, and of which the annexed view, containing a small cascade, is given ;



which, on comparison with the former, will enable the reader to judge for himself. The body of the stream that flows through the Dargle is not equal to that of the Dove ; but it has the advantage of a waterfall, and is better wooded, but (as in the case of the Devil's Glen) the rocks of Dovedale are superior. The principal points of view are the " Lover's Leap," and the " Burnt Rock." From the high ground, at the upper end of the Dargle, we had a splendid view of Powerscourt, and its nobly-wooded grounds, and returned to Dublin by Enniskerry, happy to re-enter our excellent quarters at the Bilton.

I must now take leave of Ireland and of my readers at the same time, with regret that I cannot, from my own knowledge, give a further account of the rivers and lakes of this fine fishing country. Many of the loughs abound with salmon, trout, pike, and eels, and some of them contain charr.

Several of these lakes, as Lough Corrib, Lough Mask, Lough Conn, and Lough Melvin, produce a singular variety of the trout, called the Gillaroo trout. This fish grows to a large size, is much esteemed for its fine flavour, and is remarkable for its large, thick, muscular stomach, which is generally found to contain three or four kinds of shell-fish, although they will rise freely at the fly. It is said that Ireland is the only part of the British isles in which this curious fish is to be found.

I must now say farewell to my brothers of the gentle craft, wishing them many a happy day by winding stream or sparkling lake, with a “southern wind and cloudy sky.” Should another edition of this work be called for, I shall be happy to correct any errors to which my attention may be called, or to add any useful information that a brother sportsman may do me the favour to communicate.



I HAVE already stated, that every material used in Angling may be had in perfection of the London manufacturers, and the following is, as far as I have been able to collect, a list of them :—

- Alfred, W. H., 54 Moorgate Street ; and 41 Coleman Street.
 Allen, Edward, 198 Oxford Street.
 Barth, Benjamin (now Jacobs), 32 Cockspur Street.
 Bartholemew, Mrs., 4 Crooked Lane.
 Bazin, John, 8 Duncan Place, London Fields.
 Bernard, John, 4 Church Place, Piccadilly.
 Billington, John, 93 Chalton Street, Somers Town.
 Blacker, William, 54 Dean Street, Soho.
 Bond and Son, 62 Cannon Street.
 Bowness and Son, 12 and 14 Bell Yard, Temple Bar.
 Bowness, George, jun., 33 Bell Yard, Temple Bar.
 Brander, Edward, 27 Wormwood Street, Bishopsgate.
 Cave, Robert, 5 Oakley Street, Lambeth.
 Cheek, John, 132 Oxford Street.
 Clark, Charles, 11 Compton Street, Clerkenwell.
 Clark, Joseph, 11 St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell.
 Creed, Ebenezer, 33 Wilderness Row, Goswell Street,
 Cureton, J. R., 48 Snow's Fields, Bermondsey.
 Digings, Ann, 37 Gibson Street, Lambeth.
 Dixon, Hezekiah, 172 Fenchurch Street.
 Eaton, George, 6 & 7 Crooked Lane, City.
 Edmonds, W., 15 East Road, City Road.
 Evatt, Abraham, 9 Great Ryder Street, St. James's.
 Farlow, Charles, 221 Strand.
 Farlow, John, 5 Crooked Lane, City.
 Gardner, W., 58 Noble Street, Goswell Street.
 Holmes and Son, 123 Fetter Lane.
 Holmes, Charles, jun., 2 Sydney Alley, Leicester Square.
 Holroyd, J. S., 59 Gracechurch Street.
 Jones, James, 111 Jermyn Street, St. James's.
 Joy, Henry, 6 Opera Arcade, Pall Mall.
 King, Richard, 75 Cheapside.
 Little, Giles, 15 Fetter Lane.
 Muirson, J. T., 7 Upper King Street, Bloomsbury ; and 36 Red Lion Street, Holborn.
 Plucknett, Mrs., 45 Amelia Street, Walworth Road.
 Roblow, Thos., 30 Upper Marylebone Street.
 Sanderson, John, 10 Blackfriars' Road.
 Smith, 67 Wood Street ; and 1 Sherborne Lane.
 Turpin, Henry, 124 St. John Street Road.
 Ustonson and Peters, 48 Bell Yard, Temple Bar.
 Willis, John, 120 Chancery Lane.

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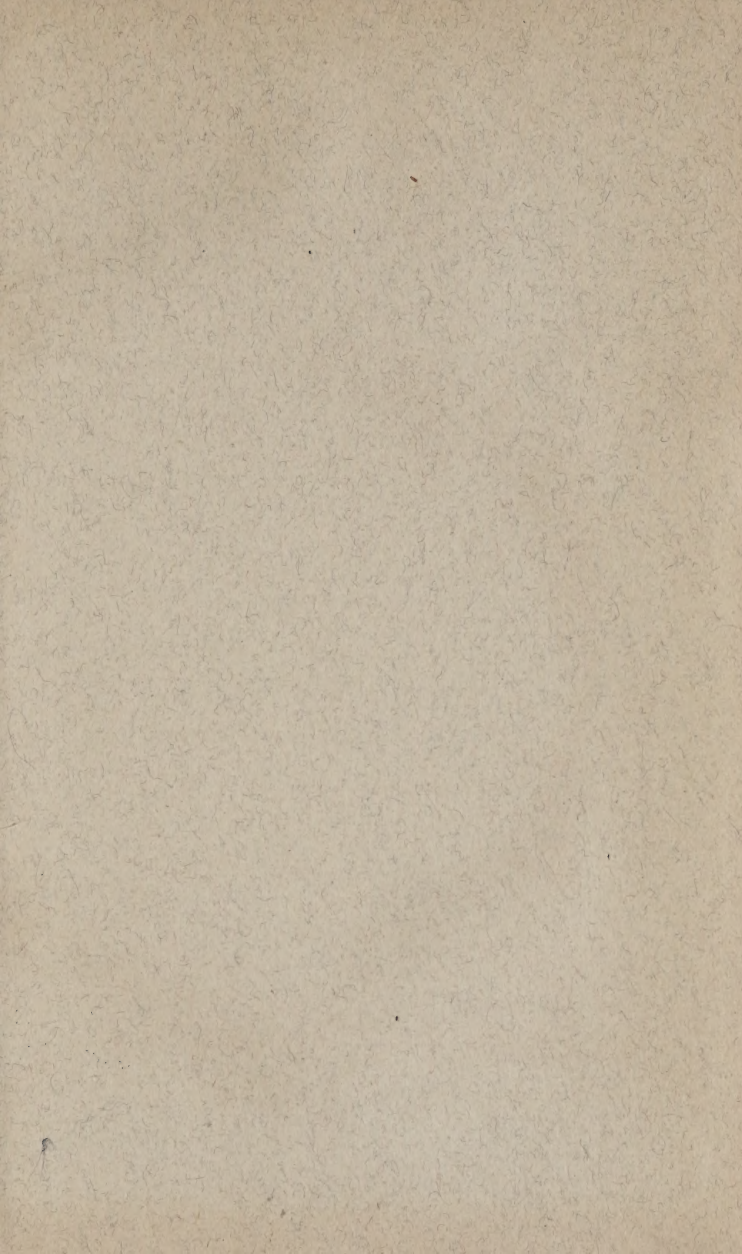
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